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Color Photos

DAVE 'Darth Vader' PROWSE Interview!

STARLOG

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NUMBER 13

May

DISNEY'S SPACE FILMS

"THE TIME MACHINE"

SFX: MATTE PAINTINGS

"3001—A SPACE COMEDY"

Preview: NEW HORROR MOVIES

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STARLOG

MAY 1978
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About the Cover: Launching our new illustrated series, "Interplanetary Excursions, Inc.", famed European space artist Ludek Pesek shows us a likely scene enroute to the newly-discovered "10th planet," our first port-of-call. We are looking at Saturn from the surface of it's third moon, Tethys, about 182,000 miles out (just 20,000 closer to the planet than our own moon is to Earth). The #2 moon, Enceladus, looms clearly in the ring. Pesek is best known for his *National Geographic* paintings and has illustrated almost 20 books involving astronomical art. He will be featured in an upcoming exhibit at the Flandrau Planetarium in Arizona.

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FROM THE BRIDGE

Chances are, this is your first issue of STARLOG. Our television subscription campaign that started the week after Christmas is slowly spreading around the country, offering a free blueprint poster of Robby the Robot as a bonus for taking a trial introduction to our magazine. Thousands have responded, and we'd like to ask the indulgence of our regular readers while we pause to welcome the new crowd and summarize for them what STARLOG is all about.

This is like one of those 60-second TV news updates—telling you everything that went on in the world that day—interrupted by two commercials. Perhaps some of this issue's features will illustrate the broad spectrum STARLOG covers.

Special Effects: This issue, our regular behind-the-scenes series explores how the painter meets the filmmaker, with matte art as the result. Some of the most spectacular scenes in movies were nothing more than skillfully rendered paintings—and you'll learn how they are combined with live-action footage.

Personality Interviews: The most ominous, mysterious character from *Star Wars*, Darth Vader, removes his black helmet to reveal a charming, witty British actor—Dave Prowse, in this issue's exclusive interview.

Space Science: This issue launches a new feature in which we will visit many of the members of our solar family, learn their specific characteristics, and "see" what they look like via some fantastic space art.

David Gerrold: Our resident writer/philosopher sometimes informs, sometimes inspires, sometimes infuriates but always fascinates with his thought-provoking observations on the SF field.

Vintage Movies: Each issue we pay tribute to one of the classic SF films of yesteryear with a selection of photos and a retrospective research article. This issue features George Pal's *The Time Machine* from 1960.

Star Trek Report: Susan Sackett keeps our readers informed with accurate news and photos of the latest happenings with the new movie, the old cast and all the action that centers around Gene Roddenberry's office.

TV Episode Guides: Almost every issue spotlights an SF-TV series with an article, photos and a complete plot guide and credits listing. *Logan's Run* improved in quality through the 1977-78 season, but preemptions and time-changes helped cause ratings to slump. Finally, to the chagrin of all SF-TV fans, CBS axed the show. This issue's episode guide is an invaluable record for future re-runs.

Latest Movies: Scattered throughout the pages of each issue you'll find photos and backstage data on upcoming and current films. For example—color photos from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, an historical look at the trail-blazing space films Walt Disney produced in the 50s, *The Manitu*, *Allegro Non Troppo*, and other big-screen events.

SF-TV Programming: This issue shows pre-production art and "inside info" on *3001: A Space Comedy*, a new series in the works, plus the upcoming TV version of *Captain Nemo*.

Visions: One of our most popular features—illustrating the connections between science-fiction and real life—is currently in the middle of a three-part series exploring the philosophy behind SF, differentiating fact from fantasy.

Special Features: Often we surprise our readers with an exciting article that doesn't fit into an ordinary category. The visit with Forrest J. Ackerman, "the world's greatest SF fan" is just such a feature. You'll enjoy it!

Log Entries, Communications, Classified: Our exclusive, informative features keep STARLOG readers aware of all the latest exciting news, give them a forum for asking questions and sounding off, and provide a market place for inexpensive selling, buying and trading of SF merchandise.

Whew!!! That seems like a lot of features to be crammed into 80 pages every six weeks, but that's STARLOG. We constantly strive to give our readers the best, most exciting and beautiful magazine the science fiction world has ever seen. Fortunately, our readers write us constantly with ideas and suggestions and thereby contribute toward making STARLOG everything they want.

Welcome aboard, new friends! May our journey together be long and wonderful . . .

Kerry O'Quinn/Publisher

Because of the large volume of mail we receive, personal replies are impossible. Comments, questions, and suggestions of general interest are appreciated and may be selected for publication in future Communications. Write:

STARLOG Communications

475 Park Avenue South
8th Floor Suite
New York, N.Y. 10016

MONSTERS AT HOME

. . . I bought a subscription to STARLOG but my parents are very anti-science fiction for varied religious reasons. I still live at home and work for my father, and when STARLOG comes to our mailbox my parents proceed to burn them. I now have my own P.O. box and would appreciate if you would be sure to send all further STARLOG's to the new address.

(name withheld for protection)

Unfortunately, your story is not unique. Parents are people: some love the visions of tomorrow that inspire their children and some force their own inner fears and frustrations onto the very ones for whom they should be opening doors. Burning books of any kind is unthinkable and abhorrent to anyone who values individual and intellectual freedoms. Some of this country's most respected scientists, engineers and entertainers have appeared in the pages of STARLOG, along with articles designed to open readers' minds to the world—your parents would have you close your eyes to the wonders around you and that is most assuredly wrong.

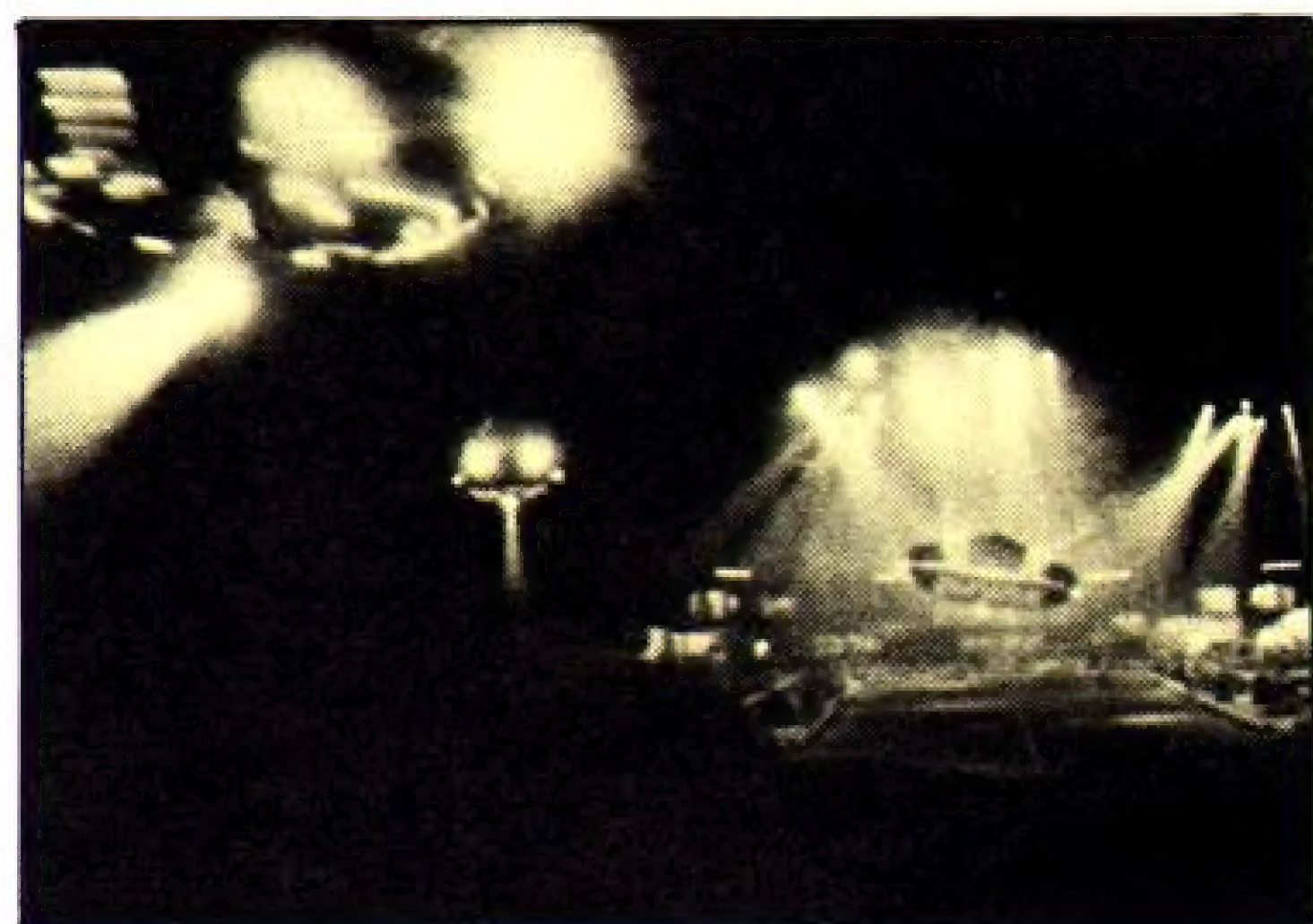


Photo: © Columbia

CE3K NOT SF

. . . In issue #12's *Lastword*: Howard Zimmerman is right about *Close Encounters* failing as science fiction . . . however, he makes the assumption that it *tries* to be SF. It is the classic fallacy of placing something in the wrong category and saying that it does not meet the standards of that category. In fact, CE3K is an adventure/drama using SF elements. Whether or not it fails in *that* is another question. Actually, it does quite well. But calling CE3K science fiction is like calling *King Kong* a monster movie . . . close, but not quite.

Beppe Sabatini
515 Division St.
E. Lansing, Mi. 48823

Thanks for the insight, although if you read the opening of Lastword carefully, you'll note that at no time did Mr. Zimmerman refer to CE3K as being intended as SF. "CE3K is a visually dazzling new movie that is clearly a success for Steven Spielberg," he began. "Unfortunately, it is only a near-miss when viewed from a science-fiction perspective." By the by, we have always acknowledged King Kong as being one of the finest westerns ever filmed.

STAR WARS, CE3K FAULTY

... Some faults to point at in *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters*. SW shows us no women or other human races. Sure, we see a doughty princess and a near-drudge housewife. But where are the *women* and the blacks, browns or yellows of that world? I agree with Samuel R. Delany that the "galaxy far, far away" is not so far away after all. CE3K suffers from several flaws. Too much Altman-Aldrich-Hawks confusion at the very start; an overdose of mundane details in the kidnap sequence reduced both the suspense and the believability; and a damnable over-concentration on Neary's later obsession, no doubt the result of an intense love affair between Spielberg and the character he created. CE3K is some twenty minutes overlong and therefore doesn't sustain its mood. Judicious editing of the central sequences would truly remove most of the reasons for my complaints.

Russell Bates
116 W. Texas
Anadarko, Ok. 73005

WARS OF THE THIRD KIND?

... The following article appeared in The New York Post: "THE sci-fi picture to end 'em all is now being cooked up by George (Star Wars) Lucas and Steven (CE3K) Spielberg. The pair are planning to co-write the picture for Lucas to produce and Spielberg to direct ... It's scheduled for 1979 after the pair have cleared their current commitments." Can you please get some information on this?

William Villa
11-25 49 St. Sunnyside

Long Island City, New York 11104

Apparently, no one but The New York Post has heard of the proposed teaming. A Post editor, when questioned by STARLOG, cheerfully refused to divulge his source but admitted that he got the facts from a close friend of Steven and George. The mystery movie, if there is one, is yet to be written, titled or made public knowledge in any way, shape or form.

ARRIVAL OF FUTURE

... Just want to say how thrilled I am about your new magazine FUTURE. Now the wait between copies of STARLOG will be made enjoyable and bearable because of FUTURE. Thank you so much.

Larry G. Coulter
P.O. Box 88
Mt. Sterling, IL 62353

... I would have missed some good entertainment if you hadn't put out the articles you did. STARLOG is better than any critical review because you don't opine. You simply tell what it is, why it is, how it is ... Why don't you have a regular book corner for those of us who like to read as well as see movies and TV?

Emily Elizabeth Riker
Box 397
Lebo, KS 66856

We've never had room in STARLOG to properly cover the field of science-fiction literature. In FUTURE, however, each issue will include not only reviews of new publications but a major author interview. And, yes, we have scheduled FUTURE to fall halfway between issues of STARLOG precisely to cut your waiting time in two. You can subscribe to FUTURE on page 15.

COMMUNICATIONS

BONESTELL REPLIES

... The March '78 STARLOG arrived yesterday, and I have already read it over at least ten times. I've always known I'm wonderful, but it's so satisfying to have it said yet again!

Best Wishes,
Chesley



For Bonestell fans, we should point out that the Premiere Issue of STARLOG's sister magazine FUTURE contained a much larger and more in-depth feature on the life and works of this great artist. It is available as a back issue by sending \$3.00 to FUTURE, 475 Park Ave. South, NYC NY 10016. Also, in STARLOG No. 10, our article on George Pal included the flooded New York City scene from When Worlds Collide with the credit for that painting going to Bonestell. "I can't figure out how the painting of New York City in flood became attributed to me," Bonestell told us later. "Probably someone saw it, thought it must be mine, since I was the artist for that movie." This corrects the record.

MAKEUP NEWS

... I greatly enjoyed your piece on John Chambers, Rick Baker and Stuart Freeborn in the January issue of STARLOG. I have a truly fascinating piece of trivia to contribute. John Chambers had not only won an Oscar as a makeup artist, but did a very fine job acting as the National Guard captain whose troops gunned down Shlock (in the film of the same name which I produced and directed). I will always remember John's kindness and enthusiasm, as he was working at making a particularly loathsome creature for a Night Gallery episode when he took the time to come out and be a movie star. John, however, did not contribute to the makeup for Schlock. That was entirely the work of the then 20-year-old Rick Baker. I think that at this late date I can now safely reveal that John Chambers did, however, loan us the arm he had built for The Andromeda Strain, which we used for comic effect in Schlock, as the limb that was ripped off the obnoxious newscaster. The arm was, and I presume still is, the property of Universal Studios. Ha, ha, it's too late now.

John Landis
Universal City, Ca. 91608

MORE ON PHOENIX 5

... I was very pleased to see your mentioning an Australian production, Phoenix 5, in issue No. 9. However, I think for our benefit, I should make the following statement. Phoenix 5 is by no means a new SF show. It has been aired several times here and as far as I can ascertain, it was made in 1969. It is hardly a good example of our talents as serial producers. I wouldn't want the readers in America to get the wrong idea. It was part of a series of three shows produced, the first being Vega 4 and the third a show about the adventures of a ship called the Interpretaris or something like that. They were first efforts and I can assure the readers that the quality improved. Two more shows that follow are Alpha Scorpio, the story of aliens transporting heavy water back to their planet orbiting the dying sun Antares. They intend to move their planet to a younger star which is obscured from Earth by the red giant. Then there's Andra; a girl and her civilization are forced to live underground because the planet surface is uninhabitable. In an operation, a 20th century boy's brain is grafted to her own and she is able to tell her people what they have been missing out on for the past few centuries. Happy viewing.

Peter Heard
64 Axford St.
Como, 6752
Perth, Western Australia

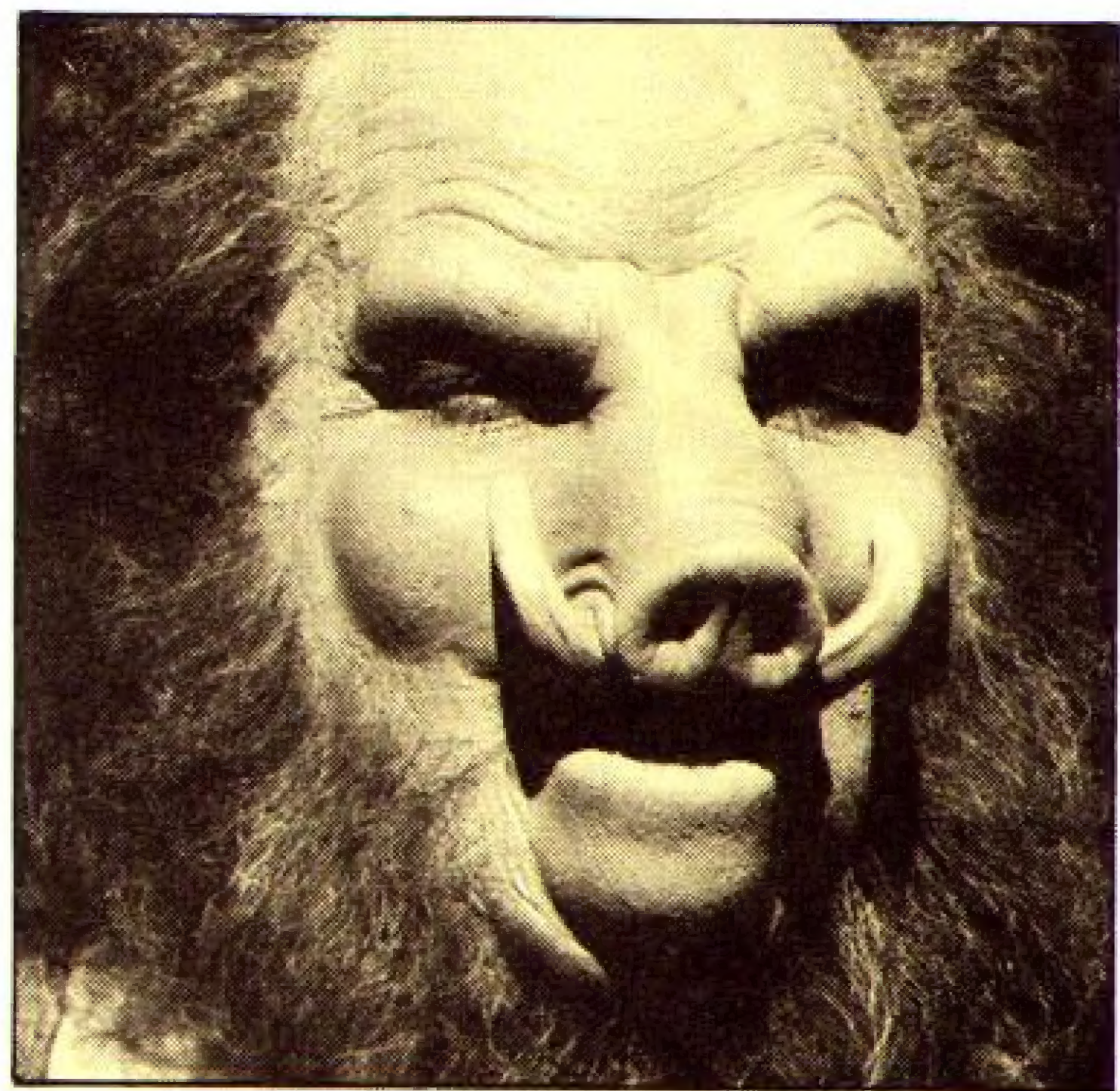


Photo: © AIP

MOREAU MISUNDERSTANDING

... My friend and I just went to see the movie The Island Of Dr. Moreau. We both enjoyed it but had an argument afterwards. Would you say that Dr. Moreau is a science-fiction film? I say it is. My friend says it isn't.

Misty Barton
1300 Battery Creek Road
Beaufort, S.C. 29902

Since it is based on the novel by science-fiction legend H.G. Wells, and concerns a doctor's experiments in changing the structure of animal bodies, it is safe to say that The Island of Dr. Moreau is a science fiction film, albeit one loaded with horror elements.

HARLAN IN THE COMICS

... Your reply to the letter written by the Ellison fan from Tennessee was good, but not quite complete (STARLOG No. 11). Why not tell him the issue numbers and titles of the Marvel Comics where the Ellison adaptations

JUST LOOK WHAT YOU'VE MISSED!

STARLOG Back Issues



No. 1 —
"Star Trek" Rare Color Pics & Complete Episode Guide, Shatner & Nimoy Articles



No. 2 —
"Space 1999" Year 1 Guide, "War of the Worlds," "Logan's Run," The Comics



No. 3 —
"Star Trek" Convention, Spaceships, "1999" Year 2 Guide, SF TV Movies Guide



No. 4 —
"Outer Limits" TV Guide, "Arena," Nick Tate Talks, 3-D Movies Filmography



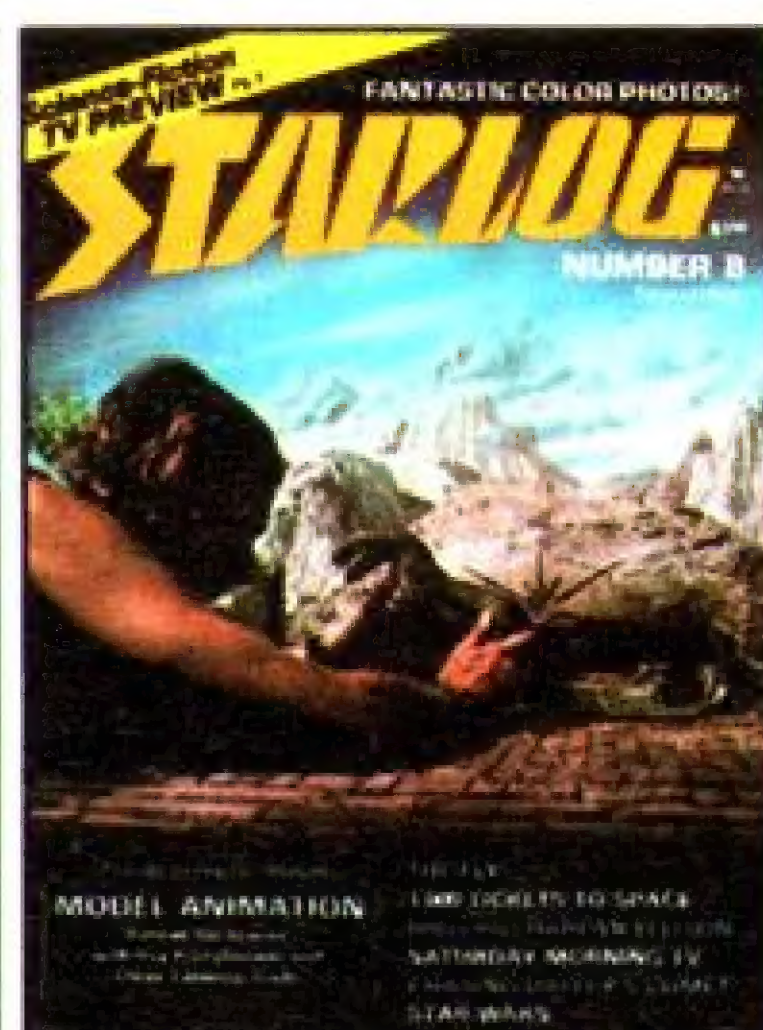
No. 5 —
3-D Part 2, "UFO" Guide, "Star Trek" Censored, SF TV Address Guide, Space Art



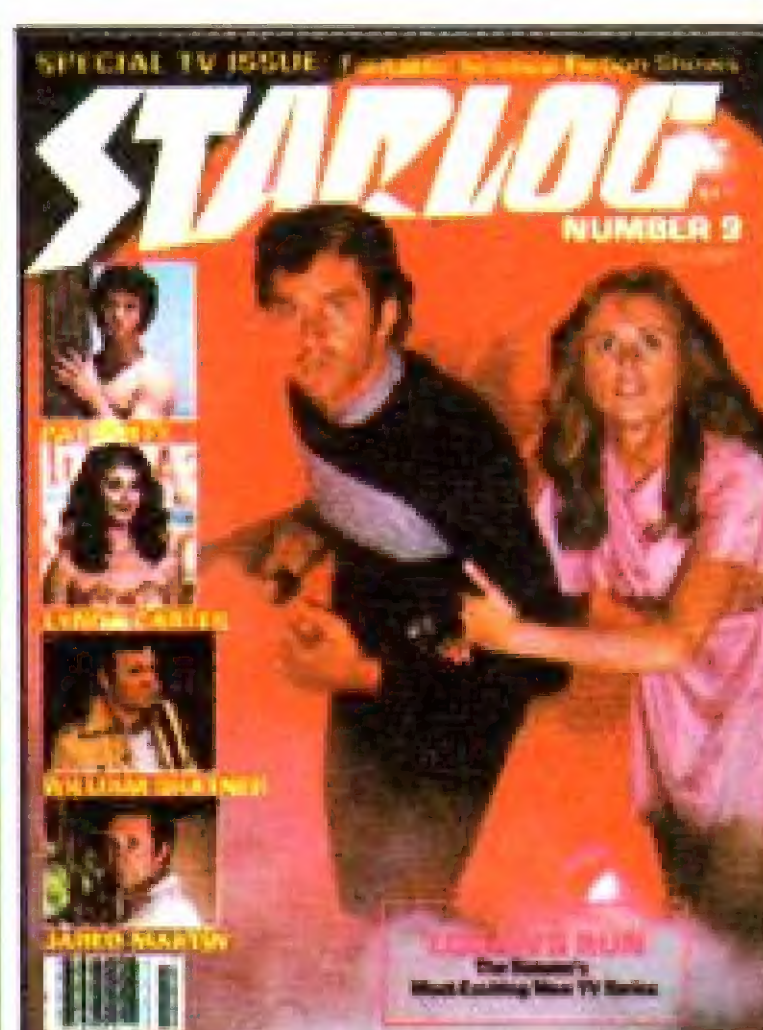
No. 6 —
"Fantastic Journey," "Star Trek" Animated, Special Effects—Part 1



No. 7 —
"Star Wars," Robby the Robot, Eagle Blueprints, "Star Trek" Report



No. 8
Model Animation, "The Fly," Harlan Ellison interview, Sat. A.M. TV, NASA Space Tix



No. 9—
Interviews: Pat Duffy, Lynda Carter, Shatner, Jared Martin, Fantastic Journey Guide, Star Wars, 50¢ TV SF.



No. 10—
Asimov, Close Encounters preview, SF-Rock, SF Merchandise Guide, Interviews: Harryhausen, Bakshi, George Pal.



No. 11—
The Prisoner, Computer Games, The Superman movie, Incredible Shrinking Man, SP FX: The Makeup Men, SF Comics.



No. 12—
Close Encounters feature, Star Trek II, Computer Animation, Laser Blast, Art by Bonestell, The Makeup Men, cont.

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can be found? "Delusions Of A Dragon-Slayer" appeared in *Chamber of Chills* #1 (November 1972). *Chamber of Chills* is a much underrated comic. Most collectors mistakenly assume that it was an all reprint title throughout its entire run, apparently choosing to ignore the adaptations of the Robert E. Howard, John Jakes and Ellison stories which appeared in the early issues. "Repent Harlequin Said The Tick Tock Man" may be found in *Unknown Worlds of Science Fiction* #3 (May, 1975).

Willford King
1706 N. 18th St.
Boise, Idaho 83702
Thanks for the information, Willford.

COMET COMING?

... I would like to know more about the six hour TV special, *In The Days Of The Comet*. I heard Michael York is in it. Is that true?

Michael McCarty
Davenport, Iowa
At this point, Paramount Pictures is giving Comet the old Star Trek razzle-dazzle. No one has reached a decision as yet as to the project's fate. Will it be in six one-hour installments? Three two-hour installments? Or one spectacular TV film? As we go to press producer George Pal is still awaiting word.

LOVECRAFT'S FATE

... Leafing through STARLOG No. 10, I was astounded by a very interesting article, "Lovecraft Film Delayed." It had to do with a film by Cinema Vista Productions entitled *The Cry of Cthulhu*, based upon a story by H.P. Lovecraft and filled with Lovecraftian elements. I gather this film has had many problems with production and I was wondering if you would have any further information on this film.

Larry Apakian
2230 Forrester Ave.
Holmes, Penn. 19043
Sad to say, the Cthulhu's cry is still being silenced by budget problems. As of now, the Lovecraft film remains in cinematic limbo.

LOGAN'S PAGEANT

... I was recently watching the Miss Teenage America Pageant and noticed the stage. I saw it before but couldn't quite place it. Then it dawned on me when they showed a wide-angled shot of it. It looked like the set on *Logan's Run* outside the main entrance to Carousel. Could you please verify?

J. Roger Lovelace
Rt. #10
Florence, Alabama 35630

Negative, J. Roger. The set may have resembled Carousel's entranceway, but it wasn't the real thing ... although the concept of combining the two events merits consideration.

BUZZIN' COUSINS

... My father says there were only two "fly" movies, *The Fly* and *Return Of The Fly*. I'm not sure, but wasn't there a movie made in 1965 called *Curse Of The Fly*?

Richard Arnold
14322 E. Villanova Place
Aurora, Colorado 80014
You win. 20th-Century's *Curse Of The Fly* was a fairly lobotomized first cousin to the original fly films. It starred Brian Donlevy, George Baker and Carole Grey and was directed by Don Sharp.

IN SEARCH OF JACK

... Being an avid and serious science-fiction film enthusiast, I am curious about the fantasy film *Jack The Giant Killer*. Since a decade ago, it seems to have vanished from the cinema and has never been televised. What became of this Jim Danforth-Wah Chang special effects masterpiece?

Stephen Glynn
4226 Boyd Ave.
Bronx, New York 10466
Released in 1962, *Jack The Giant Killer* was re-released a few years later nationally. It has since made its way to television where it shows up, from time to time, at ungodly hours. The special effects, by the way, were the work of Wah Chang, Tim Barr, Gene Warren and Jim Danforth; collectively known as the Projects Unlimited team. For more information on Jim Danforth's world of visual effects, watch for an exclusive interview in STARLOG No. 14!

ZONE DEFENSE

... About your third issue, you said you were going to run an article on *The Twilight Zone*, a complete episode guide. I do hope you are still going to do this. I'm sure you will agree that this was one of the best science-fiction

shows on TV. Also, have you thought of doing an article on *This Island Earth*?

Roy Horn
Clinton, Montana
Because of the enormous number of shows in the series, our *Twilight Zone* episode guide has hovered in limbo for a while. Rest assured, it is currently being shaped up and will be in STARLOG in the near future. As for *This Island Earth*, an article is currently in the works.

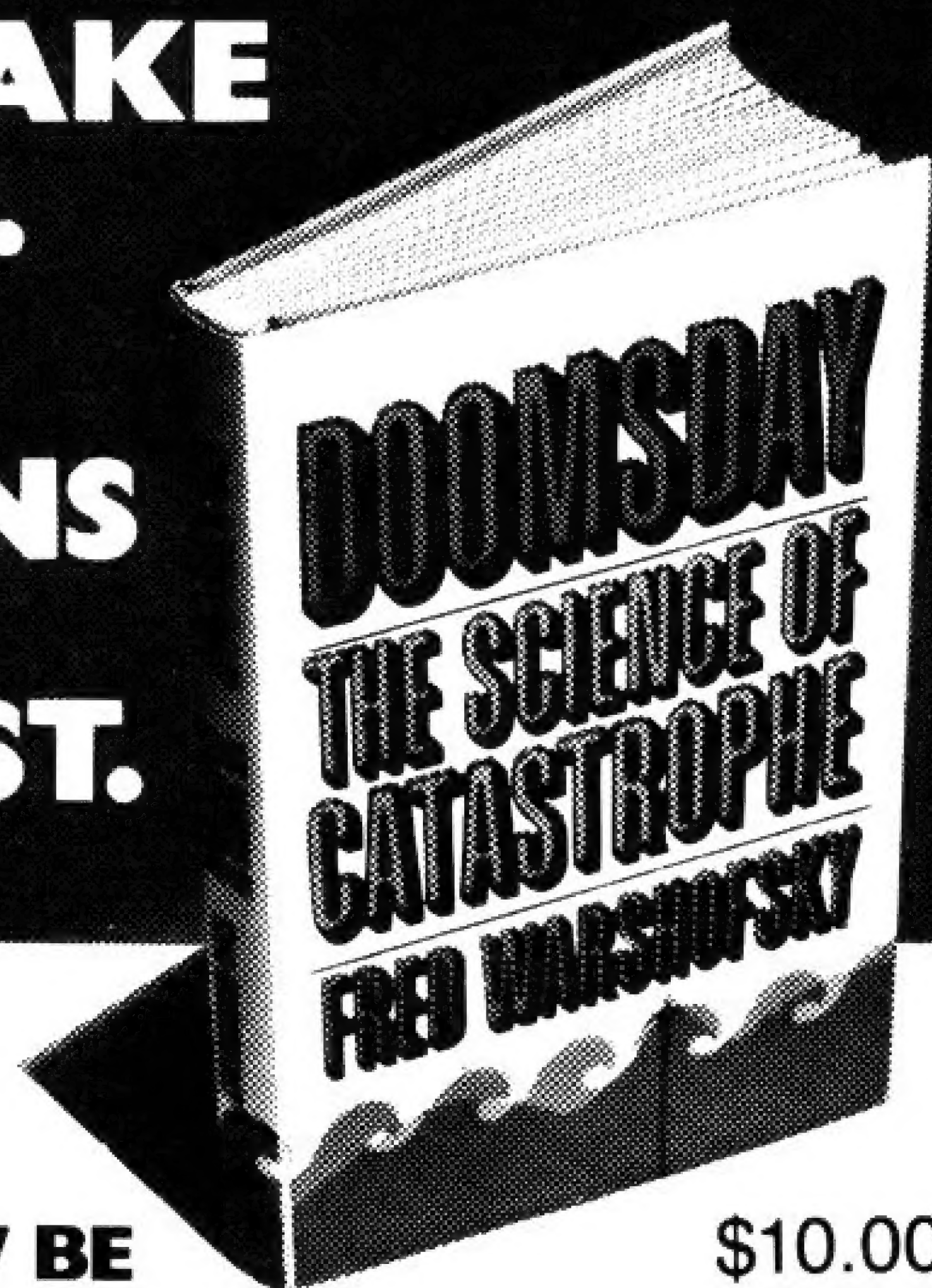
ATLANTIS TORPEDOED

... I am a *Man From Atlantis* fan, so of course I was excited over the series. I was sorely disappointed. No plot changes. No fresh ideas. No nothing. Why? The series had really great potential. Who ruined it?

Lillibeth Butler
3203 B.W. Wadley
Midland, Texas 79702
We're sure that the blame for the defunct *Atlantis* series can be spread around quite a bit. Suffice it to say, you are not alone in your disappointment. A lot of fans of the mini-series were displeased with the weekly show. In an upcoming issue we will be discussing what went wrong and what was right with Mark Harris' world, as well as including a complete episode guide. ★

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LOG ENTRIES

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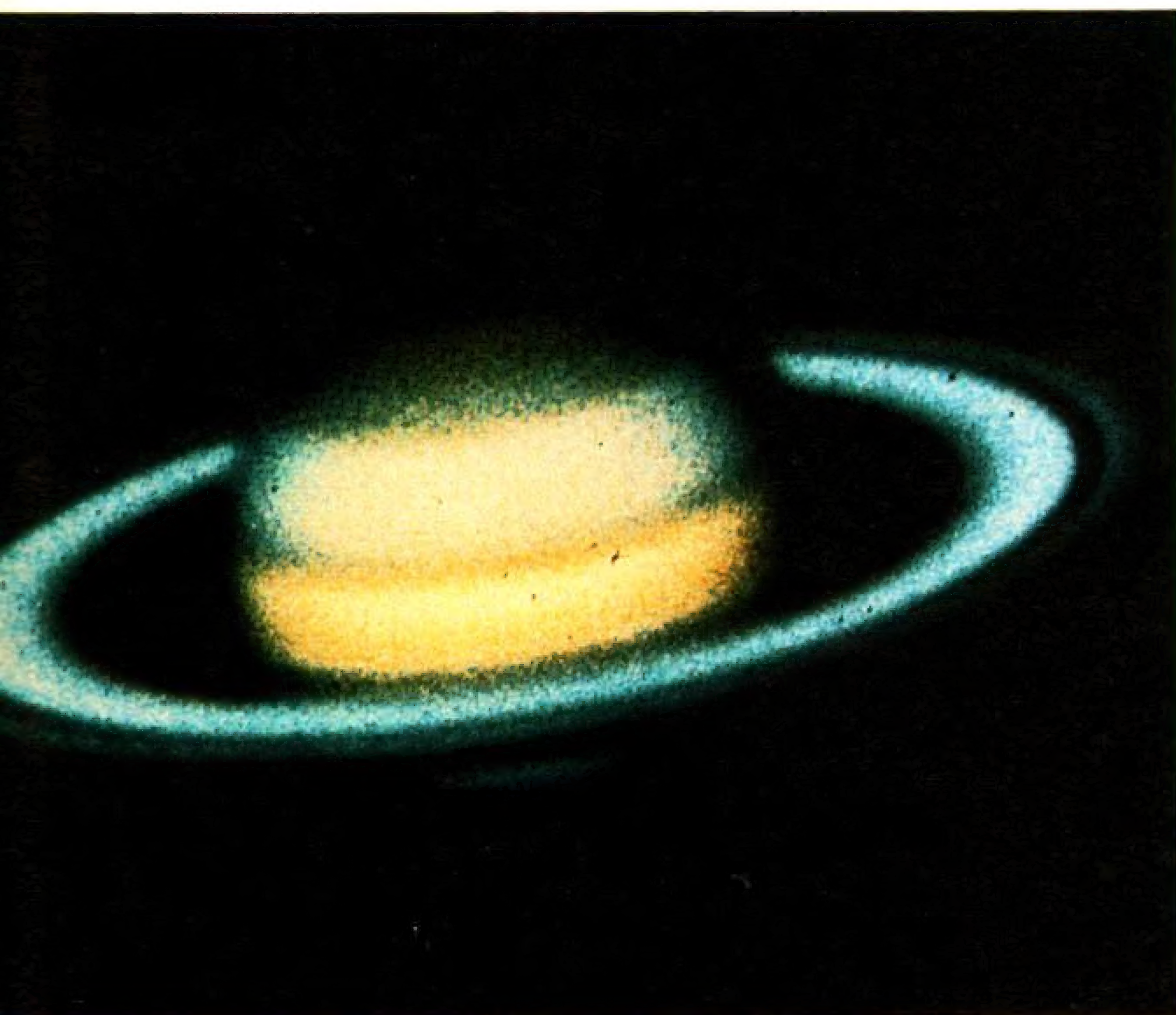


Photo: Courtesy NASA

NASA has three research spacecraft currently destined for rendezvous with the spectacularly-ringed gas giant, Saturn. First to reach Saturn will be Pioneer 11, followed by Voyagers 1 and 2. Pioneer 11 will fly just outside the rings of Saturn passing only 30,000 kilometers (18,000 miles) from the edge of the outer ring and will swing in, under the ring plane, to a distance of 25,000 km (15,000 mi.) from the planet's surface. Pioneer 11 will make its first encounter with Saturn during 1979. The decision to fly

outside the rings rather than to pass inside them was made recently by Dr. Noel W. Hinners, NASA Associate Administrator for Space Science, and A. Thomas Young, Director of Planetary Programs. The decision is based primarily on the desire of the space agency to use Pioneer as a pathfinder for two Voyager spacecraft which are headed for Saturn encounters in 1980 and 1981. Voyager 1 is scheduled to encounter Saturn in November 1980 after flying past Jupiter (March 5, 1979, closest approach), followed by Voyager 2 in August 1981. If all goes well at Saturn, the option is available for Voyager 2 to head for a Uranus encounter in 1986, thereby giving us a closer look at the newly discovered rings of Uranus. Pioneer's outside pass will cross the ring plane at about the same distance as the trajectory that would use Saturn's gravity to hurl Voyager 2 towards Uranus. Because of the uncertainties with the ring crossing even 30,000 km from the outer edge of the rings, "it is essential for us to do everything we reasonably can to ensure Voyager's success," said Young. If Pioneer does not survive the rings of Saturn, NASA will almost certainly have to reassess its plan to continue to Uranus with the Voyager craft. "Alternatively, a successful Pioneer will greatly increase our willingness to commit Voyager 2 to the Uranus option, even if Voyager 1 has perhaps not achieved all of its objectives at Saturn," Young said. "Thus either survival or non-survival of Pioneer on the outside trajectory can have an influence on Voyager plans, and therefore on achieving the maximum science return from all three spacecraft." Chances of surviving the outside pass are estimated to be much greater than those of surviving an inside pass, which would have brought Pioneer as close as 6,000 km (3,700 mi.) to the planet. The Pioneer project office at NASA's Ames Research Center and most of the Pioneer's scientific investigators had favored a trajectory which would have taken it inside the rings.

MORE SF IN THE WORKS

1978 looks like it will be a banner year for science fiction on the widescreen. *Star Trek II*, with its refurbished *Enterprise*, is planning to beam down on or about Christmas '78. The film rights to Asimov's classic *I Robot* have been secured and the task of writing the screen version has been given to Harlan Ellison. *Space Probe*, the most expensive Walt Disney production ever envisioned, should be shooting this summer, coupling live astronaut antics with incredible miniature ships; *Capricorn One*, due this Easter, will feature contemporary gadgetry galore in this tale of a NASA-originated "fake" manned landing on Mars. The number one box office attraction in Japan is still *Space Cruiser Yamato*, an animated film not yet distributed in the states but currently making the rounds in England.

The movie takes place in the year 2199 when the Earth is at war with the nasty planet Gorgon. The Earth has but one year left to neutralize the nuclear fallout in its atmosphere before facing total destruction. Space Cruiser *Yamato* must fly into the deep reaches of space to fetch an antidote and outwit the Gorgon patrols. The space cruiser is a Japanese battleship, torpedoed by Allied forces during the second world war, now converted into a space vessel: a flying battleship. The *Yamato* comes through, delivering both the cure for the Earth and defeating the forces of evil. If relics from World War II flying through the galaxies isn't one's cup of tea, *Star Wars II* is currently being prepared for production in London.



© 1977 Star Wars Corporation

NEW STAR WARS AD CAMPAIGN

A new advertising-art image has appeared, as of this past Christmas day, in the U.S. newspaper ad campaign for *Star Wars*. The artwork for it was designed for U.K. release and it was not used there until late January. The English advertising campaign has utilized the 1-sheet poster art by Gregg and Tim Hildebrandt thus far, and continued with it for the first month of the film's British run. "The new poster by Chantrell will continue as the U.S. ad art through the Academy Awards this April," says Fox Advertising Vice-President David Weitzner, hinting that there may be another change at that time. In an exclusive interview given to STARLOG magazine through the London offices of 20th Century-Fox Distribution by Advertising Director John Sairbairne and Stan Burke, account executive for the British advertising firm of Doyle, Dane & Bernbach, we learned that the prime force for the development of a new advertising art campaign was *Star Wars*' producer, Gary Kurtz. "Kurtz had come to Fox's London office, expressing a feeling that the time was right to develop some new ideas for the London release," said Sairbairne. He specifically wanted to concentrate more on the personalities of the film, instead of focusing on the hardware, to show the characters using the machinery, instead of being dwarfed by it. He felt that *Star Wars* was about people, and he wanted the personalities developed more for all of the characters."

"Tom Chantrell was given a brief of Kurtz's wants, and

developed the concept seen here," commented Burke. "Chantrell had been the creative director of Allardye, a London-based advertising firm, and specializing as an illustrator of film stars of about twenty-five years' experience. He's close to sixty years-old, and is now a freelance artist. He is already very well known in England, as the designer of many record album sleeves and other film related images. He has worked for Fox for about a year, when the Fox account moved to Doyle, Dane & Bernbach—a London ad house. He worked the design through various stages of development until the final version was approved by Kurtz, and Percy Livingston and Asconio Branca, of Fox's advertising division in London," according to Burke. When we spoke with Sairbairne, the film had been open only one day and, according to him, "The advance box-office reservations went on sale October 1st, and the mania has been building and building. We've had a sensational reaction. People have been ecstatic. The phones are red hot with people calling for any information they can get. We opened at a second theater with unreserved seating, and people waited out in the freezing cold all night just to get in to see it." Additional information from the office of Joel Coler, administrator of international advertising for Fox, indicates that still another poster will be created for *Star Wars*' opening in Japan, scheduled June 30, 1978.



Photo: © 1977 Specialty Films

AN ITALIAN TREAT

There is little doubt that animation is back, in feature length and in American theatres. Bakshi's *Fellowship of the Ring*, Disney's *The Black Cauldron*, and Williams' *The Thief and the Cobbler* are in some state of planning or completion. Elsewhere around the world *Watership Down*, *The Water Babies* and *The Mouse and His Child* are in production or set for distribution. Already complete and making the national rounds is Bruno Bozzetto's Italian-made homage/satire of *Fantasia*, *Allegro non Troppo*—a musical term meaning “fast, but not too fast.” From the opening live-action sequence, in which a gaudily dressed producer (Maurizio Nichetti, one of the two script collaborators) announces that what we are seeing is a totally original, unique concept, the broad Italian humor takes hold. The phone rings and it is California calling. The

producer can't understand the overseas operator. Prisney? Prisney, he doesn't know any Prisney. And after a violently overweight orchestra conductor rounds up his all-female senior-citizen symphony and unshackles an imprisoned animator, the film whirls through 6 delightfully animated sequences accompanied by the works of Debussy, Dvorak, Ravel, Sibelius, Vivaldi; and Igor Stravinsky. Interspersed is live-action slapstick incorporating a gorilla, a flashy prostitute, a beautiful washerwoman, and bottles of Coca-Cola. The cartoon style ranges from the wildly characterized, as in the *Bolero* sequence where life is created on this planet from a soft drink bottle littered by an ancient astronaut, to the lushly sympathetic *Valse Trieste* episode where a multi-colored cat wanders through a rotting tenement dreaming of it as home. These two segments are generally accepted as the high points of the film, but aren't the only highlights. *Allegro* also touches upon a fawn too old to attract women but not too old to chase them, a manic re-telling of the Garden of Eden with the serpent eating the apple and a multitude of finales controlled by a monster named “Bruno.” The Bruno responsible for this 1976 work is a forty year-old established filmmaker who has contributed some of the best cartoons in Italy's history. After establishing himself with two other feature films—*West and Soda* and *VIP, My Superman Brother*—and a series of prize-winning shorts concerning a character named “Mr. Rossi,” Bozzetto spent three years writing the *Allegro* script with Guido Manuli and Nichetti. Originally the movie was offered to Roger Corman's distribution company, New World, but it was the Seattle-based Specialty Films that finally unleashed the work on unsuspecting Americans. After tightening up some of the more outlandish episodes, the film was given a test engagement in Portland, Oregon to the enjoyment of audiences and raves of critics. Shortly thereafter, this Italian treat was loosed on Los Angeles, Seattle and Chicago, garnering more crowds and critical acclaim. Soon New York and Boston joined the distribution trail. Throughout this year the film will work its way into all corners of the land, hopefully heralding the rebirth of the art of animation.

STAR WARS LASER SHOW

Science-fiction fans on both the East and West coasts were treated recently to a multi-media, musical event. Called *The Star Wars Laser Concert*, the live presentation united kaleidoscope laser light-effects with the spectacular strains of The American Symphony Orchestra. While the lasers sent streams of mind-boggling effects undulating above the heads of the audience, the orchestra played selections from *Star Wars*, *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*, 2001 (“Thus Spake Zarathustra”) and Holst's *The Planets*. Performed in Los Angeles and, later, New York, the *Star Wars* sight and sound show was the offshoot of laser wizard David Infante's love for both science fiction and science fact. The 28-year-old president of Laser Physics, a New York City-based corporation for the purpose of research and development of the laser for industrial and theatrical application, Infante was so impressed with the recent rash of SF epics that he sought to unite the spacey soundtracks with equally vast visuals. Laser effects were designed around the various film compositions and a show was born. For Infante, it was the realization of a lifelong dream: bringing a laser light presentation to New York's Broadway. Since his youth, Infante's fascination for laser technology has been unflagging. While still a teen, he constructed his first laser unit, and by the age of 22 had published the first paper on the application of lasers in monitoring air pollution. Show



Photo: © 1977 20th Century-Fox

biz was soon on David's list of “must do” accomplishments and he quickly brought the unique world of laser light to both the rock concert stage and the disco world. In 1977 his scientific approach to contemporary music brought him the 1977 Billboard Trendsetter Award at the International Music Industry Conference. With the *Star Wars* project behind him, Infante is now turning his attention to other projects, such as the design of a laser discotheque in Rio de Janeiro, the construction of a planetarium in Israel, and the invention of the world's first laser skywriting device.

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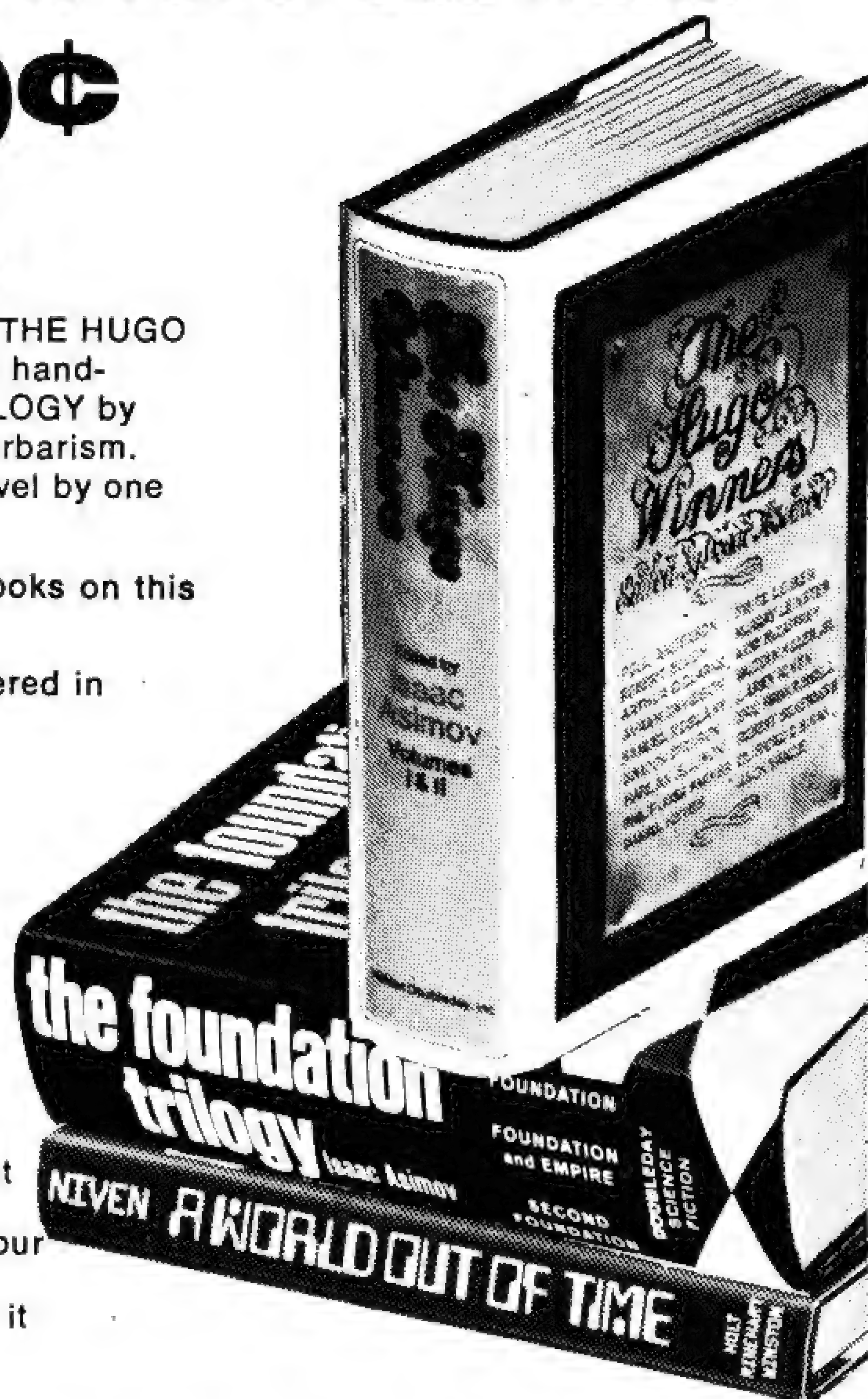
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NBC's newest SF series *Project UFO* is sure to arouse quite a bit of interest, arriving as it does in the spectacularly successful wake of *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*. While NBC and *Project* executive producer Jack (Dragnet) Webb are flattered at the comparisons being made between the show and the film, they are quick to point out that, aside from flying saucers, there are *no* similarities involved between the two. "I don't want to rip-off movies," Webb told *Variety* recently, "that's not my genre. The only area in which we are similar is in special effects, but we don't have what they have in *Encounters*. We couldn't afford it, although I think our hardware is effective." *Project UFO* differs from most science-fiction efforts concerning saucers in that each weekly show will be based on fact. As stars William Jordon and Caskey Swain follow the path of the elusive craft, producer Col. William Coleman (Ret.) will be making sure that all their actions are true to life. Coleman, for nine years head of the Air Forces' Project Blue Book investigative team, was put on *Project* by Webb in an effort to insure authenticity. Created by Harold Jack Bloom, the show examines every aspect of UFOlogy. "Some people said they saw saucers and some said they saw people from outer space," Webb explained. "We will show saucers and the hardware and the people will tell about what they saw. We will also deal with the human element, with people. What happens to a guy forced to leave town because he was ridiculed when he said he saw a saucer? What about people in the religious arena who said

they saw sightings? You can't write them off as a vision. Do you doubt the word of a man of God? I don't know." Webb stressed the fact that *Project UFO* should not be considered either pro or anti-UFO in scope. The show is intended to be totally objective as, Webb insisted, were the original government investigations concerning the phenomenon. Project Bluebook, he informed reporters, was started to determine whether the Russians or aliens had the hardware power to wage a sneak attack on the U.S. Because of that factor, the investigators *had* to be objective. "Their attitude was positive. Their investigators were like smart detectives, and a detective doesn't aggravate a witness or call him a liar. They pursued it on the basis of wanting to see if there was proof (of UFOs). There was no physical evidence, nothing we can exhibit like the Moon rocks. The Air Force said that there is no proof of a threat to our national security. Of the 13,000 cases, 30% were unexplained." The plans for *Project UFO* are all-inclusive, with forthcoming scripts showcasing both alledged factual sightings and obvious hoaxes. However, Webb pointed out, *Project UFO* will not be able to make any definite conclusion about the existence of UFOs since, in reality, their presence has never been proven nor disproven. "In our series, the rough outline is that there is one story which deals with hoax, and another which can be explained in terms of natural phenomena. Sometimes we may do a show on just one of these, or the other, or they may be intertwined or totally disconnected. It's open-ended."



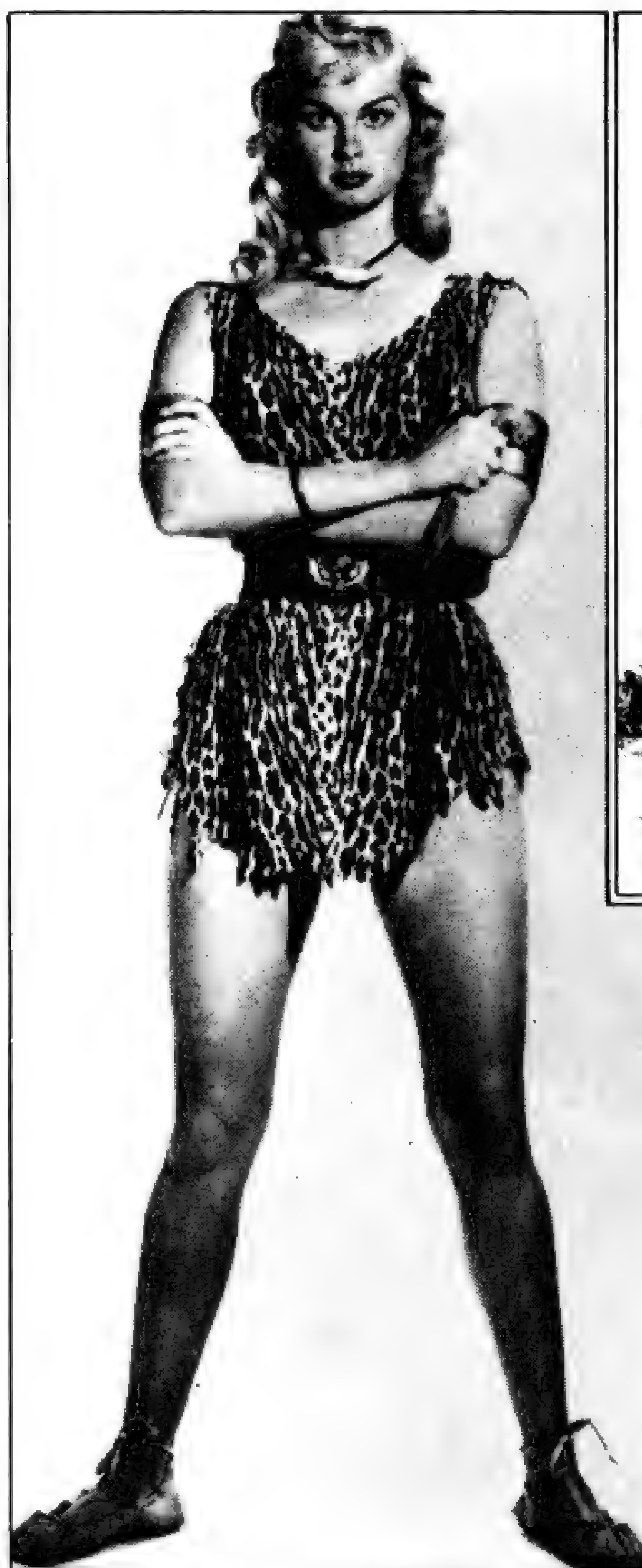
HALDEMAN'S ALL MY SINS

Otto McGavin has a problem. When he's not himself, he's somebody else . . . literally. McGavin is a prime director for TB II, an agency of the Confederacion dedicated to preserving intergalactic order at any price. In short, McGavin is the futuristic long arm of the law; extended to protect the lives of humans and non-humans wherever a threat may arise. As a prime operator, he is constantly sent on missions to other worlds with both his physical appearance and his psychological makeup

drastically altered. Chameleon-like Otto is truly a man of a thousand faces. He is also the protagonist of Hugo award-winning author Joe Haldeman's latest novel, *All My Sins Remembered* (St. Martin's Press). Based on a trio of stories originally appearing in *Galaxy* and *Cosmos* magazines, *All My Sins* is a taut tale of multi-world espionage and brutality. As is usually the case, Haldeman skillfully blends stock science-fiction situations with traces of stark reality, producing often shattering results. In this post-Watergate penned epic, McGavin is a would-be idealist caught in a never-ending circle of blind enforcement spun by his somewhat monomaniacal superiors. His Anglo-Buddhist traits are quietly subverted as he is plied with mounds of plastiflesh and dozens of personality overlays and sent, in various guises, on missions fraught with Machiavellian villains and violence-prone henchmen. On the planet Bruuch, Otto fights murdering mercantilists in the form of an overweight scholar. His mission on Selva finds him operating as a blood-thirsty assassin, actually attempting to prevent an intergalactic war. Fanatical Bishop Joshua Emmanuel's lifestyle takes McGavin to Cinder, where the Beetle-like S'kag are in danger of losing their immortality in a scramble for an unknown source of power. During the course of his travels, Otto is also beaten, shot, stabbed, tortured and forced to kill at random—his victims including both paid murderers and innocent young hostages. Finally, Otto is allowed to retire at the age of 45. At that point, however, he is faced with his past: a past which just doesn't jibe with his hopes for the future. How does the long smothered idealist cope with the professional killer? *All My Sins Remembered* offers a jolting look at the futuristic realm of covert surveillance, a fantasy world not that far removed from today's global glut of international operators. In a sense, Otto McGavin's tale is timeless. He is as much a citizen of today as of tomorrow. TB II . . . CIA . . . KGB. The idea, the trauma involved is the same. In light of recent revelations in Washington concerning CIA involvement in political revolutions, assassination attempts and drug experimentation, *All My Sins Remembered* might best be viewed as a primer for a possible tomorrow.

WIDE-SCREEN HEROIC FANTASIES

With the coming of the Man of Steel later this year, movie producers have rifled through their paperback libraries and have come up with four more exciting, heroic properties for cinematic re-creation. Though each is interesting in their own right, two are basically second generation derivations of the others. Tarzan begat Sheena as Conan begat Thongor. Tarzan (or Lord Greystoke as he was known to civilization) is, in his seventies' incarnation, the property and brainchild of screenwriter Robert Towne. Even as his *Chinatown* ended production (starring Jack Nicholson, directed by Roman Polanski) he was hard at work adapting the original *Tarzan of the Apes* to the screen. At that time he said in *Playboy* magazine that it would be the best thing he ever did when completed. He took a momentary rest to pen Warren Beatty's *Shampoo*, then returned, figuratively, to darkest Africa to finish the project. Now that the shooting script is complete, producers are becoming justifiably excited. Already Rick Baker, the noted makeup technician of '76's *King Kong* has been approached to make more than ninety highly detailed ape suits to delineate the three different ages of over thirty apes comprising Tarzan's family tribe. Dick Smith, makeup wizard for *The Exorcist* and *The Godfather*, has been asked to tackle the mechanics for the various heads. It has been said that Stuart Freeborn, ape maker for *2001*, will also be involved in the monumental project. However, the mighty ape man's female equivalent has hit a stumbling block at her parent company, United Artists. (More like a wall, according to some sources). *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle's* copyright situation is nebulous at best, hopelessly tangled at worst. Although it was initially reborn as a Raquel Welch vehicle in the sixties, there were rumors Farrah Fawcett-Majors would fill the loin cloth, but until U.A. can discover who owns which part of the lady, Sheena will stay safely on the comics' pages. Since Conan's rebirth of popularity, thanks to Lancer Books, Ace Books, Berkley Books, Frank Frazetta art work, Marvel Comics, and his "father" Robert E. Howard, the Cimmerian has been a much lusted-after film property. One of the front-runners to secure the rights was Milton Subotsky, late of A.I.P., now the founder and head of Sword and Sorcery Productions in England. But when the agreement went to American producer Edward Pressman, Subotsky retaliated by securing the rights to Lin Carter's *Thongor* paperbacks, the noted fantasy author's unabashed homage to the Hyborian Age barbarian. Subotsky has already assigned a director to the project and one of the first actors to be considered for the role was Dave Prowse, the portrayer of the infamous Darth Vader. As for the original berserker, Arnold Swartzenegger has already been signed for five



Photos: Courtesy of Howard Frank, Personality Photos
Box 50, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230

Conan pictures, the first of which has been scripted by Roy Thomas and Ed Summer and approved by the Howard estate. It has also been reported that noted author/director John Milius, the co-author of *Magnum Force* and the director/writer of the much under-rated *The Wind and the Lion* was finishing his surfer film, *Big Wednesday*. He was unavailable for comment.

SHATNER HOSTS SF AWARDS

Last January 14 over 1,000 science-fiction aficionados gathered for the Fifth Annual Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Awards program hosted by William Shatner. The awards presentation assumed the stature of an "event" once it was discovered that the show was to be televised "live" locally (in California) and taped for network syndication across the country. It was the first SF function to be accorded such an honor, Shatner shared hosting duties with such SF boosters as Karen Black, Mark Hamill, Piper Laurie, Charlton Heston, Melinda Dillon, Ray Bradbury and Darth Vader. The award winners that evening included John Mollow-Best Costumes: *Star Wars*; George Lucas-Best Writer: *Star Wars*; Steven Spielberg and George Lucas-Best Directors: *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* and *Star Wars*; Jodie Foster-Best Actress: *The Little Girl Who Lived Down The Lane*; John Dykstra and

John Stears-Best Special Effects: *Star Wars*; Susan Tyrell-Best Supporting Actress: *Bad*; Alec Guinness-Best Supporting Actor: *Star Wars*; Rick Baker and Stuart Freeborn-Best Makeup: *Star Wars*; George Burns-Best Actor: *Oh, God!* and John Williams for his musical accomplishments via both *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*. In addition, *The Little Girl Who Lived Down The Lane* was voted Best Horror Film, *Oh, God!* received the nod for Best Fantasy Film and *Star Wars* was chosen Best Science-Fiction Film of the year. The Award presentation included a host of musical numbers, including an opening dance based upon the climactic final scene of CE3K. The producers of the show felt that the event proved to be spectacular television fare. "Science fiction is a worthwhile television effort," remarked one executive. "A kind we hope to repeat in the future."

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, EAT 'EM



Photo: © American International

In an effort to bring their newest screen idol to the public's attention, American International Pictures is sending out the accompanying photograph of star Alex Rebar surrounded by a host of . . . equally unique movie personalities. Rebar is the lucky (?) actor chosen to portray equally befuddled astronaut Col. Steven West in AIP's upcoming *Incredible Melting Man* film. West, returning triumphantly from Saturn, contracts a space disease that causes his skin to slip. Looking a bit like left-over oatmeal, West then resorts to cannibalism in order to stay slim and

trim. According to AIP, this unique case of the munchies puts him in the ranks of Hollywood's greatest movie monsters . . . probably one of the rankest, in fact. Joining amazing Alex in this class reunion are: (clockwise from top left) Bela Lugosi as Dracula, Rebar, Frederic March as Dr. Jekyll, Boris Karloff as Frankenstein, Lon Chaney, Jr. as the Wolfman, Lon Chaney, Sr. as The Phantom of the Opera, Rondo Hatton as The Creeper and Michael Landon as the Teenage Werewolf. Alex's makeup was designed and executed by young wizard Rick Baker.

DE PALMA'S FURY

Following hard on the heels of Hollywood's latest love affair with SF and fantasy is a new infatuation with the horror film genre—with a twist. The twist is a concentration on the dark side of psychic powers. Brian De Palma set the stage for this new wave with *Carrie*, last year's stand-out tale of telepathic destruction. De Palma is again ready to step into the psychic spotlight with his latest blockbuster, *The Fury*. Based on John Farris' best-selling novel, the feature follows the adventures of two telekinetic teenagers. Robin is the son of a rogue espionage agent and Gillian is the daughter of a wealthy couple. They become entangled in an international web of intrigue, kidnapping and murder. Along the way, the pair gets to use some mind-boggling abilities; their main power is the ability to make people hemorrhage at will. They were aided in their on-screen portrayal of this unusual ability by the prowess of makeup artist Rick Baker. "Most of the effects I did in the film are blood things," he recently told STARLOG. "The kids have this power that, when they're upset or mad, any old scar you might have on your body will split open and bleed." And Baker's blood-letting wasn't all that easy to perform, either. "There's one girl in school who had to get a nose bleed on cue. Now, that sounds like a really simple effect. It's not. I mean, you just can't pour blood up her nose and then get it to run down when the director points

his finger. It's a matter of rigging a whole false nose and putting glasses on it with tubing inside the glasses to house the blood. It's some tricky stuff. In one scene, the young boy causes Fiona Lewis to be levitated. Blood comes out of her eyes, her ears, everywhere. I had to design appliances that were as thin as I could make them, with tracks in them for the blood to run through. Then, I made an entire body cast of Fiona so I could construct a look-alike dummy of her that would spin in the air and spurt blood over everything. I even helped make John Cassavetes explode. We did a whole model of John and it took a couple of hours for the special effects men to rig the charges and fill it with cranberry sauce and blood and stuff. They blew it right across the room." *The Fury*, starring Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Amy Irving, Donald O'Connor, Carrie Snodgrass, Fiona Lewis and Andy Stevens, has had its share of problems aside from exploding screen stars and occasional nose bleeds. From the outset, the production was plagued by differences of opinion on almost every artistic decision made. Filming ran over schedule with star Andy Stevens forced to shuttle between his movie set and a TV appearance. Makeup grandmaster Dick Smith, who designed most of the intricate effects for the film, asked that his name be deleted from the credits of the film because of difficulties in dealing aesthetically with the powers that be.

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ENERGY FOR EARTH

The NASA Marshall Space Flight Center recently awarded a \$695,000 contract to Rockwell International's Space Division in Downey, Ca., for a Satellite Power System study that will provide NASA additional data relative to the technical, social and economic value of the concept. This study will identify key issues, critical areas,

potential solutions and the ability of existing concepts to resolve these issues and areas. The study surveys an intriguing concept for providing large amounts of electrical energy from space for use on Earth. Present electrical energy consumption projections (and recent energy and fuel shortages) indicate that new energy sources will be required in the not-so-distant future. The Satellite Power System concept offers the potential of using a nearly inexhaustible resource—the Sun—to obtain energy in large quantities for Earth usage. The accompanying illustration shows an artist's conception of a view of the central core of the Solar Power Satellite under construction, looking toward its source of energy, the Sun. The system provides for the collection of pollution-free energy from the Sun and its transmission in the form of microwaves to receiving stations on Earth for conversion to electricity. Such systems would consist of extremely large structures which would be fabricated from materials delivered to a low Earth orbit and then assembled. After being placed in their final orbit, these systems could provide electrical power on the order of 5,000 to 10,000 megawatts for Earth. The system will consist of a number of satellites in stationary Earth orbit, using photovoltaic (or solar thermal power) conversion to capture the energy of the Sun and convert it to electrical energy. After the electrical energy is converted to microwave energy and transmitted through space to receiving stations on Earth, it will be converted back to electrical energy and distributed to users over normal existing power lines. If the NASA studies are successful and funding is granted for the project, the solution to much of the Earth's energy needs may be found off the planet.

HOW TO BECOME AN SF WRITER

One of the questions most frequently asked by STARLOG readers at conventions and in Communications is: "How do I become a science-fiction writer?" Recently, Hugo Award-winning author and editor Fred Pohl chatted with STARLOG's staff and answered the question quite succinctly. "The answer to the question 'how to become a writer' is: you write," he advised. "There just isn't any other way to do it. People think about writing, they talk about writing and they study about writing in school. All these things are not bad, but the only way you become a writer is to sit down and put words on paper, preferably behind a typewriter. A writer may as well learn how to type, because somebody's going to have to do it. And if a writer can do it himself then he'll have more control over what is actually coming out under his name. He should learn spelling and punctuation and grammar for the same reasons. When he's mastered them, he's as well equipped as most writers ever are. The rest of what he has to know comes from what happens to him and not necessarily from a course on how to write. The easiest way to get published in science fiction is in SF magazines. It's less easy now than it was in the old days because there are fewer magazines. You go to your newsstand and look for copies of *Analog*, *Amazing* and *The Magazine of Science Fiction and Fantasy*. You'll find that everyone has an address at the bottom of the contents page. You just send in your story, enclosing a self-addressed envelope with the postage already on it and your piece will be considered. It may not be bought, but it will be considered. The average SF magazine gets about 4,000 stories a year, of which it buys 100. The odds are not that good but nearly every science-fiction writer I know started off that way." Pohl pointed out that today's masters didn't start off as scientific geniuses when they first

submitted their work, either. "There have always been a lot of science-fiction writers who don't have a background in science. It's just not necessary. There's a fundamental rule for any kind of art which is that it should be in accordance with the realities of the world. No matter what kind of art. Whether you are a composer, a playwright, a painter, a sculptor or a writer, this rule applies. If you write a story on Pittsburgh, you can't have Central Park, New York in it . . . or the Golden Gate Bridge. It's simply wrong. If you don't know that much about Pittsburgh, you shouldn't write about Pittsburgh. You should not have anything in a story which you represent as truth that is, in reality, false. You should not be caught making a stupid mistake. In science fiction, you should not be caught making a stupid scientific mistake. Your readers may see it and they'll lose trust in you. Reading a story is an act of faith in the author. You're taking his word that the events he's fabricating *could* happen. If you catch him saying something that you *know* is wrong, then not only do you lose that trust, you lose interest. So, when an SF writer says something about science, he should be right. But it's not necessary to say something about science in order to write an SF story. Look at Ray Bradbury. There is very little science in any of his stories and there doesn't have to be. He's writing a sort of poetry about the future. His works are beautifully written, moving, exciting and not at all scientific. Yet, they're still science fiction." Fred's advice should be taken to heart by all aspiring writers. A science-fiction fan since the age of ten, Fred wrote his first SF piece (a poem) at the age of 15. It was published when he was 16. At the age of 19, he was an editor. Last fall, Fred Pohl celebrated his fortieth anniversary as a science fiction writer. ★



A

Beep-Zhurr
Ping-A-Ping
A-Fizz-Bloop ...

B



C



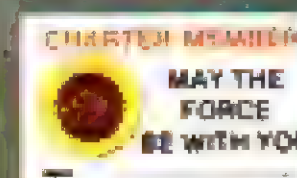
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D



F



G



H

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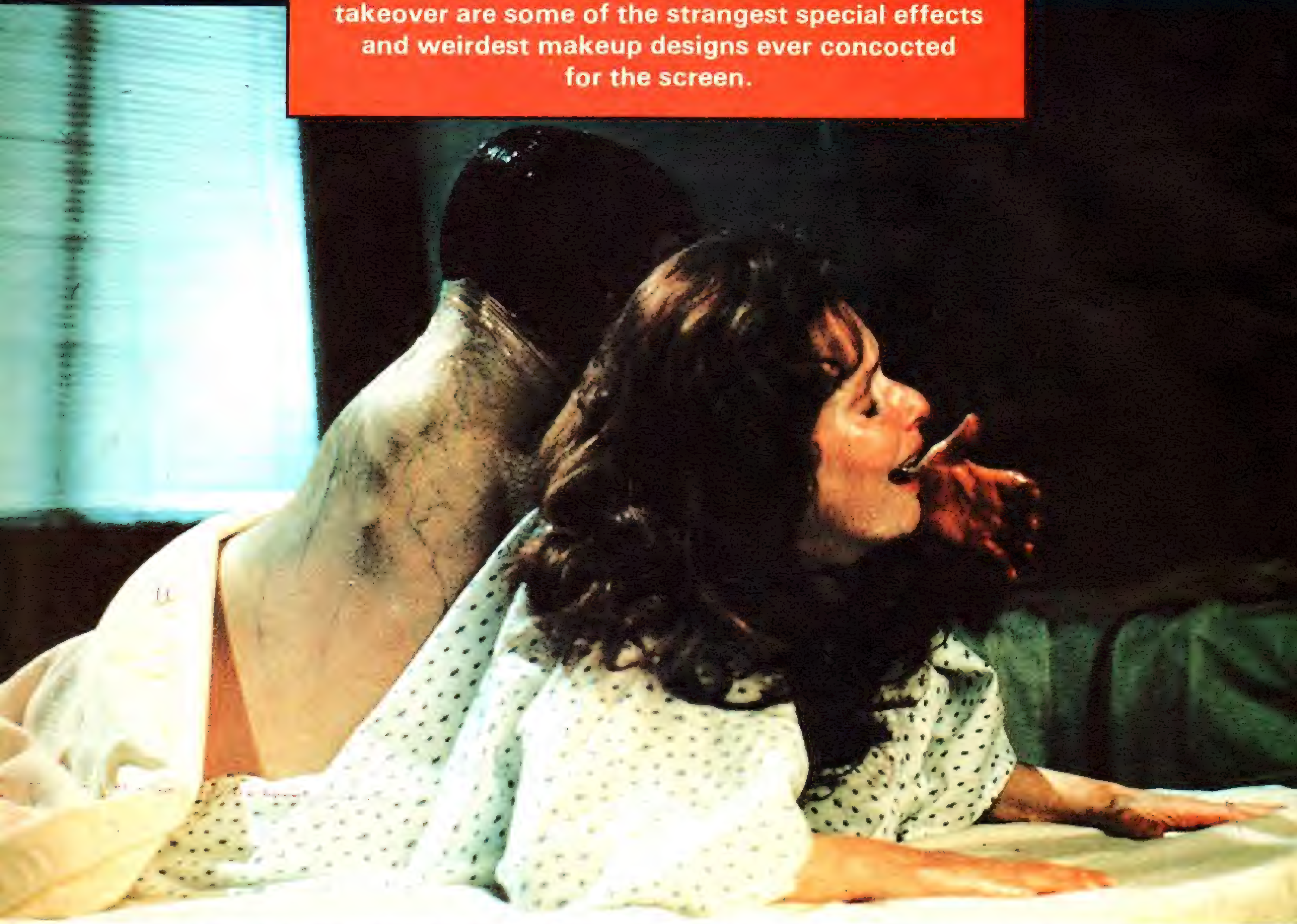
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A 400 year old evil spirit decides to return to Earth, spawning a horde of horrors from another dimension. Aiding the spirit in his terror-filled takeover are some of the strangest special effects and weirdest makeup designs ever concocted for the screen.



Misquamacus, one of the most powerful and evil spirits in Indian lore, is born again—much to the dismay of Susan Strasberg.

THE MANITOU

By WILLIAM H. PRATT

The hideous growth on Karen Tandy's back rips asunder. A tiny, malformed hand emerges. The 400 year old entity, Misquamacus, slithers forth . . . the woman's agonized cries filling the hospital corridor. A doctor runs forward, rushing to his patient's aid. Suddenly, a gigantic lizard-spirit appears, neatly chewing off half the doctor's outstretched hand. Misquamacus, the manitou, takes note of his puny human opposition and, with a sneer, transports the entire hospital to another dimension.

Misquamacus is a movie star this

year. But in 1976 he was the star of a paperback best-seller. Both *The Manitou* film and book recount the horrors experienced by Karen Tandy (Susan Strasberg), a young woman whose problems begin when she develops a small tumor on her back. As the tumor grows, so do her troubles. Doctors discover that there is an embryo housed within the lump, an embryo disfigured by a hospital-ordered x-ray. A modern day medicine man, John Singing Rock (Michael Ansara), uncovers the fact that Susan is carrying a spirit, or manitou, of a long-dead medicine man: Misquamacus . . . the most powerful and evil spirit in Indian lore.

Singing Rock, Dr. Robert McEvoy (Paul Mantee), Dr. Jack Hughes (Jon Cedar), Harry Erskine (Tony Curtis), Amelia Crusoe (Stella Stevens) and spiritualist Mrs. Karmann (Ann Sothern) all try to stop the inevitable. The deformed manitou is finally born and all hell breaks loose, literally, as it conjures up all the forces of darkness. The 8 foot, 200 lb. transparent Lizard Of The Trees attacks the hospital staff; an entire corridor of the medical center is transformed into the ice-laden Cave Of The Winds; Karen's hospital room itself is taken into the far reaches of outer space.

The doctors and Singing Rock pursue

the manitou and Karen into the void where they call upon the spirit of all that is good—The Great Old One. Brought to life by the optical magic of Dale Tate and Frank (*Star Wars*) Van Der Veer, the Old One takes part in the ultimate battle between light and darkness in the labyrinth known as deep space.

“The film’s ending is a complete head trip,” beams producer-director William Girdler, who first encountered the *Manitou* at a London Airport book rack two years ago. “It’s about four minutes long. But when they cross that barrier into what we call ‘inner space,’ the effects that you see . . . well, you’ve never seen before. To talk about them would only water down the fun of seeing them. I don’t want to describe them. Suffice to say, the Great Old One is a total optical effect. What happens when they step into Karen’s room for that last time took seven months to film. In the last reel, during 180 feet, we have 87 opticals. A month before release, we were still working on them.”

Girdler, a 30-year-old motion picture wunderkind, has landed in the top box office charts three times in the past four years with films like *Abby*, *Grizzly* and *Sheba Baby*. It looks like the *Manitou* will make it a fourth and Girdler is most enthusiastic to explain why. “It’s a cross between *The Exorcist* and *Star Wars*,” he states. “It’s a horror-science fiction film. It has a lot of shock in it as well. I’m a director who believes a lot in the instant shock theory, as well as in built-up shock. Under the Hitchcock theory, it’s better to build an audience up, then get them to relax, then hit them over the head with everything. This keeps them constantly tense.”

Girdler orchestrated his audience agitation with waves of stunning visual and makeup effects, planned and designed with various technicians for over five months. Some of the effects proved spectacularly hazardous, both on and off the screen. “Some of the effects did get a bit out of hand,” Girdler admits. “But no one got hurt. We have a lot of explosions in the hospital. They were filmed at high speeds for a slow motion effect. But when you blow up an IBM typewriter on a sound stage, it gets pretty hairy. We had to empty the stage and build protective boxes for the cameramen and crew to hide in. There was shrapnel all over the place.”

The manitou’s inundation of a hospital corridor with mounds of ice proved a slight problem as well. “At one point during the film, the entire tenth floor of a hospital had to be frozen. We took the temperature down to about 15 degrees. We used a lot of fiberglass snow and stuff but we also wetted the entire set down so the floor was really ice. Then we covered the place with fog, so the working conditions were pretty unbearable. We



Photos: © AVCO Embassy

couldn’t take it for too long. It was like working in the Alps.”

Much to the cast and crew’s relief, some of the dangerous *looking* effects, proved to be fairly routine to get through. During a hospital examination scene, for instance, the manitou takes control of a laser gun and begins disintegrating everything in sight. In reality, the scene was simple to film. “We designed the laser gun ourselves,” reveals Girdler. “We put it on motorized tracks so we could control the movement. The laser beam itself was animated on a frame by frame basis, which took months.” Simple, non-hazardous, but costly and time-consuming nonetheless.

Another horrifying scene proved a tedious but physically benign experience: the creation of the monstrous lizard. “It was an old process that hadn’t been used in a long time, the black screen process. It’s similar to a blue screen, a long superimposition. We had a lizard built that was about nine feet long, mechanically operated. We filmed it against black and put it through an optical process, an oil plate which gave it a fluid look. We then superimposed its fluid, moving image with already choreographed live action. It took weeks to do.”

(Continued on page 70)

BULLETIN:

On January 22, shortly after completing his STARLOG interview and moments before this issue went to press, Manitou producer-director William Girdler Jr. died in a freak accident while preparing his next film. Scouting locations in Manila with British producer Patrick Allan Kelly and Filipino film executive Dennis Jovan, Girdler hired a helicopter piloted by Jess Garcia. While engaged in an aerial survey of a jungle location, the director’s helicopter hit a power line and fell into the thick underbrush below. All four men perished in the crash. The STARLOG staff notes with sadness the passing of this young filmmaker whose ever-expanding talent was equaled only by his personal enthusiasm for each of his projects.



Top and below (from l.-to-r.): Disfigured by a pre-natal x-ray, the manitou has a face only a mother could love. Shortly after birth, it crawls across the floor. The traumatic emergence of the ancient spirit.

THE MANITOU

CAST & PRODUCTION CREDITS

THE MANITOU: An Avco Embassy Pictures Release. 1978. Color by CFI. 144 minutes. Produced and Directed by William Girdler. Executive Producer: Melvin G. Gordy. Screenplay by William Girdler, Jon Cedar and Tom Pope based on the novel, *The Manitou*, by Graham Masterton. Music composed and arranged by Lalo Schiffrin. Edited by Bub Asman. Director of Photography: Michael Hugo A.S.C. Conceptual Design by Nikita Knatz. Makeup: Joe McKinney. Special Effects Makeup: Tom Burman. Photographic Optical Effects by Dale Tate, Frank Van Der Veer. Mechanical Special Effects by Gene Grigg, Tim Smythe. Sound Effects: Fred Brown, Michell Sharp Brown. Sound: Glen Glenn Sound.

Harry Erskine	Tony Curtis
Singing Rock	Michael Ansara
Karen Tandy	Susan Strasberg
Amelia Crusoe	Stella Stevens
Dr. Jack Hughes	Jon Cedar
Mrs. Karmann	Ann Sothorn
Dr. Ernest Snow	Burgess Meredith
Dr. Robert McEvoy	Paul Mantee
Misquamacus	Felix Silla/Joe Gieb

STATE OF THE ART

A column by David Gerrold



EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Gerrold has been given a free hand to express any ideas, with any attitudes, and in any language he wishes, and therefore this column does not necessarily represent the editorial views of STARLOG magazine nor our philosophy. The content is copyrighted © 1978 by David Gerrold.

Letters, we get letters . . .

There are two problems that a columnist risks when he asks his readers to write in with their opinions. One is that they won't bother; the other is that they will. In the former case, you don't get enough response to justify a followup report (coupled with the suspicion that perhaps nobody is reading the column at all)—and in the latter case, you sometimes get too much response to deal with any of it efficiently.

Several issues ago, I did a column in these pages about blood donorship and why it was a particularly good idea for science-fiction fans to donate blood. We even included a coupon for individuals under 17 so they could pledge to be future blood donors. We promised autographed copies of *The World of Star Trek* or *The Trouble With Tribbles* to those who were old enough and actually donated a pint of blood.

The response was both gratifying and disappointing.

It was disappointing in that only two hundred people actually responded. This magazine is supposed to have a readership of one million people. Less than .02% of that readership took the time to fill out the coupon or donate a pint of blood—but the two hundred who did must be among the most beautiful people in the world. The letters of response that we received were the most heartwarming mail I've ever read. If any of you reading this ever doubt the humanity of your fellow human beings, I can show you some letters that will make a believer out of you—these are letters written from the heart! I like most science-fiction fans, but those who took the time to respond have become more than that; they are blood brothers.

The issue after that, I wrote a column about *Space Academy* and *Logan's Run*—why I did not want to write for one and why I wanted to write for the other. Again, we asked for your response. And again you wrote in. We read every letter, at least two hundred of them—and certain trends began to show up; one very gratifying thing, in par-

ticular: most of you who watch television are quite capable of making up your own minds about what you like and what you dislike—and your letters of comment to this magazine show that you are a pretty tough audience to please. You demand the best. Most of you were pretty good at spotting what was wrong with *Logan's Run* and *Space Academy*, as well as what was right.

My first reaction to your letters was a simple one—"Well, any audience that has grown up with *Star Trek* won't be satisfied with anything less." But as I thought about your reactions to these two shows, I began to realize some other things as well—some things about science fiction on television, and some things about you as an audience.

First, let's understand science fiction. It is a literature of ideas. It evokes the sense of wonder. It takes you to new places and shows you new ways to think about the universe you live in. It changes your perspectives.

On film, science fiction demands production values—it demands high-quality special effects, sets, costumes, makeup, and most of all, *stories* that will evoke the viewer's sense of wonder.

If science fiction is the most demanding of all literary genres, it is also the most demanding of all film genres.

Now, consider television. It is a device to sell you things; it shows you commercials to create desires in you for things you may not need—the stories are merely there to fill up the spaces between commercials.

Television is a medium of action, not ideas. Ideas demand dialogue, and most producers consider scenes where two people simply talk to each other to be *dull*. Television production demands speed and economy. Television networks demand that shows be visual—that they have a snappy pace and that lots of interesting things happen in them; things that look good whether they mean anything or not.

That's why there are times when it seems as if television and science fiction are basically incompatible.

When science fiction for television is good, it is usually *despite* the medium, not because of it. (It needs a Rod Serling or a Gene Roddenberry; someone who understands how to make the system work.)

Television does the kind of stories that science fiction writers stopped writing thirty and forty years ago—because editors such as John W. Campbell just wouldn't buy them any more. Campbell was the editor of *Astounding* (which is now *Analog*) and it was he who had more influence on the shape of modern science fiction than any other individual working in the field before or since. He guided authors, he taught them, he suggested stories, he inspired whole series—he did what an editor is supposed to do; he helped his writers reach toward their potentials—people like Heinlein and Asimov and Sturgeon, whose names are synonymous with science fiction the way it's supposed to be.

Campbell insisted that stories be believable, that the science be valid, and that the writer consider all of the implications of his idea. He insisted on seeing the idea brought forth to its logical—or even illogical—conclusion. He demanded that the stories he bought be imagination-stretchers.

The average television writer doesn't have access to an individual of that kind of ability. Few producers or story-editors have the necessary background in the genre, and all too often, the producer is so excited by the gimmick itself that he forgets to tell a story about what it *means*, or how it works and who it hurts.

Science fiction on television is usually just "sci-fi"—it's gaudy, cheap, and dazzling, all too often at the expense of being imaginative.

The key word is *imagination*. Science fiction on television usually seems unimaginative by the standards of written science fiction, but written SF has had a couple of generations' head start on television. The truth is that science fiction on television is a genre unto itself, with its own rules and require-

ments for storytelling—these are a whole different set of rules and requirements than for the prose form of science fiction and any attempt to judge one subgenre by the criteria of the other is unfair to both, because it denies them their separate and sometimes special identities.

And there is something else that your letters showed too, something about the shape of the contemporary science fiction audience. Most new fans of science fiction today are not discovering the genre the way that fans did twenty years ago—nor are they coming to the *same* genre. Each new fan comes to a *different* science fiction, one of his or her own making and interpretation.

When I was 13, for instance, there was no *Star Trek*. There were, however, the *Flash Gordon* serials on TV—and I thought they were terrific. Recently, I had a chance to have another look at the same shows. As science fiction, they were pretty silly; just about everything in them was *wrong*: the science was awful, the acting was atrocious, the writing was the pits, the production values were nonexistent—but no matter, I loved seeing them again. They were still great fun. It wasn't what they were that was fun—it was what they seemed to be, *what they were trying to be*, that held my attention. They were working toward something that would someday be *Star Wars*—and the 13-year-old I used to be, who used to love these *Flash Gordon* serials so much, loved them in spite of their clumsiness, loved them *because* they were something *new*—imperfectly developed perhaps, but remember, I didn't have a *Star Wars* to compare them to. At that time, *Flash Gordon* was the best of that particular kind of science fiction.

I discovered the *real* science fiction in the library. A fellow named Robert A. Heinlein had written a whole bunch of terrific novels that were specifically intended for a 'Juvenile' audience—not only were they fascinating stories, but they were also scientifically accurate; his characters didn't just hop into spaceships and roar off into space to have adventures—the adventure started with the spaceship itself. Mr. Heinlein took the time to explain how his spaceships worked. He explained the mechanics of interplanetary travel—what an orbit is, what free fall is, how Newton's three laws of motion control *everything*—and in doing so, Mr. Heinlein pretty well destroyed *Flash Gordon* for me. Now that I knew how wrong the spaceships in *Flash Gordon* were, I couldn't believe much else in the serials. (Fortunately, about that time, a fellow named George Pal was beginning to make films

such as *Destination Moon* and *War Of The Worlds* that would pretty well fill that void.)

And now I was hooked on the written stuff. Using the card file in the library, I discovered that there were a whole bunch of other Heinlein books in a section called "science fiction." Over in this section, I discovered fellows named Isaac Asimov and Theodore Sturgeon, A.E. Van Vogt and Arthur C. Clarke, Ray Bradbury and L. Sprague deCamp, Murray Leinster, Henry Kuttner and C.M. Kornbluth, Fred Pohl, Don Wollheim, and many others.

That's how I found SF—but it's probably not the same way *you* found it. Times have changed. So has science fiction.

Today's new fans are coming into the genre from different directions—and because of that they have different perceptions of what science fiction is. A significant proportion of today's new science fiction fans are discovering the genre through *Star Trek* or *Star Wars*, or even through *Lost In Space* or *Space: 1999* or *Space Academy*. They don't know if a show is silly or not—not if it's their first exposure to the whole genre—all they know is that they've discovered something new and exciting and they like it. They don't want to hear that it isn't very good; they like the pretty colors and the flashing lights—they like the sense of awe; however wrong the rest of the material might be, they like the sense of wonder it evokes.

Twenty years ago, if someone had said to me in the middle of a *Flash Gordon* episode, "That's not right," my response would have been, "What do you know about it?"

If someone were to interrupt you in the middle of a screening of *Star Wars* and point out that all of those fighters are violating Newton's three laws of motion; they're moving through space like World War II fighter planes, they're operating as if they're in a gravity and atmosphere environment; you would respond with, "Who cares? It's still fun to watch."

None of us comes to science fiction for scientific validity—we're pleased when it's there, of course—but the real reason we come to science fiction is *sense of wonder*, and if that isn't there, then all the scientific validity in the world won't save the story. It has to be *fun* first.

Whatever the first exposure was for each of us to the *fun* of science fiction, that show or story becomes a meterstick by which we measure all subsequent experiences in science fiction—until we each come to a better meterstick, and then we upgrade our stan-

dards. *Star Trek* set standards for science fiction on television in 1966—no one has surpassed those standards yet or even equalled them—not in the minds of the fans; else *Space: 1999* and *Logan's Run* would still be on the air. *2001* used to be the standard by which we measured sense of wonder in the movie theater—now it's *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters*. Most of us agree on the landmarks in the field, it's the spaces between that create the bloodiest arguments. The debates about *Star Trek* have been going on for *ten* years.

There is a lot more *bad* science fiction to be waded through than there was twenty years ago—bad books, bad TV shows and bad movies. You know the ones, you end up feeling cheated by them; you didn't get your money's worth.

A lot of science fiction fans give up on science fiction because they are outnumbered by the bad stories—they don't know where to look for the quality stuff, and they don't want to take the time to learn. And besides, there are so many different kinds of science fiction to learn about

This is the reason why there are critics, reviewers, and columnists—to help you discover the kinds of science fiction you like best.

The problem is that the person with the opinion may not have an opinion that matches yours. Remember, his meterstick of judgment is based on the science fiction that impressed him. You have to learn which critics and reviewers to trust, just as you have to learn which writers and movie-makers you like.

The job of the writer—any writer—is not to work *for* effects, but to work *through* them. Too many TV shows only distract the viewer—but they show him nothing about himself, his world, or the people around him; and in that, they deprive the viewer of the one essential ingredient that storytelling needs in order to be prime rib instead of hamburger—*understanding*. Compassion.

A story should be a window to a new world, not just a mirror on this one—it should take the viewer to a new place and show him a new perspective, give him new insights into things which may have seemed long-familiar. Yes, the story should entertain, because that's why the viewer has come to it—but the story should also be more than just a colorful light show, it should be a catharsis of caring about the people in it, based on understanding who they are and why they hurt, so that we can learn something from their adventures; something about them, and something about ourselves. Less than that and the viewers have been cheated. ★

All actors dream of landing that perfect role in the perfect film. The movie should, preferably, be the biggest box-office smash of all time and the part should be that of the film world's Ultimate Hero—or its Ultimate Villain.

For British actor David Prowse, this dream has come true. But fantasy seldom translates well into reality and Prowse's dream seems to have taken on a strange life of its own . . . Something has definitely gone wrong. For David has recently given the screen performance of his life—one seen and enjoyed by tens of millions of people this past year. Yet he remains virtually unknown, while the character he created has become a household word. Is there anyone left who isn't familiar with the awesome masked countenance of *Star Wars*' Dark Lord, Darth Vader? But how many know the face of the man who portrayed this perfect personification of evil? That is the heart of the dilemma for David Prowse, the charming combination of weight-lifting champion and English gentleman who is also—



The Man Behind The Mask

David Prowse



Photo: © 1977 20th Century-Fox

By RICHARD MEYERS

"I wouldn't mind being covered up if people gave you the credit. But now I'm covered up and I'm not getting the credits at the same time."

Prowse's well tailored 6'7" form took up most of one side of STARLOG's conference room when he visited during his second trip to the U.S. in November, 1977. He stopped by for a proper English chat, taking time from a *To Tell The Truth* taping to set the record straight.

"I just felt I wasn't getting any publicity. Every time, they mention Carrie Fisher, Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Alec Guinness, Peter Cushing, and stop! And then it says 'The big villain of the film with the interesting voice of James Earl Jones,' and that's as far as it goes. It doesn't say that Darth Vader was created by Dave Prowse, who does all sorts of other things."

The "other things" include a stint as the British Weightlifting Champion from 1962-1964, notable film credits from *Casino Royale* to *A Clockwork Orange*, and a successful gym and exercise counseling business. But beyond

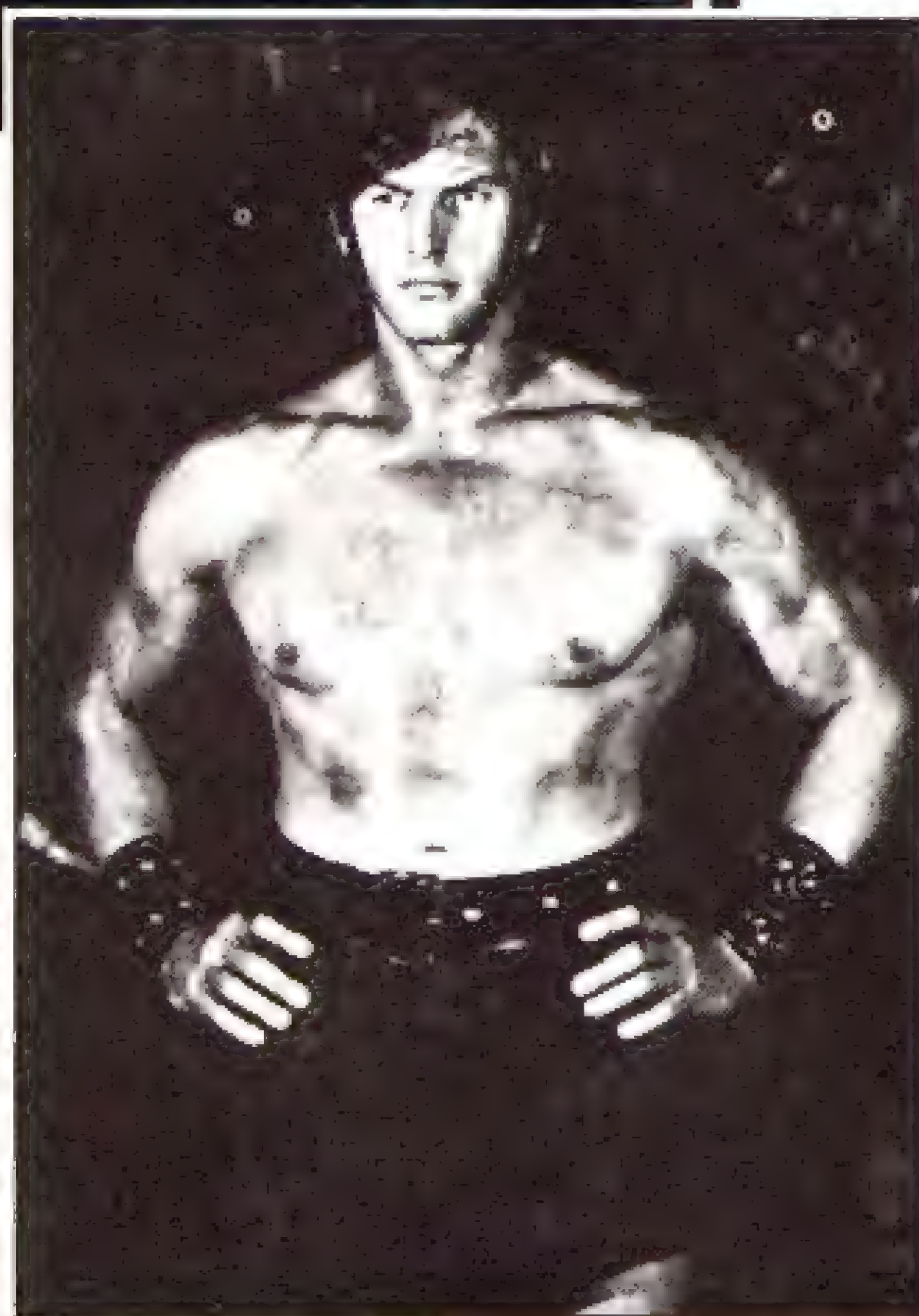


Photo: © 1972 Hammer Films

Above: David Prowse strikes a dashing pose on the set of Hammer Films' *Vampire Circus*. Above right: *The Horror Of Frankenstein* gave Prowse his first stab at the Frankenstein monster role, although the film was played for laughs. His second chance (right) came in *Frankenstein And The Monster From Hell*, a production which co-starred *Star Wars*' demonic Peter Cushing.

Prowse's pride and joy, theatrically, was his Darth Vader role — a part which proved frustrating.

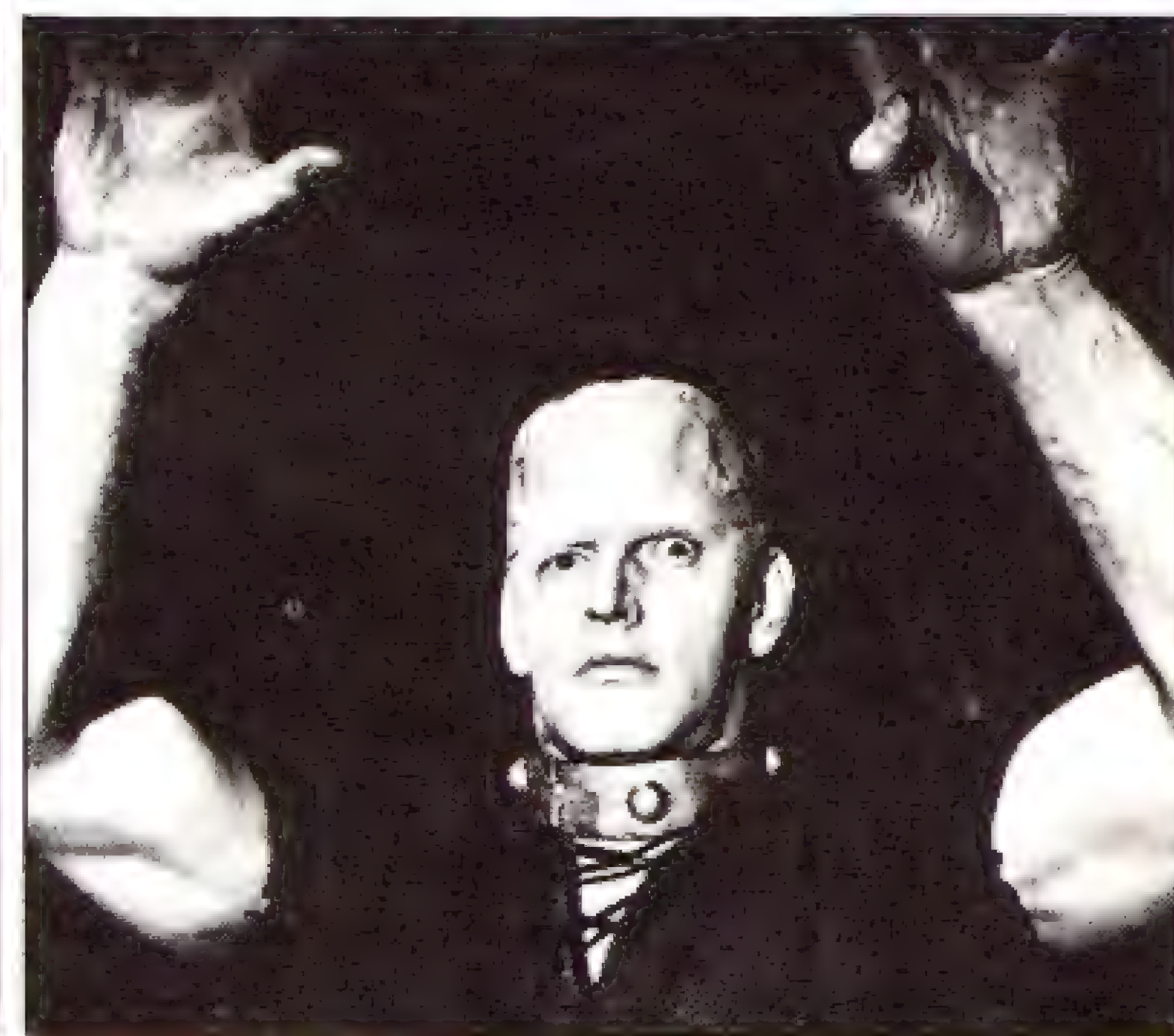


Photo: © 1970 Hammer Films



Photo: © 1973 Hammer Films



Photo: © 1977 20th Century-Fox

that David now finds himself the “star” of the biggest money-maker in film history and no one knows who he is.

“I can walk around New York and nobody knows me. Nobody recognizes me at all. But as soon as you mention you’re Darth Vader, out come the autograph books.”

In order to know this talented actor better we asked about his background. What was his youth like? Was he always so big?

“No, I was quite normal,” Prowse said. “No, I wasn’t *quite* normal, I was on the large side. And I was very fast. I was the one hundred yard, long jump, high jump, and hurdles champion and all the rest of it. I really had a fantastic career in front of me as an athlete.

“But then I started having trouble with one of my knees. At that time I was 5’9” at thirteen years of age. You could say I was sort of a big kid. I went to see a doctor because it was all swollen up. It hurt to bend it fully and it hurt to straighten it fully, so I thought, ‘Well, I’ll go and see the quack.’

“So I went to see the doctor and the doctor said, ‘I think you should go see a specialist,’ and in three days I was in the hospital. The premise was that I had T.B. of the left knee. They kept me there for twelve months.”

David was bed-ridden almost the entire time but was hardly suffering physically.

“They’re forever feeding you the very best of food. What with all this fresh air and all this milk I went from 5’9” to 6’3” in a year. I came out of hospital weighing somewhere between 150 and 160 pounds. I was very tall and skinny. And worse of all I came out with a leg brace. They’d done all sorts of things to prove I had T.B., but as luck would have it, I didn’t.”

But the fact that his body was only reacting to his sudden growth was not discovered until Dave was seventeen, and his hopes for a scholastic career in athletics was ruined. By then he was 6’5” and still growing.

“The first thing I did was buy a Charles Atlas course,” Prowse recounted. “I then changed over to a set of weights. Then I just went on, you know, everything just sort of snow-balled from there. I’d gone up to about 240 pounds because I did nine years of training and then got invited to enter the *Mr. Universe* contest.

“But then my career changed in as much as I decided that it was all wrong that you should exercise just for the sake of standing up and posing and flexing. I thought you should do something a bit more ‘ethical’ with it.”

Following that decision came Prowse’s three-year stint as British weight-lifting champion and a fabulous exhibition tour lifting weights in front of audiences all over the world. And, although, he never thought seriously

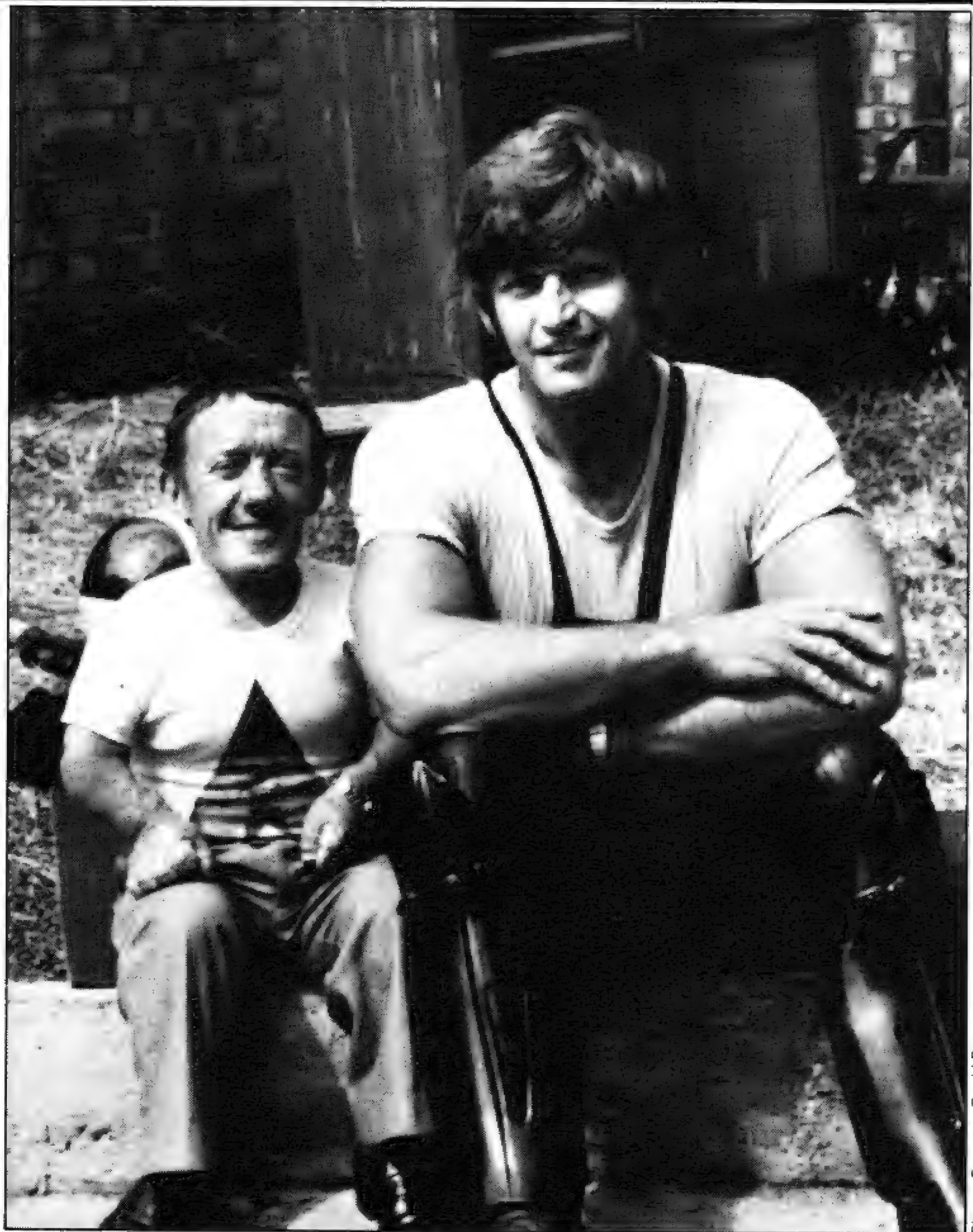


Photo: Courtesy David Prowse

Top: The first photo published of Darth sans helmet. It caused Prowse personal chagrin since his normally handsome visage was marred by grease, sweat, and hairpins. Bottom: With R2-D2’s inner ego, Kenny Baker.

about acting as a child, he became adept at performing before people and cameras. David's next career choice came not as a change of heart, but in response to a medical revolution.

"It was what we called the 'Advent of the Pill,'" Prowse remembered. "I don't mean the girls' pill, I mean the fellows'. It was becoming obvious that the Russians and Americans were on something we (British) weren't. And I thought, 'Well, do I want to take steroids and drugs and risk ruining my health just to stay strong and champion?' Well, no."

However Dave was not at loose ends over this complication. At the time he was also a manufacturer's agent, a sales representative selling athletic and body-building equipment. And it just so happened one of his clients was Mickey Wood's Tough Guys Agency. It was a classic case of being in the right place at the right time. They asked Prowse if he'd like to do some work for them, he replied in the affirmative and less than two weeks later he was sent to London's Mermaid Theater to handle a rather tough assignment.

"They wanted an actor to play the part of Death, who could pick up Kenneth Griffith very symbolically and waft him off the stage. They'd been auditioning actors for weeks and they had terrible problems with actors dropping Kenneth Griffith. So I said, 'Right, Here

goes,' and scooped him up off the floor and said, 'Where would you like him?' And they said, 'Well, that's marvelous! Can you do it twice nightly?' And I said, 'If you pay me enough I'll do it as many times a night as you like.'

"As a result, they gave me an Equity union ticket and from there I went into TV commercials and from TV commercials into TV series and from TV series into films. I started with *Casino Royale*. They rang me up and said 'You're opposite Peter Sellers and Ursula Andress.' And I said, 'Well, that's a good baptism for a first picture.' "

Only one problem—the sequence Prowse was originally hired for was never finished and never made it into the finished film.

"They had this idea where Peter Sellers was going to be haunted by a giant 'Winnie the Pooh.' The problem there was that Peter was coming toward the end of his contract on the film. We shot half of it and then, I don't know how true this is, but the story goes that Peter Sellers went up to the production office and said, 'You know that my contract finishes this afternoon.' And they said, 'Yes, we know, Mr. Sellers, but of course you'll be back on Monday, won't you?' He said, 'I will be back (if) I'm on a weekly salary for every day I work.'

"Now we're talking about thirty grand. And this is pounds, not dollars, so you can double that. Sixty thousand dollars a day to work on this picture. I turned up on Monday morning and I'm hanging about, hangin' about, and there's no sign of Peter Sellers, you see.

Then the rumor got around that he had left and gone to Switzerland."

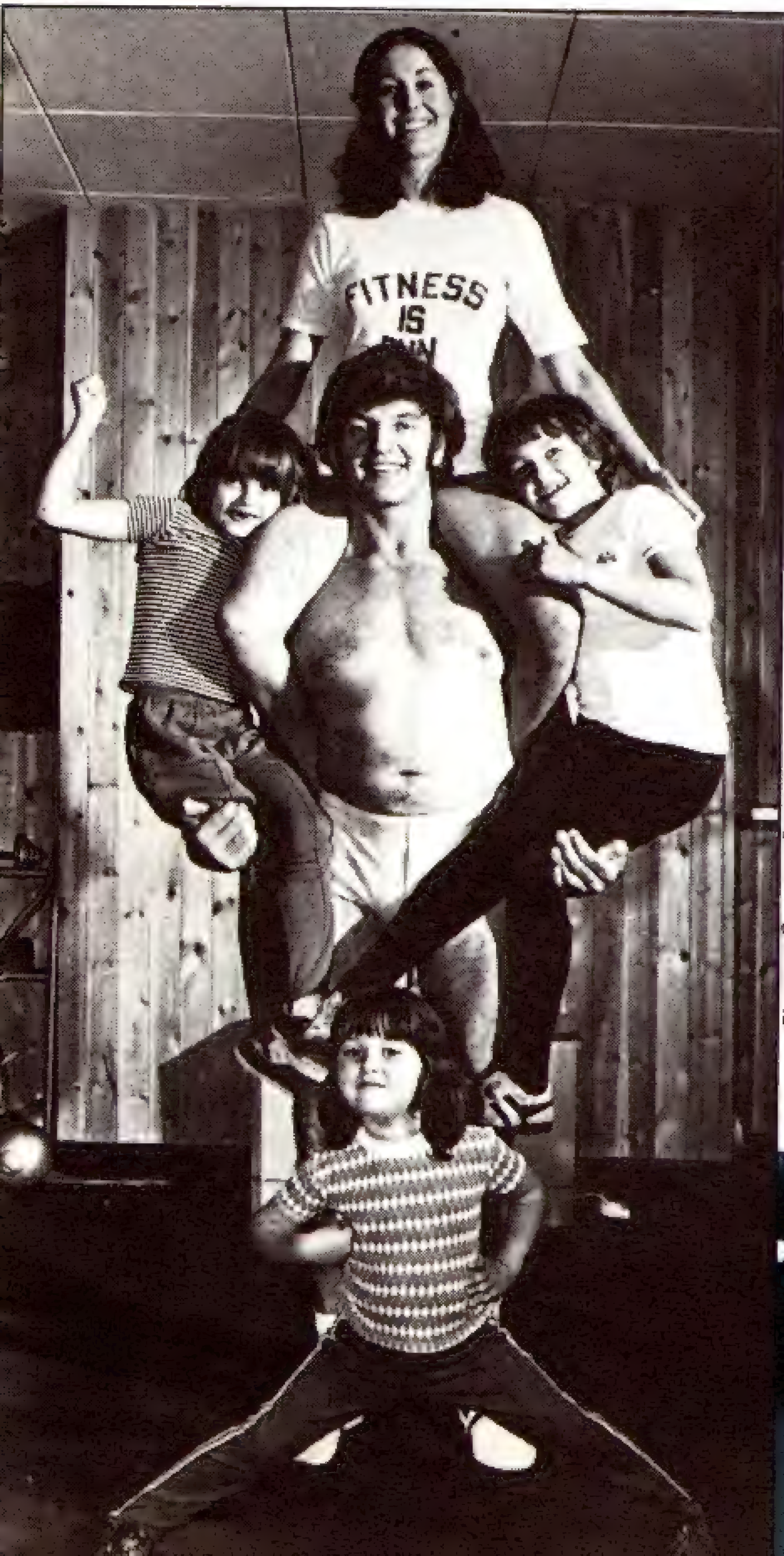
David did make it into the film, finally, during the climactic battle, playing a Frankenstein monster opposite the likes of David Niven and William Holden, a role he would create twice more but not before appearing in several English comedies in the Freddie Howard and "Carry On" series. Prowse had a good time in his next genre film in 1970, although from the title it hardly sounds like a comedy. It was *The Horror of Frankenstein*, written and directed by Jimmy Sangster. David, of course, played the monster.

"I think Jimmy was just having a lot of fun really. It was never accepted as a horror film as such because it was done very tongue in cheek. But it was good fun to do. That was the biggest makeup job I'd ever been involved with. I mean all the time was spent gluing the head-piece on over the top of the eyelids—right into the eyelids, all the way around. It took ages. They used to take two-and-a-half hours to get the makeup on."

Even with all this detail the final monster was unimpressive. Three years later though, he was back in the lab as a far more horrifying Frankensteinian variation.

"*The Monster from Hell* was dead easy," Dave confessed. "You see, when I did the first monster for Hammer (Films) the first thing they did was make a complete plaster cast of me. So when it came time to do *The Monster from Hell* they just took my face and then

(Continued on page 44)

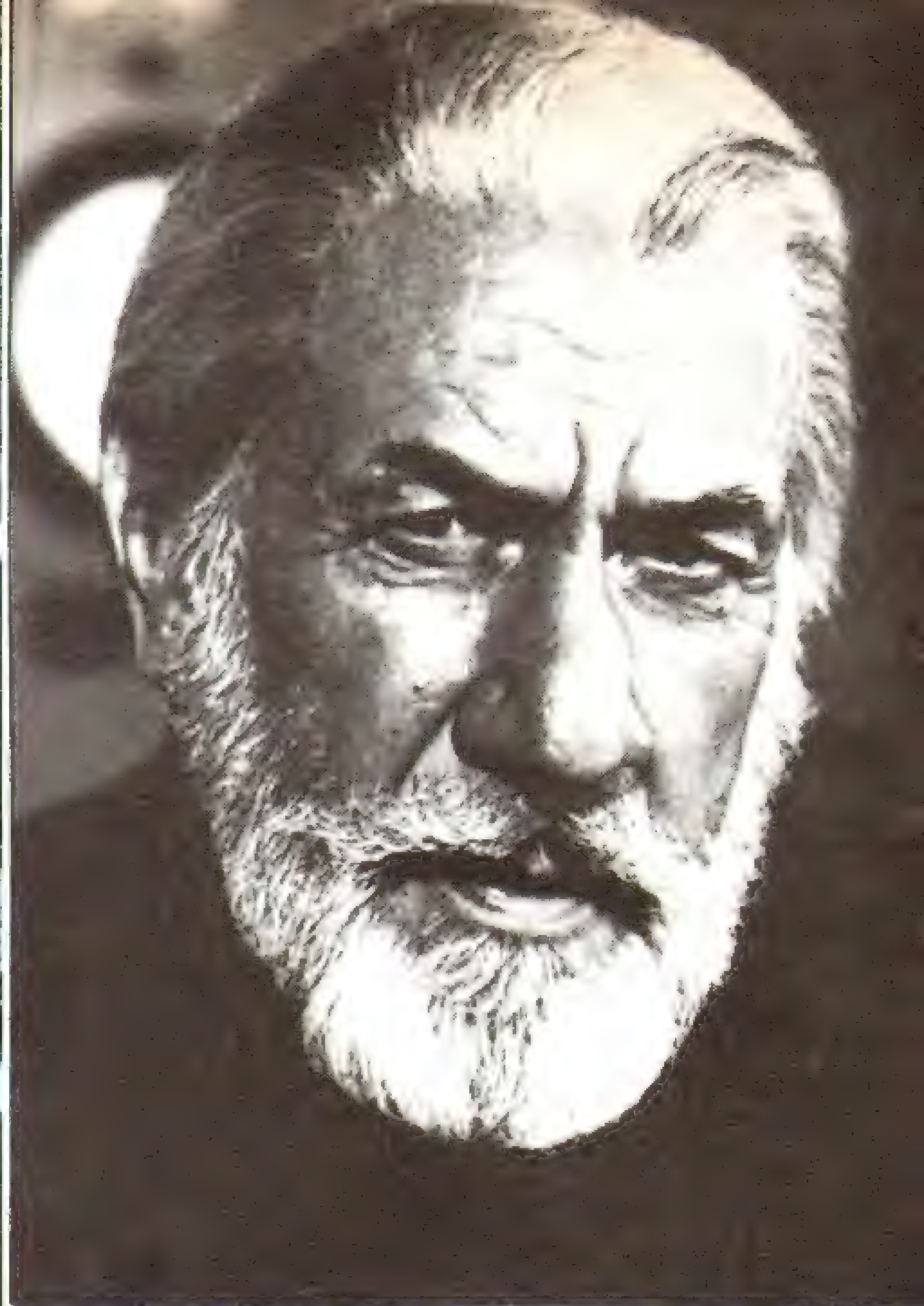


Photos: Courtesy David Prowse

Near Left: Prowse is the foundation of his family, in more ways than one. Middle: David in his one and only oriental makeup for the unreleased live action/animated *Gulliver's Travels*, starring Richard Harris. Far Right: As the actor appeared in The Beta Cloud episode of *Space: 1999*.



Photo: © 1976 I.T.C.



Above: Jose Ferrer is the newest Captain Nemo to grace the screen. Left: The good captain strikes a pensive pose while visiting the immortal world of Atlantis. Below: Professor Cunningham seems to have the drop on Nemo in this scene shot aboard Cunningham's vessel, *The Raven*. During the course of the series, *The Raven* and *The Nautilus* vie for supremacy of the seas.



Will Jules Verne's legendary Captain Nemo be able to save the current SF-TV season from going under? CBS certainly thinks so and, to help them prove it, they've enlisted the talents of Academy Award-winning producer Irwin Allen to launch the *Nautilus* anew in *The Return of Captain Nemo*, a three-part mini-series slotted for the spring season.

CBS Goes Underwater for CAPTAIN NEMO

By CHARLES BOGLE

The Return Of Captain Nemo will resurrect the famous seafarer (immortalized in *20,000 Leagues Under The Sea*) and will drop him into contemporary settings for an extra bit of drama. This will be the good captain's first starring appearance in a science-fiction feature-length presentation since MGM's unrelated 1969 opus, *Captain Nemo And The Floating City*—a modest entry which featured Robert Ryan in the title role.

This time out, Nemo will be portrayed by the distinguished actor Jose Ferrer, who won an Oscar for his interpretation of another famous dramatic favorite, Cyrano de Bergerac. In *The Return's* three one-hour installments, Nemo will find himself at odds with everything from an evil scientist to a horde of mad robots to an island of angry Atlanteans.

The show was conceived early in 1977. All the action, written by Norman (Mission: Impossible, Ironside) Katkov

and William (Petrocelli) Keys, was visually orchestrated by producer Allen. Together with the show's director, Alex (Paper Lion) March, Allen planned every shot with artists' renderings. The entire film was plotted out, comic strip fashion. This storyboard approach is all but a lost art in Hollywood today, but to old-fashioned Allen, it is the Rosetta Stone from which everything is keyed. With scripts, storyboard and schedules in hand, the crew of *Nemo* began filming in California in September and finished well before Christmas of '77.

Nemo Discovered

The mini-series takes place in present-day society. Two Navy scuba divers, out on a routine mission, discover the fabled, futuristic supersub *Nautilus* wedged beneath a shelf of coral deep in the far reaches of the Pacific. The twosome swim up to the ensnared vessel and peer inside through a porthole. The frogmen, Commander Tom Franklin (Tom Hallick) and Lt. Jim Porter (Burr De Benning) are startled to see an



Photo: CBS

Professor Waldo Cunningham (Burgess Meredith) scans his latest plans for world domination aboard his supersub *The Raven*. Behind him, a metallic minion stands by.

opulent chamber straight out of Victorian times within the sub. It's in a state of perfect preservation. Standing in the center of the room is a clear cylinder containing an impressive figure of a man dressed in seafaring clothing of a style fashionable in the 19th century. It is Captain Nemo (Jose Ferrer), creator and builder of the *Nautilus*. The genius is encased in a tube of coalesced liquid nitrogen . . . in a state of suspended animation.

The two frogmen make their way on-board, setting off a device which abruptly snaps Nemo into consciousness. The trio trade stories of adventures and histories. Nemo is so impressed by these two specimens of modern mankind that he invites them to join him on his search for Atlantis. They readily agree and the trio of seamen guide the *Nautilus* towards new adventures under the sea.



Photo: CBS

Before the *Nautilus* journeys too far, it is ambushed by the streamlined submarine, *The Raven*, originated, owned and operated by megalomaniacal scientist, Professor Waldo Cunningham (Burgess Meredith). So abberated is the professor in his selfish desire for world domination, that he shares his ship with no human crew. His fellow passengers are all drone robots, developed, owned and operated by the disheveled professor. Cunningham plans to destroy Washington, D.C. if the city doesn't come up with a billion dollars in gold bars to assuage his greed. Nemo and his newfound crew outmaneuver Cunningham and his metallic minions and, in a daring undersea battle, badly damage *The Raven*. Cunningham is forced to retreat and repair. Washington is saved and the search for Atlantis is continued.

With *The Raven* in drydock, Nemo's prowess as a modern day scientist-explorer is acknowledged by the present day Navy brass who ask him to take his *Nautilus* for a dive into the Mindinao Trench, a dive some 36,000 feet below the waves. The mission is too deep for conventional subs to attempt but for the *Nautilus*, it's a drop in the bucket. The mission: to assure the integrity of radioactive waste buried there by the United States. Rumor has it that the cannisters of nuclear material are leaking, thus presenting a threat to the surrounding ocean life. On the way to the Trench, the *Nautilus* picks up Dr. Robert Cook (Mel Ferrer), a well known nuclear physicist actually responsible for the waste being dumped into the Trench, and his assistant, Kate (Lynda Day George).

Captain Nemo and Dr. Robert Cook (Mel Ferrer) engage in a bit of antiquated swordplay aboard the *Nautilus*. Cook, bribed by evil Waldo Cunningham, attempts to destroy the sub. Nemo emerges the victor.

Once the mission is underway, Nemo discovers that Cook has been bribed by the resourceful Cunningham to lure the *Nautilus* into a trap. Cunningham is now gunning for Nemo and his crew, and would love nothing better than to destroy the submarine. Nemo and Cook confront each other and a fierce sword fight is the net result. The ancient mariner disarms the dishonest modern day scientist and Cook is imprisoned aboard. Nemo, knowing that he is heading for a trap, puts some of the exotic devices invented for the *Nautilus* to work. He creates a duplicate of his supersub, launches it, and watches with glee as Cunningham and his *Raven* crew follows, attacks and destroys the dummy vessel.

Nemo again sets off for Atlantis.

Nemo, his crew and his two newfound frogmen friends finally arrive at Atlantis, meeting King Tibor (Horst Buchholz). The King has to verbally battle some of his more militant peers on the Atlantean Great Council who are not at all enthusiastic about having outsiders roaming about the island. Cunningham and his cronies don't exactly enhance the image of outer-islanders, either. They follow Nemo to the island, kidnap him and take Nemo and his crew prisoner aboard the *Raven*. He attempts to extract Nemo's formulae for the *Nautilus'* nuclear reactor and his intricate laser beam systems. In yet

another frenzied battle, Nemo and his crew manage to outwit both Cunningham and his crew and save Atlantis from the unscrupulous scientist.

As the final show comes to an end, Nemo heads for the modern city of San Francisco . . . and perhaps, for another adventure.

Set For The Fall

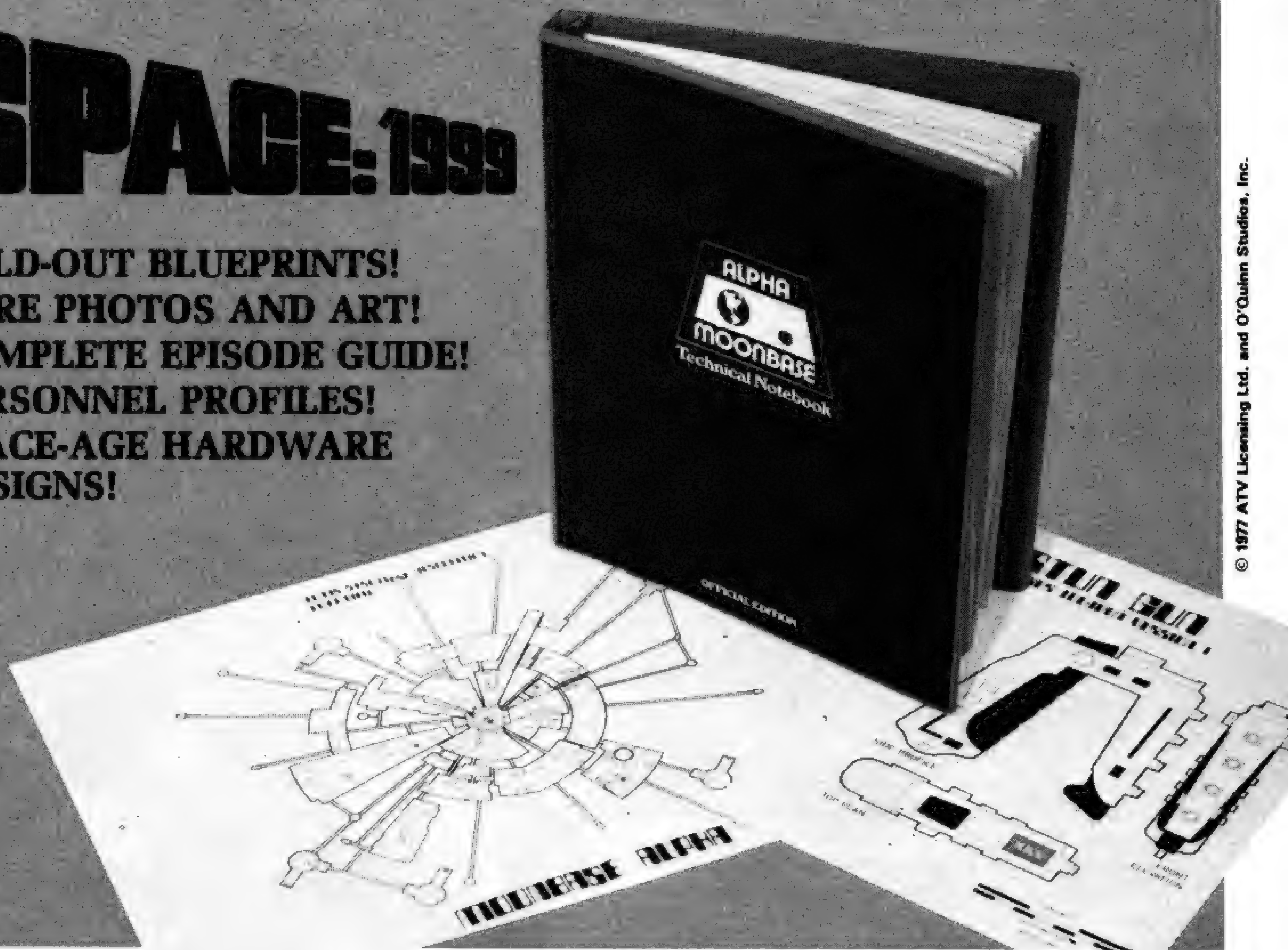
At this point, the fate of *The Return Of Captain Nemo* rests solely in the hands of CBS-TV and the TV viewers. The network is taking great pains to schedule the mini-series at an optimum time period, much in the same way it did last fall with the initial installments of their *Spiderman* and *The Incredible Hulk* mini-series. What the future holds for *Nemo*, however, will rely heavily on the response of science-fiction enthusiasts to the underwater event. In the final analysis, only the ratings can keep the *Nautilus* afloat.

The very fact that *Nemo* is appearing, however, is a positive sign. In spite of his phenomenal film success, producer Irwin Allen still seems to feel that television is a viable outlet for his mind-boggling tales of escapism. *Nemo* is his first real attempt at video science fiction since ABC's *Land Of The Giants*, a few seasons back. Will the producer of *Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea*, *Lost In Space* and *The Time Tunnel* be requested to bring Nemo back for the fall season? Or will the legendary captain be put back into a state of suspended animation? Not even that farsighted visionary Jules Verne could predict how his fictional offspring will fare in the ratings wars. ★

THE OFFICIAL MOONBASE ALPHA TECHNICAL NOTEBOOK

SPACE: 1999

- FOLD-OUT BLUEPRINTS!
- RARE PHOTOS AND ART!
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Here is the definitive guide to information from "Space: 1999." The OFFICIAL MOONBASE ALPHA TECHNICAL NOTEBOOK is a handsome, red vinyl, loose-leaf binder with gold silk-screened emblem on front and lettering on spine. The removable pages are organized in strict military fashion and include complete data on the Commlock, Stun Gun, Laser Cannon, Communications Post, Uniforms, and several fold-out blueprints of the various levels and areas of Moonbase Alpha. In addition there is a personnel section with photos and bios of Commander Koenig, Helena Russell, Victor

Bergman, Alan Carter, Tony, Maya, etc. There is also a complete Timeline and Episode Guide section with photos, credits, and plot synopses for all 48 TV adventures. Compiled under the supervision of the STARLOG editors, the NOTEBOOK is written by David Hirsch and drawn by Geoffrey Mandel, the technical team who developed the Eagle Blueprints for STARLOG No. 7. This limited edition publication (each one will be registered to the owner) is the one and only authorized version approved by Gerry Anderson Productions and ITC Entertainment.

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"Man and the Moon," the second of the three-part *Disneyland* "Man in Space" programs, dramatized a journey to the moon.

Before Lucas' *Star Wars*, Before Spielberg's *Encounters*, There Was

WALT DISNEY'S CONQUEST OF SPACE

By DAVID R. SMITH

It was 7:30 in the evening on Wednesday, March 9, 1955. Television sets were tuned to the ABC network. Onto the screen flashed the now familiar picture of Sleeping Beauty's castle while the announcer proclaimed that this was "Walt Disney's Disneyland." "Each week as you enter this timeless land," he intoned, "one of these many worlds will be open to you: Adventureland: the wonder world of nature's own realm; Fantasyland: the happiest kingdom of them all; Frontierland: tall tales and true of the legendary past; Tomorrowland: promise of things to come. And now, from Tomorrowland, we present the first of our *science factual* programs—"Man In Space."

Viewers could not believe their ears. After months of programs from Adventureland, Fantasyland and Frontierland, here was the *first* vision from Tomorrowland. There was an air of eager expectation as the picture dissolved to Walt Disney in his office, holding a model of a rocket.

"In our modern world," explained Disney, "everywhere we look we see the influence science has upon our daily lives. Discoveries that were miracles a few short years ago are accepted as commonplace today. Many of the things that seem impossible now will become realities tomorrow. One of Man's oldest dreams has been the desire for space travel—to travel to other worlds. Until recently, this seemed to be an impossibility, but great new discoveries

have brought us to the threshold of a new frontier—the frontier of interplanetary space. In this Tomorrowland series, we are combining the tools of our trade with the knowledge of the scientists to give a factual picture of the latest plans for man's newest adventure."

"Man in Space" was destined to be the first of three "science factual" programs that would explore some of the mysteries of space via Disney's TV series. And, because of the meticulous research that went into the programs, the detailed advice and personal aid provided by eminently qualified scientists, and the inventiveness of Walt Disney, his director Ward Kimball and other members of the Disney staff, the three shows would receive worldwide acclaim, eventually playing a part in furthering

the American space program which during the early fifties was virtually stagnant.

"Walt Disney may be America's 'Secret Weapon' for the conquest of space!" proclaimed the *Los Angeles Herald & Express* the morning after the first spectacular installment was shown. One Disney devotee who was impressed with the show was President Dwight D. Eisenhower who called Disney, borrowed the show, ran it for Pentagon brass for two weeks and, four months later, announced that the U.S. government had approved plans for launching Earth-circling satellites.

Walt Disney, the creator of Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Goofy, and hundreds of other cartoon stars, had actually opened the door to space for hundreds of thousands of interested Americans . . . perhaps even the United States government itself. Just how did the historic series come about?

In the early 50s, Disney was beginning to formulate plans for an amusement park to be called Disneyland . . . the first "theme" park. Divided into four general areas (Adventureland, Fantasyland, Frontierland and Tomorrowland), Disneyland would boast rides, attractions, shops and food facilities that would follow the "theme" of each "land." In order to help finance the building of the park, Disney took his four realms to ABC as a weekly TV series. From its first airing in October, 1954, the show proved to be a hit. But Disney soon found himself boxed into a corner. Shows for Adventureland, Fantasyland and Frontierland could be cul-





Photo: © 1954 Walt Disney Productions

Above: Willy Ley and Walt Disney in 1954 head a team of "Imagineers" that prepared the way for the U.S. space program. Right: A visualization of the three-stage rocket that was designed to carry man into space.

ed both from new productions and from the vast Disney film library. But when it came to Tomorrowland, Disney was momentarily stumped. Tomorrow was the future. There had been no previous Disney work on future technology.

Disney turned to long-time animator and associate Ward Kimball for help. Kimball had been following a series of space articles in *Collier's Magazine*. "It was fascinating for me to realize that there were these reputable scientists who actually believed that we were going out in space," he recalls of the series. Some of the "reputable" men who caught Kimball's eye were Wernher von Braun, Willy Ley and Heinz Haber . . . with their fantastic space dreams being illustrated by Chesley Bonestell. Disney was enthused about doing a similar venture for TV. Kimball, layout man Ken O'Connor, space expert Charles Shows and artist and writer Bill Bosche were assigned the task of outlining a space TV show.

Disney offered initial guidance. "There are two sides to go on this—comedy interest and factual interest.

Photo: © 1955 Walt Disney Productions



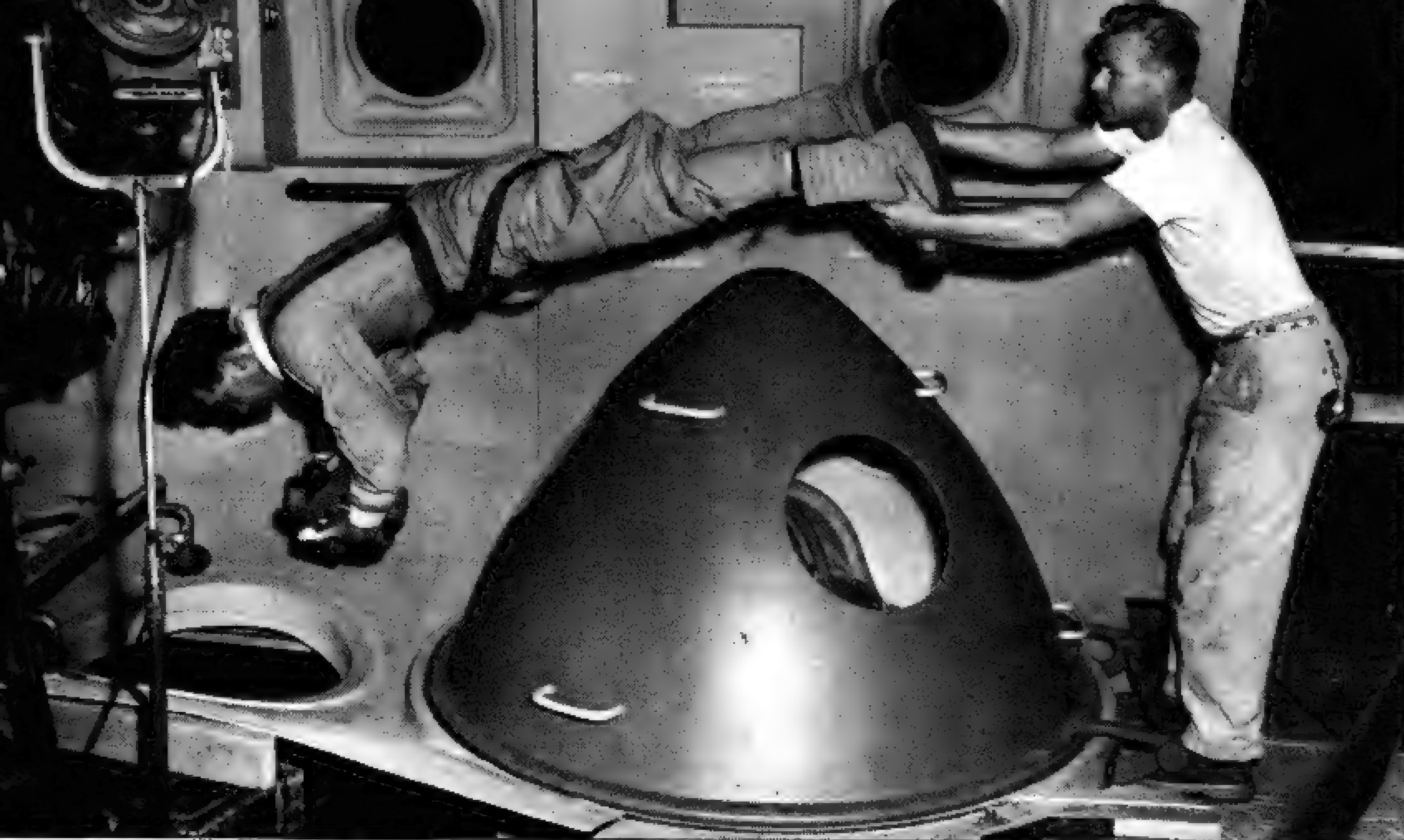


Photo: 1955 Walt Disney Productions

A Disney technician helps an actor achieve "weightlessness" for "Man and the Moon."

Both of them are vital to keep the show from becoming dry . . . We are trying to show man's dreams of the future and what he has learned from the past. The history might be a good way to work in a lot of your laughs. People laugh at inventions of the past such as the guy trying to fly with feathers because with the inventions and the progress of science today, people feel superior . . . We could show that man has been constantly seeking a way to get up in the air. We should show what he might find when he did get there."

And so, the Disney team tackled space in a combination of fact, speculation and cartoon comedy. The educational episode, entitled "Rockets and Space," began to take shape. Prominent, scientific advisors were recruited. Willy Ley, Wernher von Braun and Heinz Haber joined forces with Kimball, Bosche and other Disney men such as Harry Tytle, Julius Svendsen, John Dunn, Art Stevens and Jacques Rupp. As information was assembled it became apparent to everyone involved that there was enough material for TWO unique space shows. "We are known for fantasy," Disney beamed at the time. "But with these same tools that we use here, we apply it to the facts and give a presentation. . . . Men dealing with fantasy and men dealing with fact coming together, meeting and combining their resources to present the material."

The format of the first show was beginning to take shape: it would begin with an animated history of rockets, then offer a section on space medicine before concluding with the building of a spaceship. For the medicine section, Disney introduced the idea of having a little human cartoon character become the guinea pig. "We can have this little character right off the drawing board. He could be listening in on the discus-

sion. He's worried because he's the one that's going out into space. So he immediately has life. He becomes the guinea pig. As we go from one thing to another, he's always there. Every time we have a *homo sapien* there, he's the fellow."

And so, the finalized version was constructed: a carefully designed pot-pourri of cartoon animation, miniature space settings (replete with a model space station and four-stage rocket) and narration. "Man In Space" became the title of the first show when the decision was made to divide the material into THREE shows. The first would discuss history, space medicine and the launching of a four stage rocket. The second would show the building of a space station and a trip to the Moon and the third, a trip to Mars.

"Man In Space" was a winner with the TV audience. In simplifying for the laymen some highly technical steps involved in sending a man into space, the show succeeded in awakening an interest in space among Americans (as contributor von Braun had hoped it would). After the initial installment, all efforts were turned to the completion of the second chapter, "Man And The Moon."

For this show, director Kimball decided to preface the trip to the Moon with a history of the Moon. This would be the humorous, animated section of the show, brimming with legends, superstitions and songs about the Moon. For the factual Moon trip, the Kimball unit decided to use live-action instead of animation to lend greater believability. The inside of a spaceship was constructed on a Studio sound stage and four actors were hired to portray Captain, Navigator, Engineer and Radioman. To make the set as authentic as possible, two Boeing 377 pilot's chairs were borrowed, along with two model 618m aircraft seats from Douglas. Prototype space helmets were borrowed also and O'Connor, Bosche and von Braun invented a space suit.

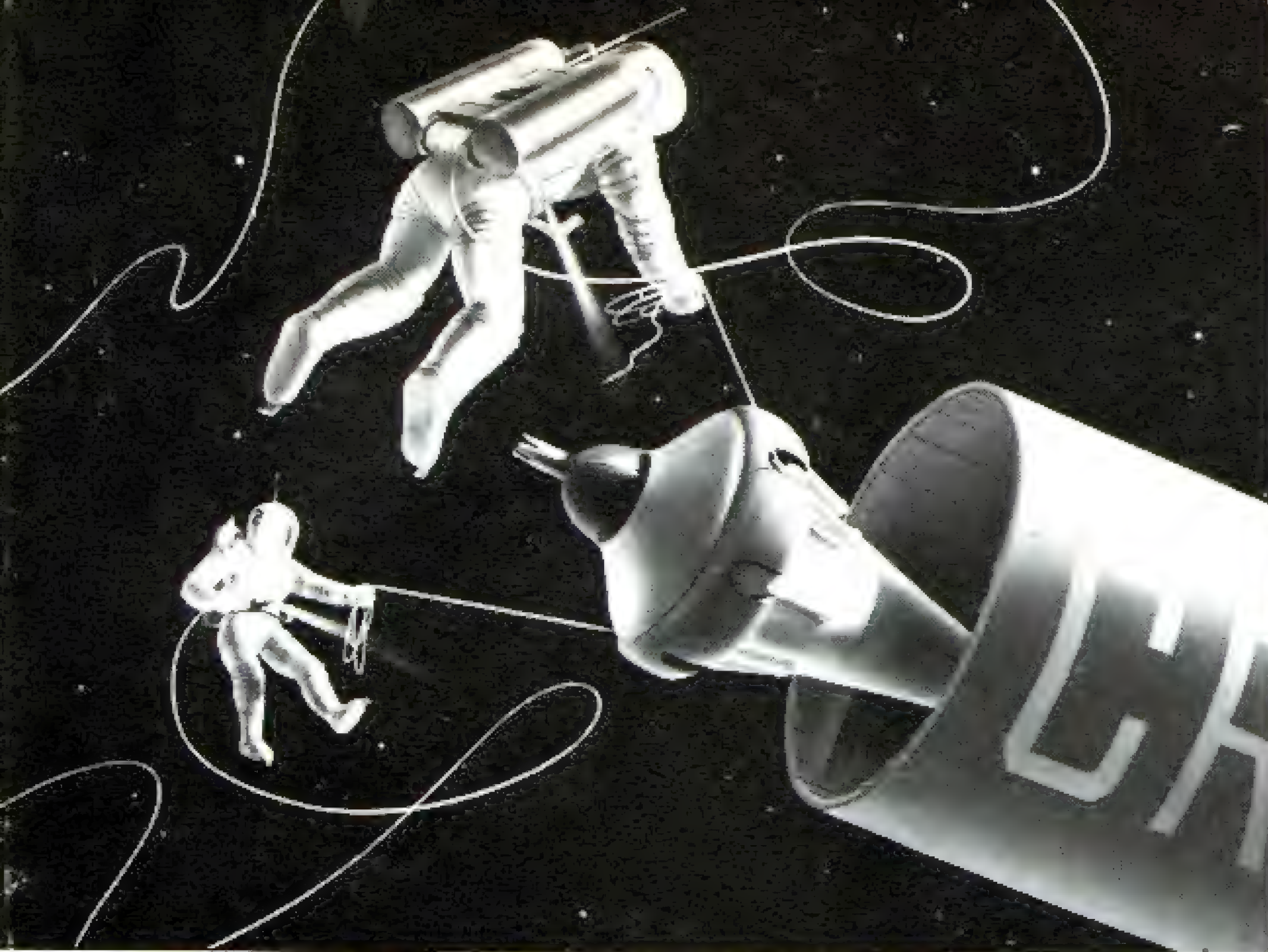
The Moon trip depicted in the episode was essentially a scouting trip, with no landing attempted. The 53-foot Moon rocket carried a crew of four men. A little suspense was added to the trip as a small meteor pierced a nitric acid tank, necessitating a repair in space using a bottle suit: a suit invented by von Braun. The bottle suit used gyros and two small rocket motors to allow the operator to tilt and move in any direction. There were seven remote controlled mechanical arms, each a specialized tool: hook, wrench, screwdriver, etc.

"Man And The Moon" was previewed for the American Rocket Society at their Los Angeles Convention. Their enthusiasm for the show was equaled in intensity only by that of the regular Disneyland TV audience. With two highly successful and influential space shows under their belts, the Disney team proceeded to their third and final installment, "Mars and Beyond." The final show was delayed for nearly a year for a host of unexpected reasons.

The National Academy of Science and IBM asked the Disney studios to make a film on Project Vanguard, so the Kimball unit was assigned the task. On October 4, 1957, the Russians launched Sputnik I, the first artificial satellite, marking the dawn of the Space Age and jolting the United States with shock waves that were felt throughout the country's political and educational institutions. One month after Sputnik I, the Russians launched Sputnik II, this time with a canine passenger aboard. Von Braun and his scientists were instructed to prepare for the launching of an artificial satellite for the U.S. The scientist promised on November 8, 1957, to put a satellite into orbit within 90 days. He did . . . on January 31, 1958 with Explorer I, the first American satellite.

Fortunately, von Braun had concluded his Disney work shortly before the Sputnik shock. And so, after two years of work, "Mars and Beyond" was finally aired December 4, 1957. Together with nuclear physicist Ernst Stuhlinger, Dr. E.C. Slipher and Willy Ley, von Braun provided background information for this installment; which was more scientific speculation than science fact.

The show began with a dizzily constructed animated look at what life on Mars *might* look like (as envisioned by Disney cartoonists). At one point, during a private screening, Walt Disney gaped at the crazy quilt of cartoon aliens parading around the sands of Mars and turned to Kimball with a grin. "How do you guys think up all that crazy stuff?" was his only comment. With TV audiences bound to be glued to the tube at this point in the show, captivated by the fantasy visions of things



Above and right: From the cargo carrying head of CR-1, crewman 1,075 miles above the Earth remove a "bottle" construction suit for assembling the space station.

to come, Kimball then let loose with his blockbuster . . . Man's first flight to Mars.

The Mars flight envisioned on the show showcased an expedition of six of Dr. Stuhlinger's atomic powered, umbrella-shaped spaceships. The ships, 500 feet across, were assembled in space and departed for Mars from a previously constructed space station. A small landing craft was carried for the final descent to the Martian surface from an orbit 620 miles above. The trip lasted 13 months and 6 days. The spectacular glimpse into the future ended on a philosophical note: "In solving the enigma of the red planet Mars, Man may find a key that opens the first small door to the universe."

As the narrator finished his words, a flying saucer zipped across the screen, leaving viewing audiences thrilled with the potential discoveries of space. Public and press reaction was overwhelming. "Disney's prize effort of the season," said the *San Mateo Times*, "this whole series done by Disney on outer space travel has been a shining example of the versatile use of fact and fancy to make a show both amusing and informative—and a little controversial." *The New York Times* described the presentation as "consistently interesting and informative" and the *Washington Evening Star* simply marveled that Disney's view of the future was "a winner on any planet."

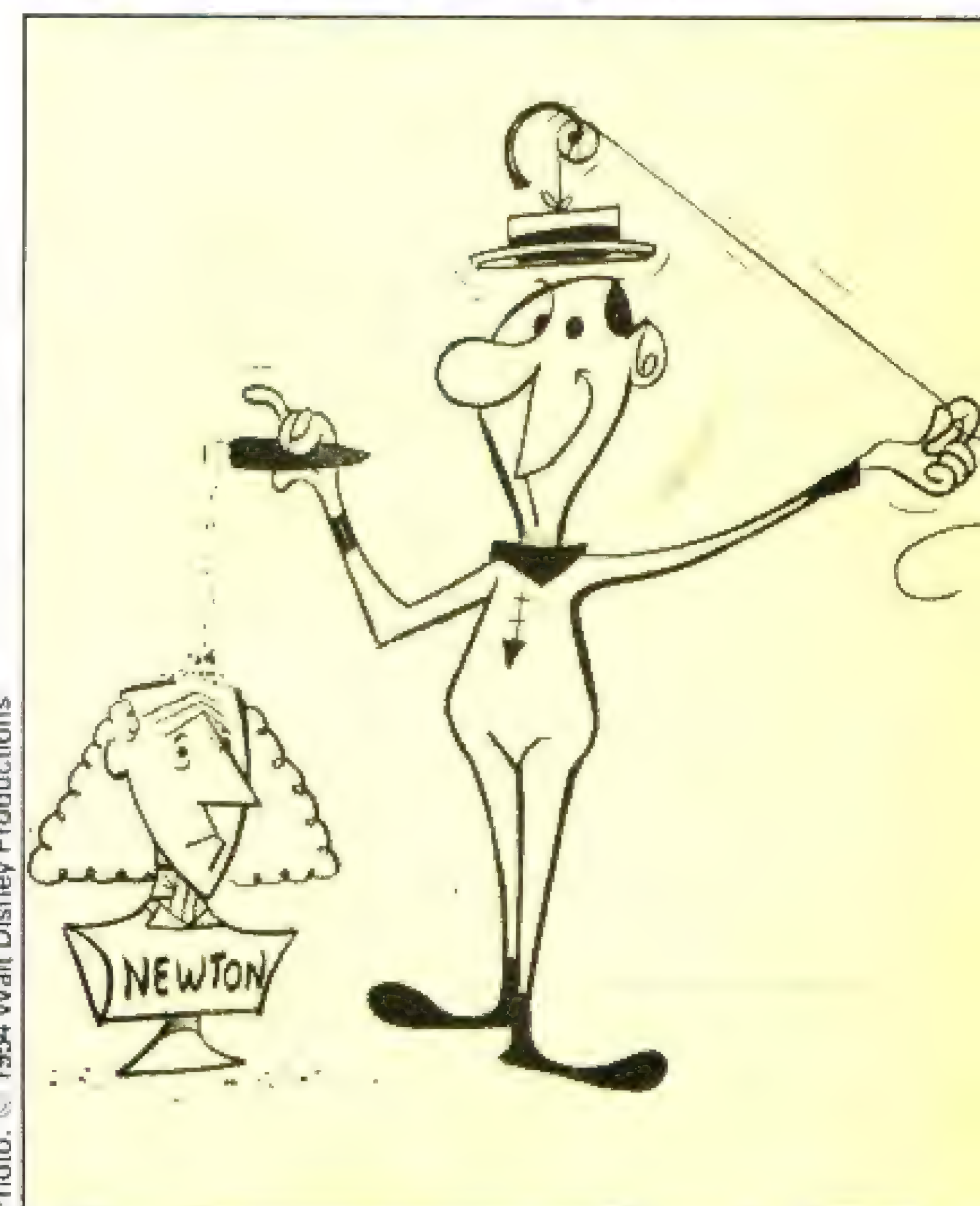
With the Mars installment, the Disney space series came to an end, leaving behind ethereal visions of space in the hearts and minds of millions. Within five years, the United States was conducting real life space experiments that rivaled the Disney shows in terms of achievement and adventure. Was the United States space effort inspired, in part, by the Disney series? No one can say for sure but it is interesting to note

how many predictions of the Disneyland series found their way into reality. The Disney space station was certainly a forerunner of 1973's Skylab and von Braun's winged fourth-stage rocket certainly brings to mind today's Space Shuttle.

Even when overshadowed by modern technology's present day advancements, Disney's "factual science" shows stand as being brilliant achievements in popular science. For one brief, shining moment in history, fact and fantasy melded perfectly together to create a fascinating overview of mankind's possible future. Hands that once brought to life dwarfs, wicked witches and flying elephants found themselves creating breath-taking spacescapes under the watchful eyes of top astronomers. Rocket scientists and nuclear physicists labored side by side with the originators of Pluto the Pup and Donald Duck in envisioning the hardware of the future. A variety of men with a variety of backgrounds worked with one goal in mind: to launch Man's imagination as high as the stars. ★



Above: One of the Martian creatures imagined by Ward Kimball and his staff for "Mars and Beyond." Below: *Homo Sapiens Extra-Terrestrials* personifies the average man's adventures adjusting to space.





Art: Fred Ennis



First a book, then a film and, ultimately, a television disappointment, *Logan's Run* has taken its share of critical lumps. Gregory Harrison as Logan, Heather Menzies as Jessica and Donald Moffat as mechanical mainstay Rem encountered weekly situations that often made science-fiction enthusiasts wince. "The series revolves around the human dilemmas encountered by our three main characters as they confront new cultures existing in total isolation," said co-producer Ben Roberts at season's start. "They must deal not only with the radical technology of these strange societies, but with human problems as well." Fellow producer Ivan Goff agreed, adding "Although *Logan's Run* takes place in a futuristic time frame that is stunning in its technological gadgetry, psychologically Logan and Jessica face the same concerns that perplexed Adam and Eve. Technology changes, but human architecture remains the same." Most viewers found the show neither stunning nor Paradise-like.

Photos: 1977 CBS



The crew of the ill-fated *Logan's Run* TV-er prepare for a futuristic location shot.

LOGAN RUNS NO MORE

By DAVID HOUSTON

In 1967, *Logan's Run*—by William F. Nolan and George Clayton Johnson—was published as a Dial hardback novel. When the novel was conceived and written, the United States was in a state of turmoil. Morality was changing; politics were being challenged; students were forsaking textbooks for demonstrations, sometimes riots, in the streets; leaders were enthusiastic over our chances to win the war in Vietnam while youngsters were being sent to their deaths without reason; and the burgeoning generation trusted no one over the age of thirty, if the radical press was to be believed. *Logan's Run* took that culture, that era, and reduced it to absurdities that were frightening and thought-provoking; it showed an over-populated world, a world that was the product of an ultimate war, a world in which no one lived past thirty—a world in which trusting young men and women voluntarily submitted themselves for slaughter with only an illusory chance for survival.

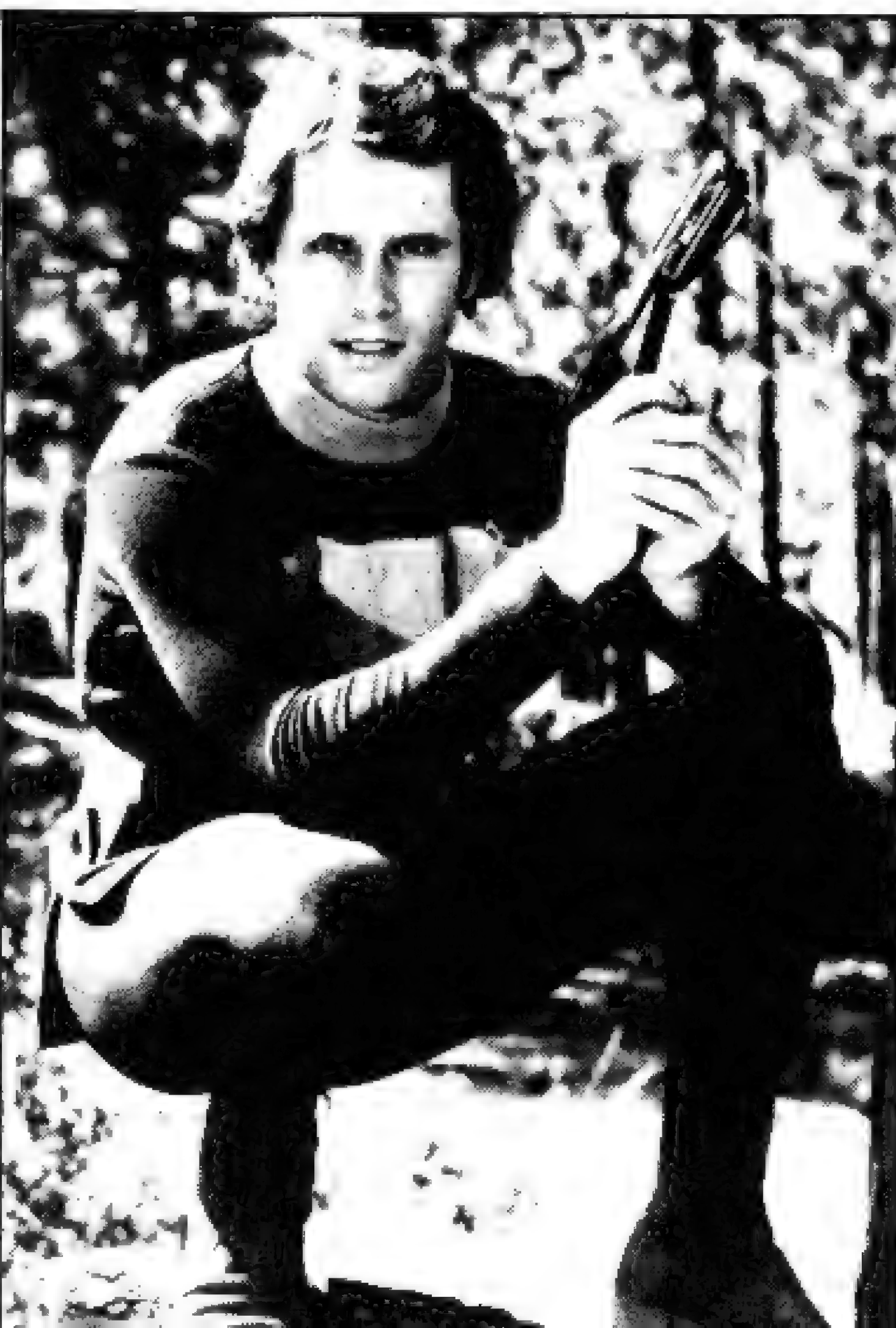
When movie rights to *Logan's Run* were bought by MGM, Bantam released a paperback version of the novel (unchanged) prior to the film's completion. That 1976 paperback has now gone through eight printings. The movie did not fare so well: stripped of its journalistic significance by "updating," the film was merely the flight of frightened people from a murderous but utopian totalitarianism. And the movie failed to realize MGM's financial expectations for it.

The MGM television series diluted the power of the story even further, both through plot simplifications and budgetary restrictions. While no episode was entirely devoid of delight and sur-

prise, most of the stories were pedestrian (literally on foot a lot of the time) and were rehashed from *Star Trek* and other successful SF series. What started out as an intelligent comment on an age of turmoil ended up (on CBS) as a bland chase through Southern California desert country in search of an ill-defined "Sanctuary."

The best element of the show's continuing plot was the friendship between Logan and his dedicated pursuer Francis; but the element was seldom exploited—a notable exception being the story of "Turnabout," in which each had to save the life of the other even though they were sworn enemies. Another frittered-away element was the love between Logan and Jessica; it could have been a powerful force for creating terror, suspense, and intense emotions of a positive nature as well; rather, it was kept an embarrassed

Gregory Harrison starred as Logan, an SF character who never really developed on TV.



Photos © 1977 CBS

secret most of the time, or was shown as a sort of brother-sister protectiveness. Apparently the exigencies of week-by-week television—with short writing deadlines, six-day shooting schedules, and admonitions to offend no one with sex, violence, or ideological conflict—doomed the series to failure.

And yet there was a magic to it. The performances were creditable in general; and, in particular, Donald Moffatt was excellent as Rem, a constant pleasure to watch. Some guest stars did memorable work—like Horst Bucholz, crazed and heroic as Borden in "Capture;" Paul Shenar, rational, tragic and dashing as David Eakins in "Man Out of Time;" and Mariette Hartley, beautiful, innocent, and deadly as Ariana in "Futurepast." The show was attractive; it had colorful and interesting sets, sexy costumes (though they weren't terribly original), and some nice special effects. There was something good in every story, and there were many good things in a few of them.

The CBS series has been cancelled, but Logan—symbol of courageous oppressed youth—has not stopped running. William F. Nolan has recently written a sequel to the original movie, *Logan's World*; and there is an abiding hope at MGM (where the CBS version was made) that the TV series will one day be revived. They have a good reason to hope: the situation and characters were fine material for series television and they deserve a second chance. This time around, though, the series just did not satisfy enough of the people enough of the time.

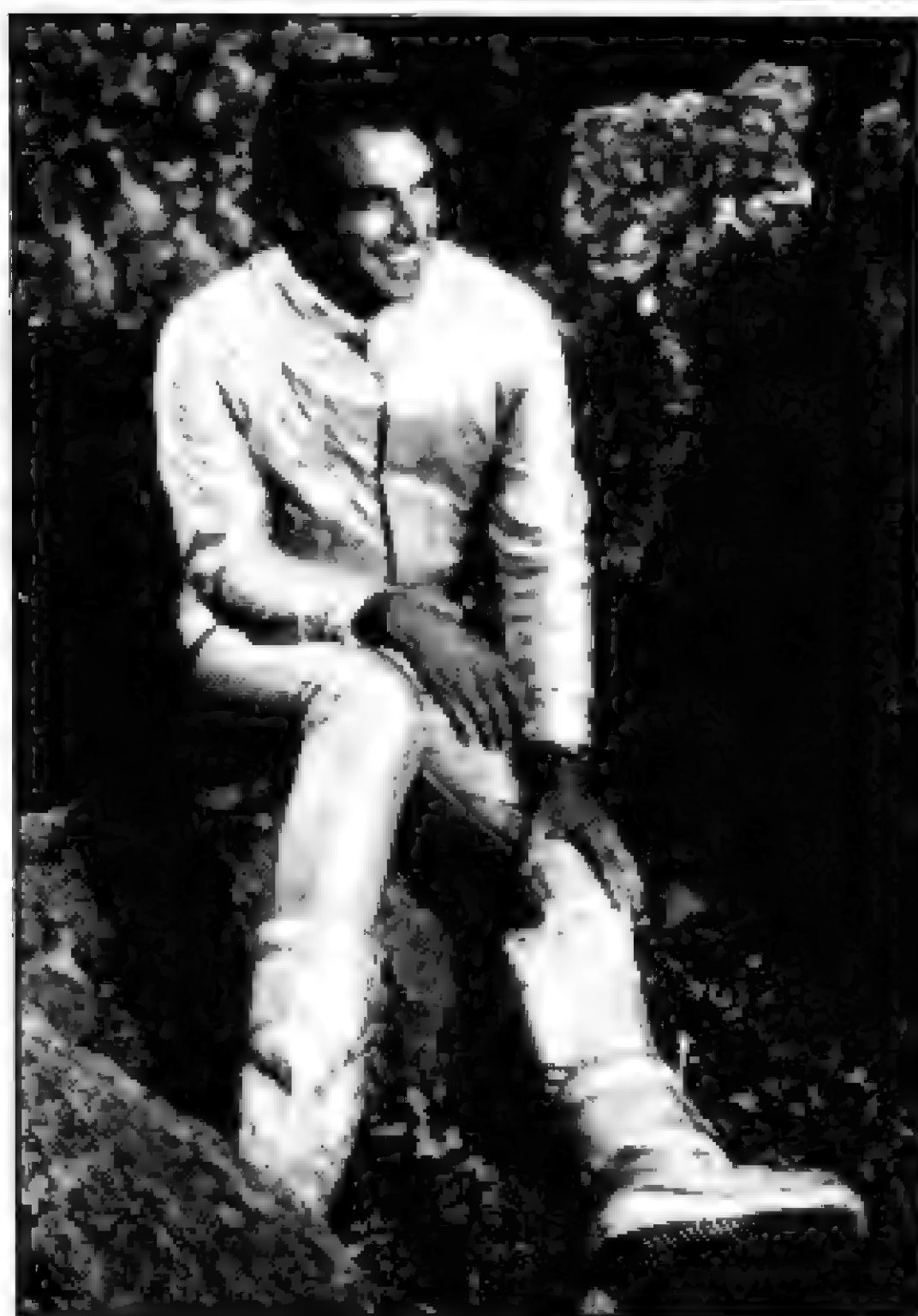
For those in the audience it *did* satisfy, some of the time at least, STARLOG offers the following complete filmography of every episode.

LOGAN'S RUN EPISODE GUIDE

Network: CBS
 Season: Fall-Winter, 1977-78
 Production Studio: MGM
 Executive Producers: Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts
 Producer: Leonard Katzman
 Story Editor: D.C. Fontana
 Production Designer: Mort Rabinowitz

Cast:

Logan Gregory Harrison
 Jessica Heather Menzies
 Rem Donald Moffat
 Francis Randy Powell



IN AND OUT OF TIME



LOGAN'S RUN



THE COLLECTORS

LOGAN'S RUN (Pilot 90-minute episode)

Air Date: 9/16/77

Writers: William F. Nolan, Saul David, Leonard Katzman; Director: Robert Day; Guest Cast: Keene Curtis as Draco, Lina Raymond as Siri, Ron Hajek as Riles, J. Gary Dontzig as Akers, and Anthony de Longis as Ketcham.

In the City of Domes, on Lastday (with scenes interpolated from the MGM motion picture of *Logan's Run*), Jessica convinces Logan that there is a world outside the Domes and that a Sanctuary lies out there. They escape; and Logan's friend, Francis, is taken to a mysterious and unknown Council of Elders who run the City, and offered a chance to live beyond his thirtieth birthday as an Elder if he will hunt down Logan and Jessica and bring them back alive. With Francis in pursuit, Logan and Jessica stumble upon a Mountain City where they meet Draco and Siri, robots who imprison Logan and Jessica because they need someone to serve. Logan and Jessica are saved by the almost-human Rem who sees them safely to their hovercraft. The trio set off in search of Sanctuary.

THE COLLECTORS

Air Date: 9/23/77

Writer: James Schmerer; Director: Alexander Singer; Guest Cast: Linden Chiles as John, Leslie Parrish as Joanna, Angela Cartwright as Karen, and Lawrence Casey as Martin; with Perry Bullington, Ben Van Vector, and Stan Stratton as Sandmen.

Logan and Jessica are taken captive by invaders from another planet who, through the use of illusions, convince the pair that they have found Sanctuary. Rem—an android and immune to induced illusion—seems greatly superior to Logan and Jessica, to the aliens. Rem discovers the captives aboard, including a pair who are being acclimatized to Earth's atmosphere one minute at a time. Rem devises a plan that could free all the captives and allow them to return to their respective planets.

CAPTURE

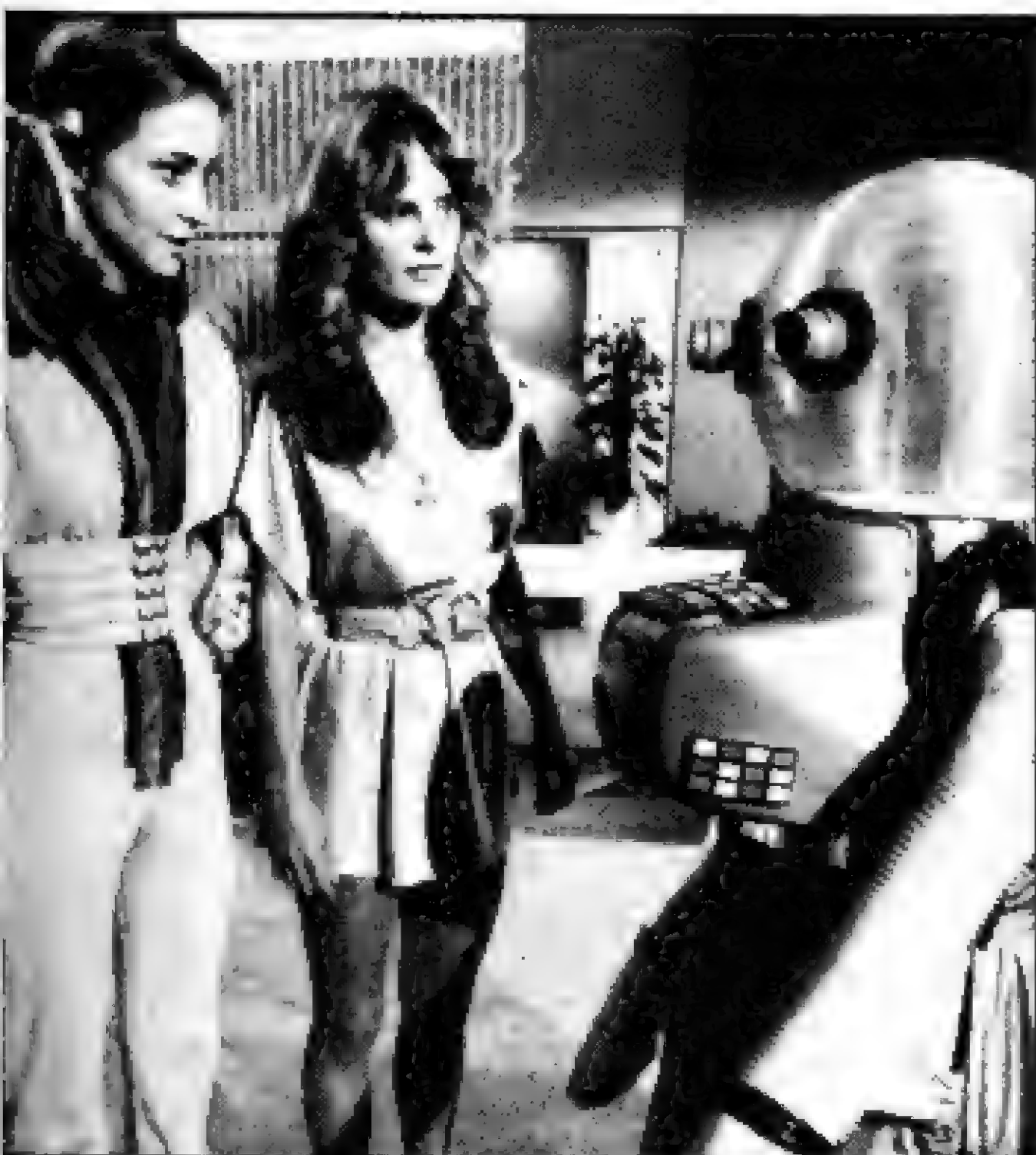
Air Date: 9/30/77

Writer: Michael Edwards; Director: Irving J. Moore; Guest Cast: Horst Bucholz as Borden, Mary Woronov as Irene, and Stan Stratton as Benjamin.

After Francis captures Logan, Jessica and Rem, they in turn are captured by James Borden, a collector of antique weapons who has become bored with hunting animals and now makes a sport of hunting men. At the height of his deadly game, Borden accidentally shoots and kills his wife, Irene. Now doubly enraged, he sets out more determined than ever to kill Logan and Francis.



THE COLLECTORS



THE INNOCENT



FEAR FACTOR



HALF-LIFE



HALF-LIFE



THE CRYPT

THE INNOCENT

Air Date: 10/10/77

Writers: Ray Brenner and D.C. Fontana; Director: Michael Preece; Guest Cast: Lisa Eilbacher as Lisa, Lou Richards as Strong, Barney McFadden as Jeremy, Brian Kerwin as Patrick, and Gene Tyburn as Friend.

Logan, Jessica and Rem escape from Francis and other Sandmen by working their way through a mine field and into a strange complex where they are warned away by a robot. But, fearing recapture by Francis, they dare not leave. They are confronted by a beautiful young woman who was left by her doomed parents to live in a sterile computerized world with only two robots for companions. She falls in love with Logan and sees Jessica as a rival who must be disposed of.

MAN OUT OF TIME

Air Date: 10/17/77

Writer: Noah Ward; Director: Nicholas Colastino; Guest Cast: Paul Shenar as David Eakins, Mel Ferrer as Analog, Woodrow Chambliss as Lab Tech One, Gene Tyburn as Comp Tech Four, Hank Brandt as Gold, Betty Bridges as Fontaine.

The place is where they've been told to look for Sanctuary; it's even called Sanctuary; it's even peopled by seekers of Truth. But it's soon clear that Logan has brought his friends into a religious cult, worshippers of a science so old it has become mythology. The stranger in their midst is David Eakins, a scientist from 200 years ago who has perfected time travel and has sent himself forward to find a way to prevent the holocaust that sent remnants of civilization to self-incarceration in Domed Cities. If Eakins finds the answer to his quest—while among the "tribe" at "Sanctuary"—and is able to change history, then Logan, Jessica and Rem will never have existed—and billions of people, 200 years ago—will not have died. Eakins learns ultimately that the cause of the holocaust was his own discovery of time travel.

HALF LIFE

Air Date: 10/31/77

Writer: Shimon Wincelberg; Director: Steven Stern; Guest Cast: William Smith as Patron/Modok, Len Birman as Positive #14/Brawn, Kim Cattrall as Rama II, Jeanne Sorel as Rama I, Betty Jinette as Woman-Positive, and John Gowans as Engineer-Scientist.

Logan, Jessica and Rem are attacked by Castouts and rescued by Positives—who represent a society that is *physically* divided into positive (gentle, peaceful) and negative (animalistic) incarnations of the same person. The negatives are rejected and live outside the society's protection as Castouts. Jessica is hypnotized and "processed"—and her aggressive half is cast out. Desperate, Logan and Rem incite the Castout Negatives to help them attack the tower-city.

CRYPT

Air Date: 11/7/77

Writers: Al Hayes and Harlan Ellison; Director: Michael Caffey; Guest Cast: Christopher Stone as David Pera, Ellen Weston as Rachel Greenhill, Soon-Teck Oh as Dexter Kim, Neva Patterson as Victoria Mackie, Liam Sullivan as Frederick Lyman, Adrienne LaRussa as Sylvia Reyna, Peggy McCay as Dr. Krim, and Richard Roat as Man on Video.

Earth tremors complicate efforts to revive six citizens from before the holocaust who are frozen and require the injection of serum to restore them to health. In a tremor, the serum is dropped and there is now only enough of the precious liquid to save the lives of three of the six, chosen because each is brilliant in his field and suited for rebuilding the world. Logan, Jessica and Rem must decide which are to be allowed to live—a grim task made all the more grim by indications that one of them is an imposter, and a murderer.

FEAR FACTOR

Air Date: 11/14/77

Writer: John Sherlock; Director: Gerald Mayer; Guest Cast: Ed Nelson as Dr. Rowan, Jared Martin as Dr. Paulson; with William Wellman, Jr., Peter Brandon, and Carl Byrd as Psychiatrists.

The fugitives in search of Sanctuary are imprisoned by scientists in charge of an unorthodox hospital, where an experiment is in progress designed to produce a race of docile followers who have had their abilities to experience emotion removed. The doctors hope to add the knowledge possessed by Logan, Jessica and Rem to their immense computer data banks—and then brainwash them into suitable subjects.



FEAR FACTOR

JUDAS GOAT

Air Date: 12/19/77

Writer: John Meredyth Lucas; Director: Paul Krasny; Guest Cast: Nicholas Hammond as Hal 14, Lance Legault as Matthew, Wright King as Jonathan, Spencer Milligen as Garth, and Morgan Woodward as Morgan.

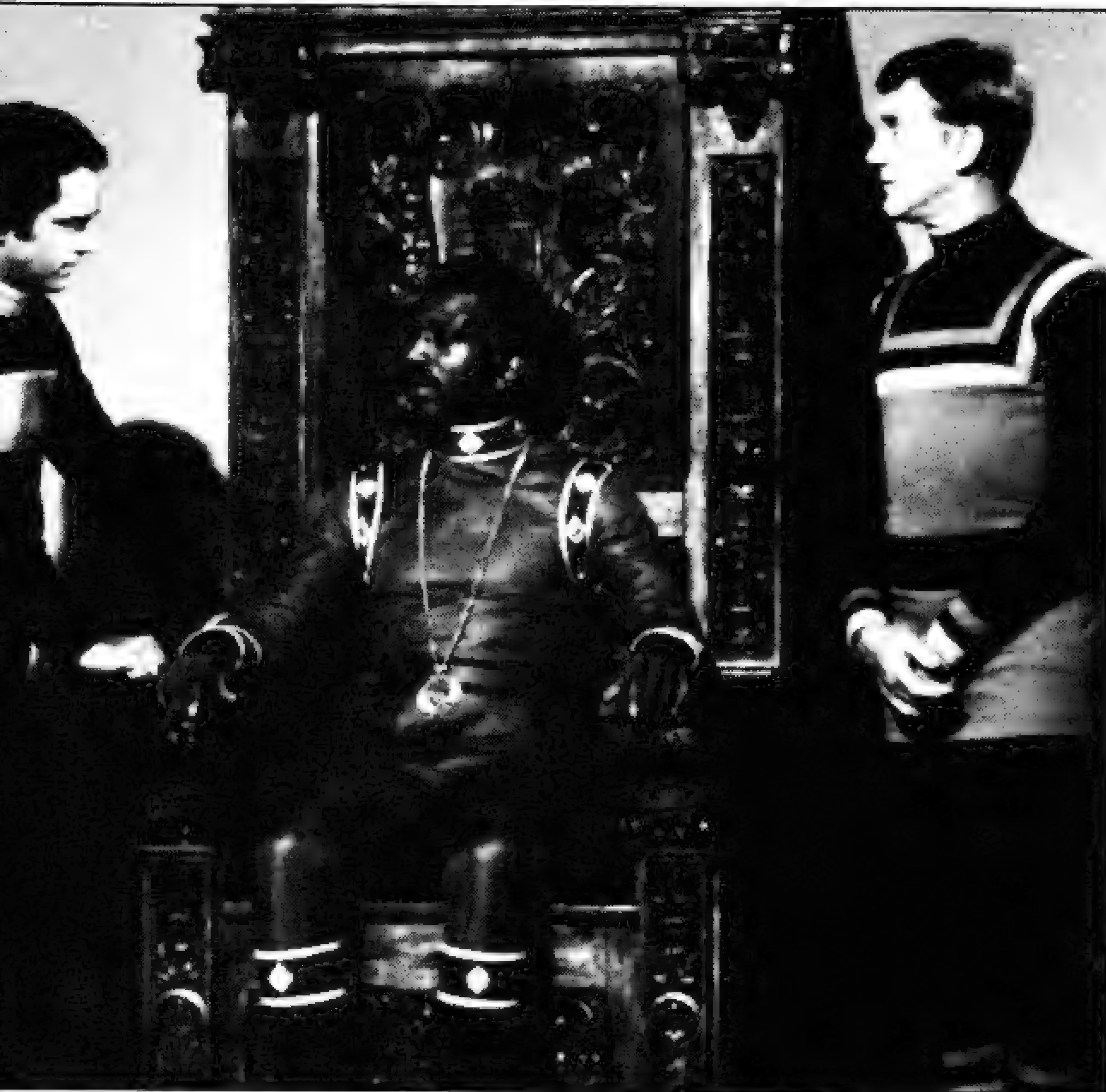
Hal 14 claims to be a Runner, but he's a Sandman sent to entice Logan and Jessica back to the City of Domes. They are all captured by a Provider who tends to their wants and rewards them with electronic "joy" to maintain control over them. Rem saves them when the Provider sets his energy source to kill them, but Hal 14 succeeds in luring them to the entrance of the Domes.

FUTUREPAST

Air Date: 1/2/78

Writer: Kathryn Michaelin Powers; Director: Michael O'Herlihy; Guest Cast: Mariette Hartley as Ariana, Michael Sullivan as Clay, Janis Jamison as The Woman; and Joey Fontana and Ed Cousse as Sandmen.

The white-domed building is restful, friendly, pleasant for everyone but Rem, who sparks whenever he is near the beautiful Ariana. Rem and Ariana quickly discover that they are both androids and the electrical disturbance is a romantic reaction. Ariana's purpose, however, is dream analysis—a dangerous procedure that can even kill the subject. Innocently, she attaches analysis devices to both Logan and Jessica. And Francis arrives before Rem can release his friends.



CAROUSEL

CAROUSEL

Air Date: 1/16/78

Writers: D.C. Fontana and Richard L. Bree, Jr.; Director: Irving J. Moore; Guest Cast: Rosanne Katon as Diane, Ross Bickell as Michael, Wright King as Jonathan, Morgan Woodward as Morgan, Melody Anderson as Sheila, Regis J. Cordic as Darrel, Gary Swanson as Peter; and Burton Cooper and William Molloy.

Logan is shot with a memory-erasing dart that causes him to forget his year as a fugitive. Francis easily leads him back to the City of Domes where he must face Carousel and Lastday—voluntary death. Rem and Jessica break into the city to try to rescue him.



FUTURE PAST

NIGHT VISITORS

Air Date: 1/23/78

Writer: Leonard Katzman; Director: Paul Krasny; Guest Cast: George Maharis as Gavin, Barbara Babcock as Marianne, and Paul Mantee as Barton.

The house is haunted, Rem deduces, and if Gavin returns to join Marianne and Barton, he will be coming from the spirit world. Gavin (like the others, he can appear and disappear at will) decides Jessica will be the vessel for bringing his bride back from limbo, and he prepares her for sacrifice at a Black Mass—while Logan and Rem are captives elsewhere. Rem devises a way to fight their ghostly presence by using their own methods against them.

TURNABOUT

Air Date: 1/30/78

Writers: Michael Michaelian and Al Hayes; Director: Paul Krasny; Guest Cast: Nehemiah Persoff as Asa, Gerald McRaney as Gera, Harry Rhodes as Samuel, Victoria Racimo as Mia, John Furey as Phillip, Anina Minotto as Aretha, Arell Blanton as Cell Guard One, and Sherill Lynn Katzman as Second Woman.

Desert Horsemen seize Logan, Jessica and Rem and sentence them to death—because outsiders in the past have encouraged the colony's subjects to break away and learn for themselves what the outside world is like. Francis and his troupes arrive; but because they are policemen, they are spared and promised the bodies of the victims to take back to the Domed City. But Francis' assignment is to bring the Runners back alive so the City's Elders can make examples of them; so Francis must devise a plan to rescue Logan and Jessica. His plan is discovered, however, and Francis is sentenced to death. Now it is Logan who must save his old friend and arch enemy.

STARGATE

Air Date: 2/6/78

Writer: Dennis O'Neil; Director: Curtis Harrington; Guest Cast: Eddie Firestone as Timon, Paul Carr as Morah, Darrell Fetty as Pata, and Ian Tanza as Arcana.

The man seems to be freezing—although it's a warm day. When Logan and his friends help the poor man to his home, they find others who are overly dressed. Logan and Jessica are drugged while Rem is forced to submit to the removal of some of his electronic parts. The strangers are aliens—from a planet much hotter than Earth—who need Rem's components to repair their space ship. Logan and Jessica must rescue Rem, locate and retrieve the components, and put Rem back together again. ★

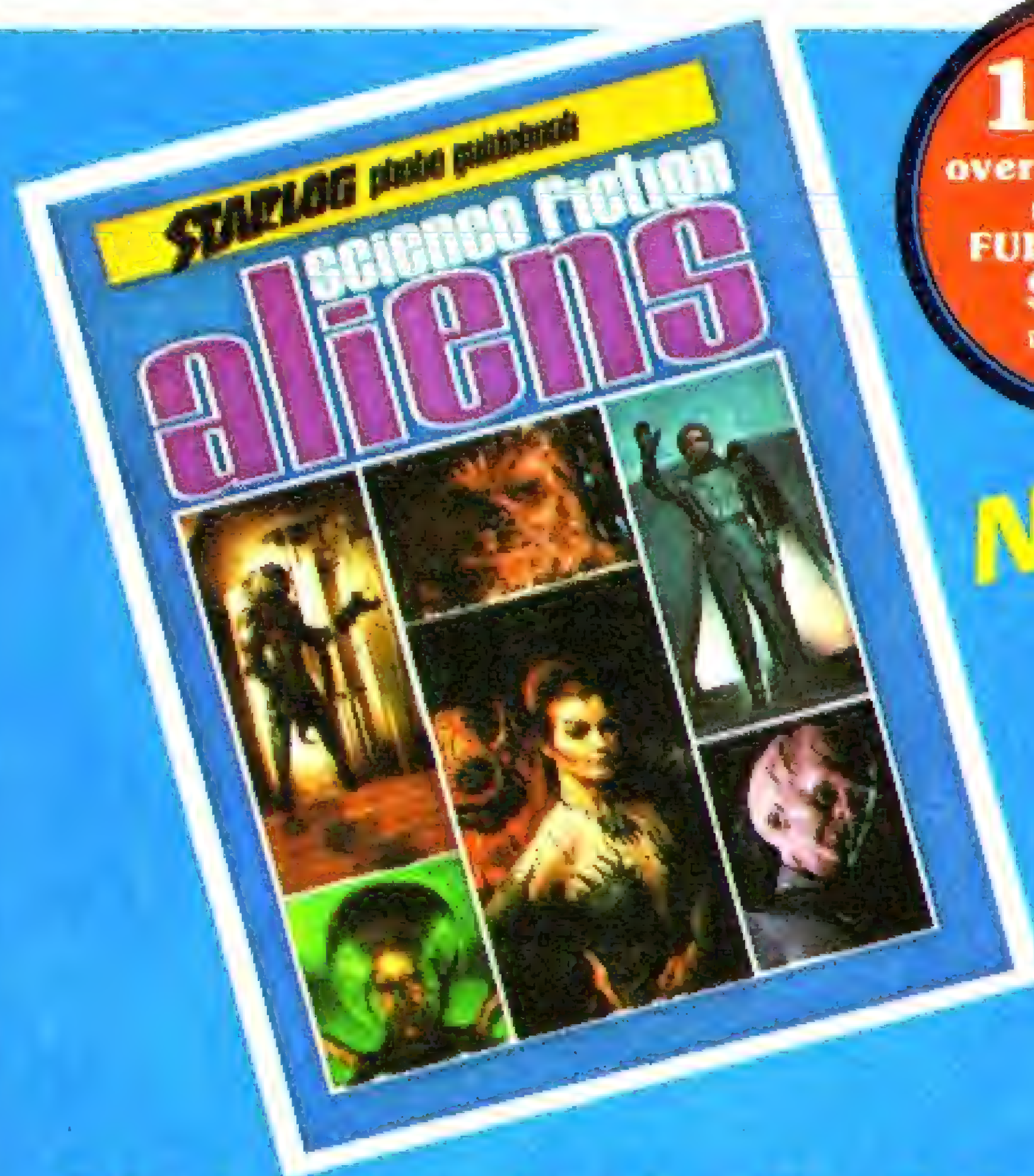
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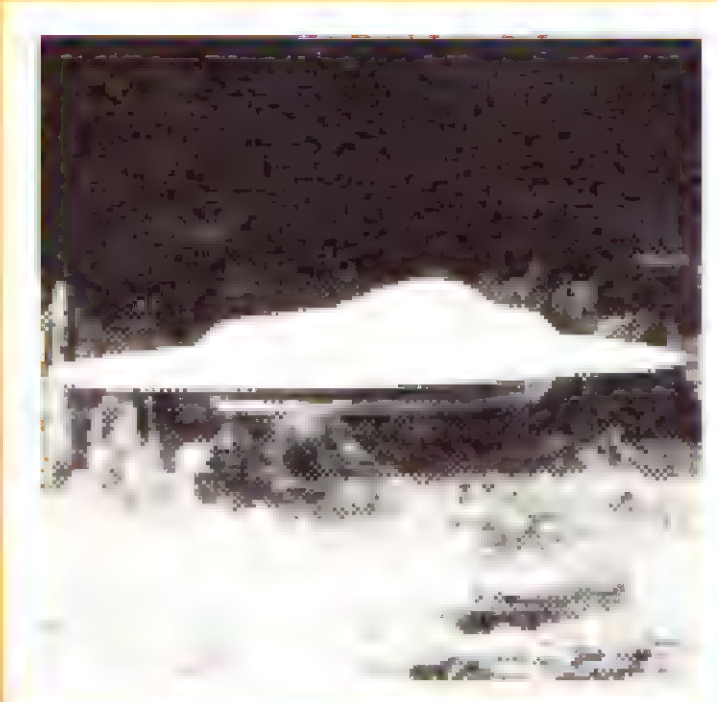


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A LOOK AT A SCIENCE-FICTION PROJECT IN THE WORKS:

"3001: A SPACE COMEDY"

By DAVID HOUSTON

I heard a wild show-biz story the other day (from a reliable source). It seems this writer roared into the office of a producer of his acquaintance, slammed his hand on the desk and said, "Swapmeet!" The producer thought it over, knew the writer had just dropped the concept for a movie-of-the-week into his lap, and replied, "I'll buy it." The writer had already earned several thousand dollars, even if he himself did not do the script.

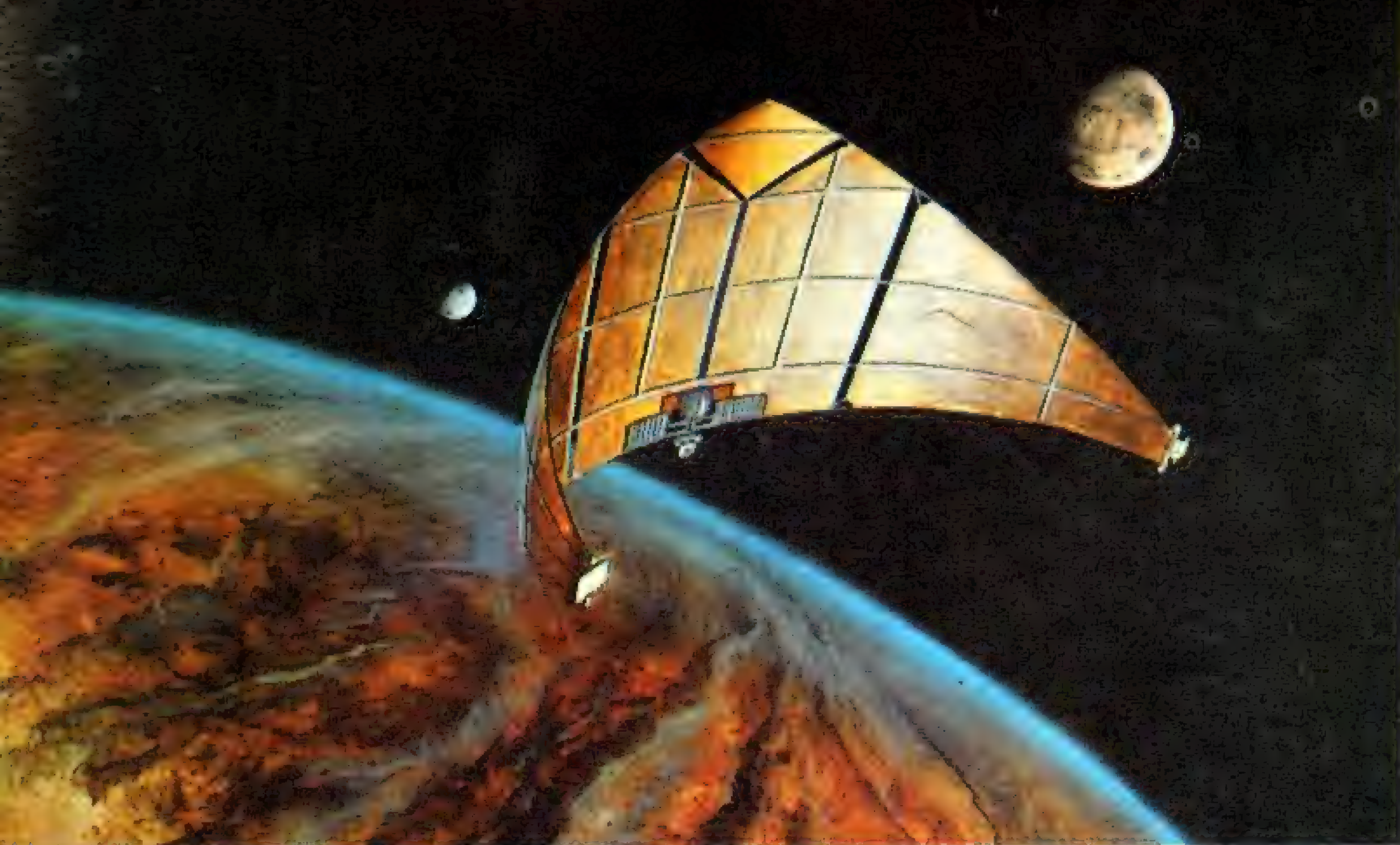
It's not that easy with science-fiction. Ask anybody in Southern California: television people still don't know what SF *is*, much less why it some-

times makes money and sometimes doesn't.

Understanding the strikes it had against it at the onset, Sedbar Productions decided to go all the way with its proposal for a science-fiction movie-of-the-week. They considered preparing a storyboard (unheard of for television proposals) and then went yet another step further: they prepared a videotape visualization narrated slickly and featuring pre-production paintings.

The project is well enough underway to be fully protected legally, so we were able to obtain permission to reproduce Don Dixon's paintings and to publish the essentials of the project—before the inevitable tampering has set in. Forgive the cynicism, but before this idea is aired, it will be

Space artist Don Dixon did some preliminary artwork based on George Le Fave's ideas. This is the domed city on Harmony's homeworld.



Art: Courtesy of Don Dixon

Artist Don Dixon's vision of Commander Clint Solaris' solar sailing ship. Sedbar used Dixon's conceptions to help sell his SF-comedy idea to TV.

judged and tampered with by everyone from network executives to the PTA.

The idea originated with George LeFave, a producer at Sedbar, who decided he'd like to develop a science-fiction comedy.

"I've always liked science fiction," LeFave told us, "but I've always thought it was treated just too seriously."

Wrapped up as he is in the insecurities of the entertainment world, he thought of a show-biz of the future, something to do with evil exploiters of talent, on a galactic scale. He asked space-painter Don Dixon to sit in on an early brainstorming session.

"I was skeptical at that stage," Dixon recalled. "Some of it sounded pretty dumb."

Writers John Barrett and Glen Dun-

can were brought in to help refine and develop LeFave's concept. Dixon was called back and shown the more-developed ingredients, and he left that session chuckling and far more impressed, he said. From those ideas, he designed the paintings.

The working title (which is really more of a description than a title) is "3001: A Space Comedy." The Characters' names too are subject to change; they are descriptive also, so that additional information is carried by suggestion. Here's the gist of the idea:

It's the distant future, 3001 A.D., when alien races from all over the galaxy have made their presence known. Every single race is superior to earth in every way but one: *they* have never developed the notion of entertainment.

In a last ditch effort to compete, the earth has turned into a global Hollywood —preparing movies, television tapes, recordings, and packaging concert tours to be sent out where mining colonies and the like are starved for fun.

Our "hero" is a talent entrepreneur, Dethros McVile, who shuttles his leviathan showboat space-ship (converted from an ore freighter) from planet to moon to asteroid. His hapless entertainers are kept in cryogenic sleep until thawed to entertain. McVile has established a ruthless monopolistic empire, but there is one artist he has yet to sign: Harmony, a mystical siren with a magical voice that can be heard throughout the galaxy. Her lovely voice—transmitted no one knows how—soothes weary space travelers and just might be the binding force holding the universe together.

McVile and his sidekick, Lester Fester (described as a Paul Williams type) at last locate Harmony's domed city—where he makes her an offer she can't refuse . . . but she refuses. Sensing (correctly) that McVile intends to kidnap her, Harmony disappears and stops singing.

The search is on. McVile looks for Harmony while the Federation, assuming McVile already has her, looks for McVile. Dashing and stalwart Clint Solaris takes up the Federation's sword in his graceful solar sailing ship.



The characters of the drama: (from left) cantankerous space-rat Buck Stucker, beautiful and mystical Harmony, the vain and evil Dethros McVile, his stumbling sidekick Lester Fester, and (below) Clint Solaris trapped in the cryochamber. Right: Buck Stucker's pathetic twentieth-century wreck of a spaceship.



On Planet Penrob II, where McVile, unfortunately, is due to present a concert, Harmony realizes that her hiding place is about to be discovered. She enlists space-rat Buck Stucker (a Gabby Hayes type) to help her get away. They are at the concert—where hoards of Penrobian furballs sway to the music—when a scuffle breaks out. It turns into a free-for-all. The only way to restore harmony . . . you guessed it, the gracious lady takes to the stage and sings an outpouring of pure tranquilizing love.

"You shouldn't have done that," Harmony's robot says to her afterward. "You have endangered yourself."

"I know," she says, "but I couldn't stand the discord."

Stucker hustles her into his ship with reassurances, and off they go in his hiccupping, backfiring, conspicuous old wreck.

McVile, alert and on the spot, opens his great cargo doors and swallows up Stucker's ship. Before the doors slam shut, however, Clint Solaris manages to abandon his ship and maneuver with a back-pack into the menacing showboat. Unfortunately, Solaris wanders in the dark into the cyrochamber and is quick frozen, to await booking on a planet that needs entertainment.

We won't reveal the climax, but it's a logical one. You take it from here. Who is the likely rescuer? What about all those frozen entertainers? What of heroic Solaris? How will Harmony be restored to the universe?

We will tell you where the project stands now—on the shelves of Sedbar Productions. The company is currently channeling all their efforts into a network movie (non-SF) and the completion of a Las Vegas awards show. The videotape presentation has made some initial appearances, but it has not yet run the full Hollywood gamut. NBC saw it and rejected it.

"They didn't understand that it was supposed to be a comedy," LeFave said, shaking his head disbelievingly. "And all they wanted to know was who we had in mind for the leads. Who was it a vehicle for?"

Sedbar hoped to sell the idea on story terms alone, but they did have at least one inspired idea for casting. They suggested Paul Lynde for the role of Dethros McVile. NBC still didn't get it.

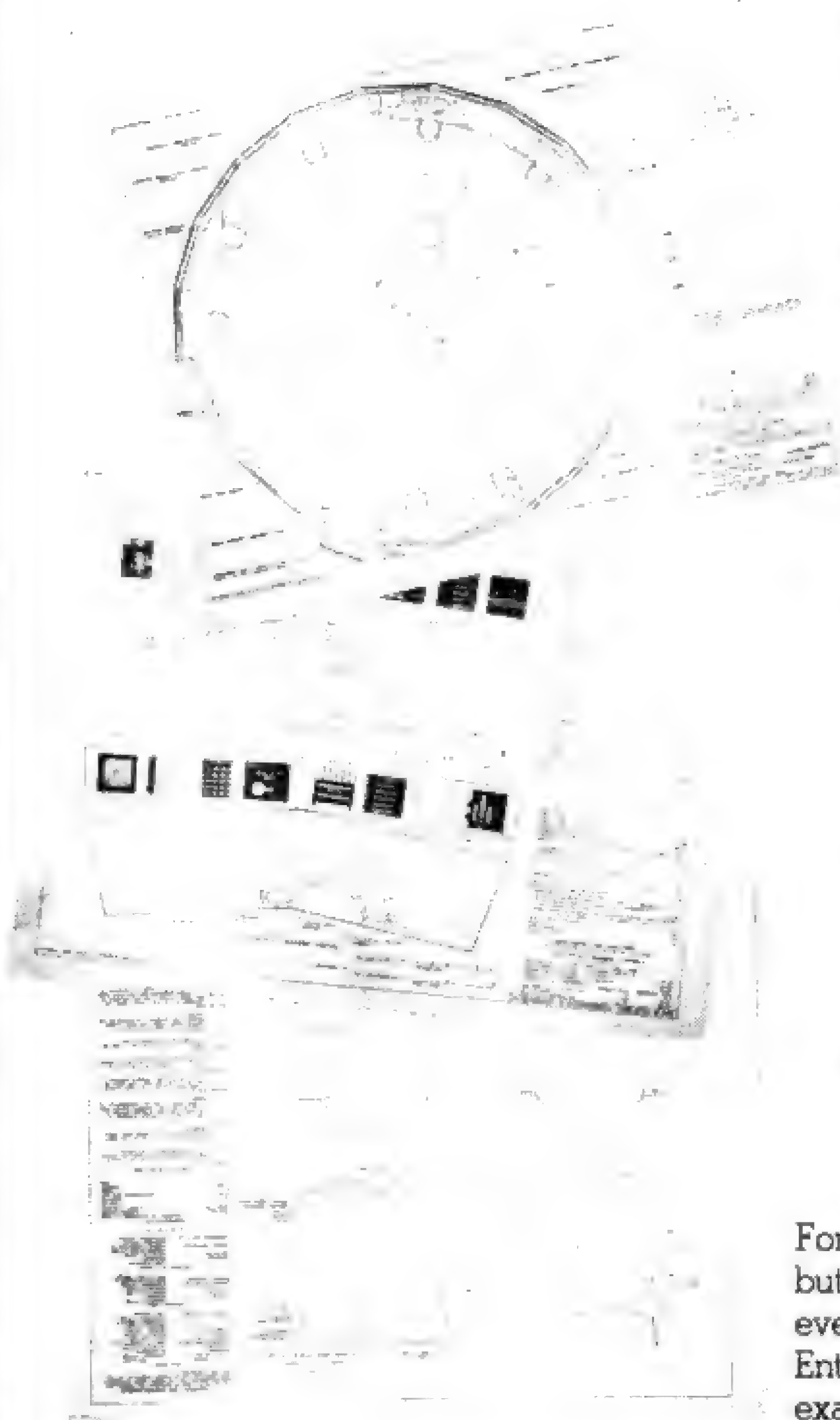
We may yet see a movie-of-the-week based on Sedbar's original comic idea. Perhaps it will come through intact, with delightful elaborations and plot convolutions. Perhaps there will be changes, additions, roles written for guest stars, budget cuts that eliminate some special effects and God knows what else.

But this is how it all got started. ★

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The Man Behind The Mask

(Continued from page 25)

built up what they wanted. They used to glue in over the top of the neck and then the chin so that I could get some animation into the mask. Then the whole body was built up on a wetsuit. It was very comfortable."

Between the two Frankenstein films Dave was tapped for a minor horror vehicle called *Vampire Circus*.

"Personally that's the best horror film I've ever been involved in. It was directed by Robert Young and Robert Young was a sort of a brand new director. And he fell in with Hammer, in as much that if Hammer said a film's got to be made in six weeks, it's got to be made in six weeks. You can't have six weeks and a day. It's got to be done in six weeks.

"And he finished the six weeks with about four days shooting left to do. If he'd been allowed to do the other four days it probably would be one of the greatest horror films of all time. But Hammer said no, so it was 'chop, chop, chop, chop, chop,' and the film finished up really nowhere as good as it should have been. But there were some lovely sequences in it."

Shortly after that came a part without extensive makeup. As a matter of fact a part that called for little more than his glasses and a bathing suit. He played Mr. Alexander's body guard in Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*.

"Kubrick did a world of good," David said. "We became very good friends and I found I was then acceptable to everybody else. People would say, 'Well, if he's good enough to work with Stanley Kubrick, he's good enough to work for me.'"

That opinion was vital, for, early in 1976, Dave received an important phone call. Fate, in the person of George Lucas, wanted to see him.

"I went in and saw him, and he obviously knew of everything I had done. There was no question. I didn't have to read for it. I didn't have to do anything. In fact they offered me two parts. They offered me the part of Darth Vader and they offered me the part of Chewbacca. Peter Mayhew wasn't even considered at that time.

"I said, 'Tell me more about the parts.' And he said, 'Well, Chewbacca's like a giant teddy bear and Darth Vader's the big villain in the film.' I said, 'You know what you can do with Chewbacca. I'll take the big villain.'"

And, as easily as that, the role was his. In the heavy, imposing costume and mask that left little room for maneuvering, David had to work out some means of displaying power, evil, and limitless strength.

"I got absolutely nothing in the way

of direction and that was it. I mean, it was left up to me completely how I was going to play Darth Vader. And, at the outset of it I had to make Darth Vader as imposing as possible. So in the end I decided, being as big as I am, I have to get everybody on the run." At this point Dave rose from his chair and gave an impromptu recreation of Vader's commanding walk through the corridor of the captured rebel ship. His six-foot strides left us quickly behind. But this character trait created an unexpected technical problem for the film crew.



Photo: Courtesy David Prowse

Strongman David Prowse literally muscled his way into the motion picture industry.

"The camera couldn't keep up! We had to slow it down. That was really the thing which decided the whole character. The walk. Obviously I had to act the part out and create it as expressively as possible because everybody else had to react to me. But because there was no expression in the face or anything else, it was all done with the body."

Filming continued at a frantically slow pace as the actors got to know each other and Lucas worked out the technical problems.

"It was an enjoyable picture to be on," Dave related. "But it wasn't a humorous picture to be on. It was a very, very workman-like affair. I mean, there wasn't much humor. You know, Gary Kurtz is Mormon—sort of a teetotaler and, as I said, you couldn't crack jokes."

However, Prowse's difficulties with the production don't include his fellow actors. Of his former Hammer Films co-star Peter Cushing, David said:

"Peter is fascinating. He's a lovely, lovely person. I'll tell you something. This was Carrie (Fisher)'s first film. I know she had a small part in *Shampoo*, but Peter went out of his way to be as nice as he could possibly be. He would explain all sorts of technicalities of filming and tell her, you know, how he could upstage her if he wanted to and how to avoid it and things like that. He is really super to work with. I like him very much.

"I'd worked with Peter before on *The Monster From Hell*. We did a sequence where I was on a rampage in the laboratory. Peter Cushing comes in and gets on the table and jumps on my back and suffocates me. We did the sequence and the entire studio stopped and applauded us after we'd finished. It was fantastic, one of the greatest moments of my career."

On the legendary Ben Obi-Wan Kenobi, Sir Alec Guinness:

"Super. I mean, he was marvelous to work with and most friendly. I mean . . . I personally didn't get any help from them. They accepted me as an actor on the same par as them. And it was just super."

The most important scene for the character's development was when Kenobi faces his ex-pupil in a fight to the death.

"I did all the sword fighting," Dave said. "Alec Guinness did it all as well. We rehearsed it and rehearsed it and rehearsed it for about two weeks. And every five minutes we had we used to go off and rehearse it a little bit more.

"It was actually filmed in three specific sequences. We did it three or four times then we did a master shot. And then his close-up and my close-up. Also I think we had a long shot of the fight going on. The main problems were that every time the swords (light sabers) touched, they broke. So, of course, all that scene was done practically with the swords hardly touching at all."

However there was one long contact that turned out to be more dangerous to Ben Obi-Wan than a fleet of Death Stars.

"There was one moment (in the fight) where we come up close to each other and we're talking through the swords," Dave explained. "And then I push him away. I sent him flying. I'd obviously caught him off balance and sent him spinning up the corridor. Everybody rushed in and grabbed hold of him and picked him up and shook him down. I certainly apologized."

Star Wars premiered intact with Prowse's walk, sword play and menacing demeanor. The only thing it didn't have was his voice.

"I did all the dialogue all the way

through the film," David declared. "I discussed it with George Lucas. I said, 'Well, what are we going to do?' And he said, 'Obviously we'll probably, what we call, metallize it or robotize it.' What I would do is sit down in the sound room and do every line over and then they could do what they wanted to it.

"But then the film finished and I think it was a question of George deciding, well, I don't know whether he knew what he wanted as far as the voice was concerned. Then they just got James Earl Jones in to do it. I really never got lucky. I wasn't asked to try."

Even though he felt he could have done as good a job, Dave liked the voice as well as the rest of the movie. Except for one thing.

"One of the things I couldn't quite understand is we're talking about a major science-fiction picture where the technology is so far advanced it's not true. And with all those storm troopers, nobody could shoot straight. Really! You've got something like twenty troopers trying to get three people with these fantastic weapons, you know, and nobody could hit anything!"

Spoken like a true scourge of the galaxy. According to the posters, *Star Wars* happened a long time ago, but what of Darth Vader's future? How about *Star Wars II*?

"Well, they've asked me if I'll do it, but you see, I'm not in a very good negotiating position. Because if they can dress somebody else up as Darth Vader and send him round the states for personal appearances (different "Vaders" have guested at L.A.'s Grauman's Chinese Theater, TV's *Midnight Special*, N.Y.'s Bloomingdale's), they could do likewise for the film. You know, if I wanted more money than they were prepared to offer they'd just turn around and say, 'Well, thank you very much but we can get 101 big guys to do the film. But Gary Kurtz has approached me and asked if I could do it.'"

Naturally, as the cameras crank up for a second *Star Wars* we shall all see what happens to, what the producers call, "The cult figure of the film." But four other major films are offering him leading roles—without mask or make-up. David must decide about these. If he accepts, he may be unavailable to do Vader in the sequel. Prowse will make what he considers the best career choice, for he is a man who knows what he wants and will not be denied his goal.

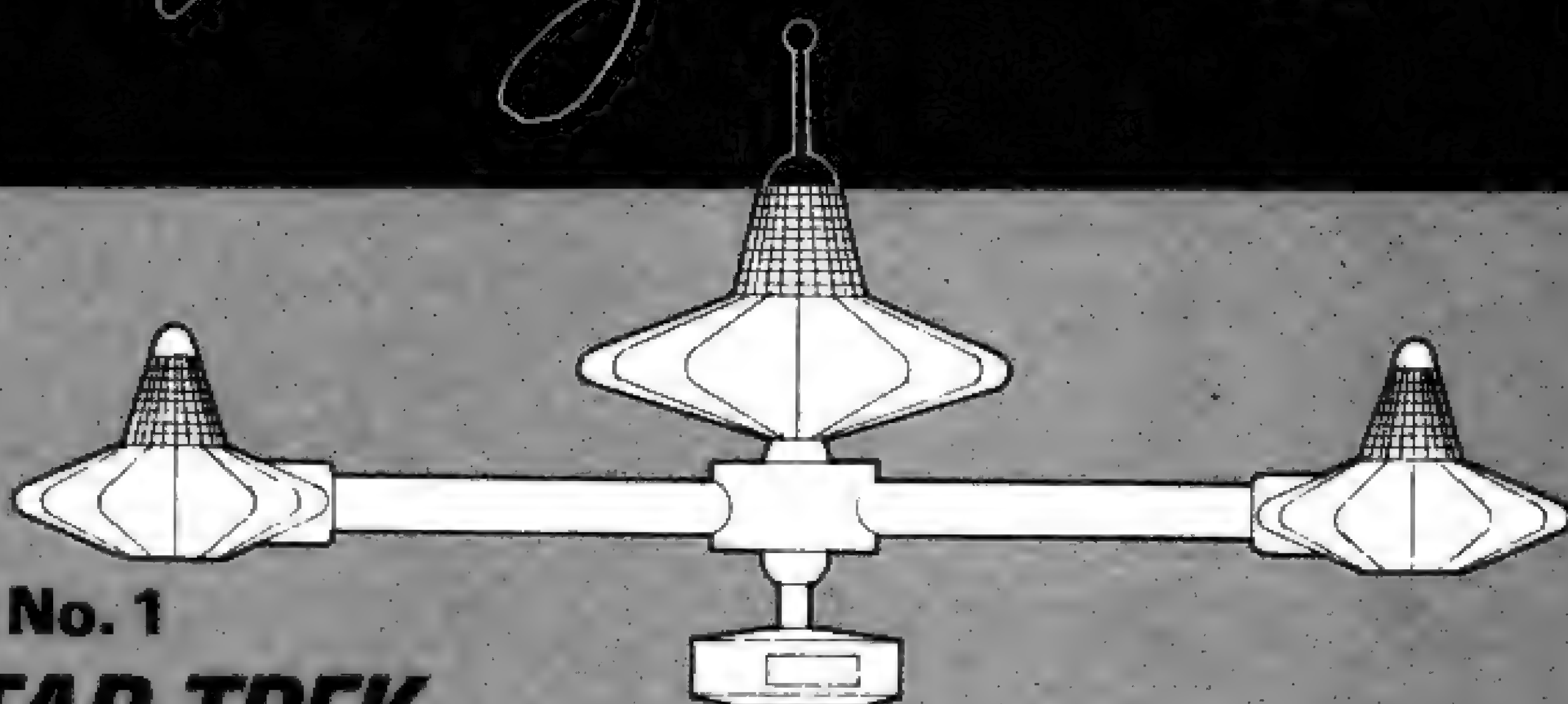
"To be perfectly honest, I want to become very famous. I know, you laugh and you smile, but I think every actor would like to become famous. I would like to become instantly recognizable."

Fame is destined to find this talented actor, who, at 6'7" and 240 pounds, has no trouble at all standing out in a crowd. ★

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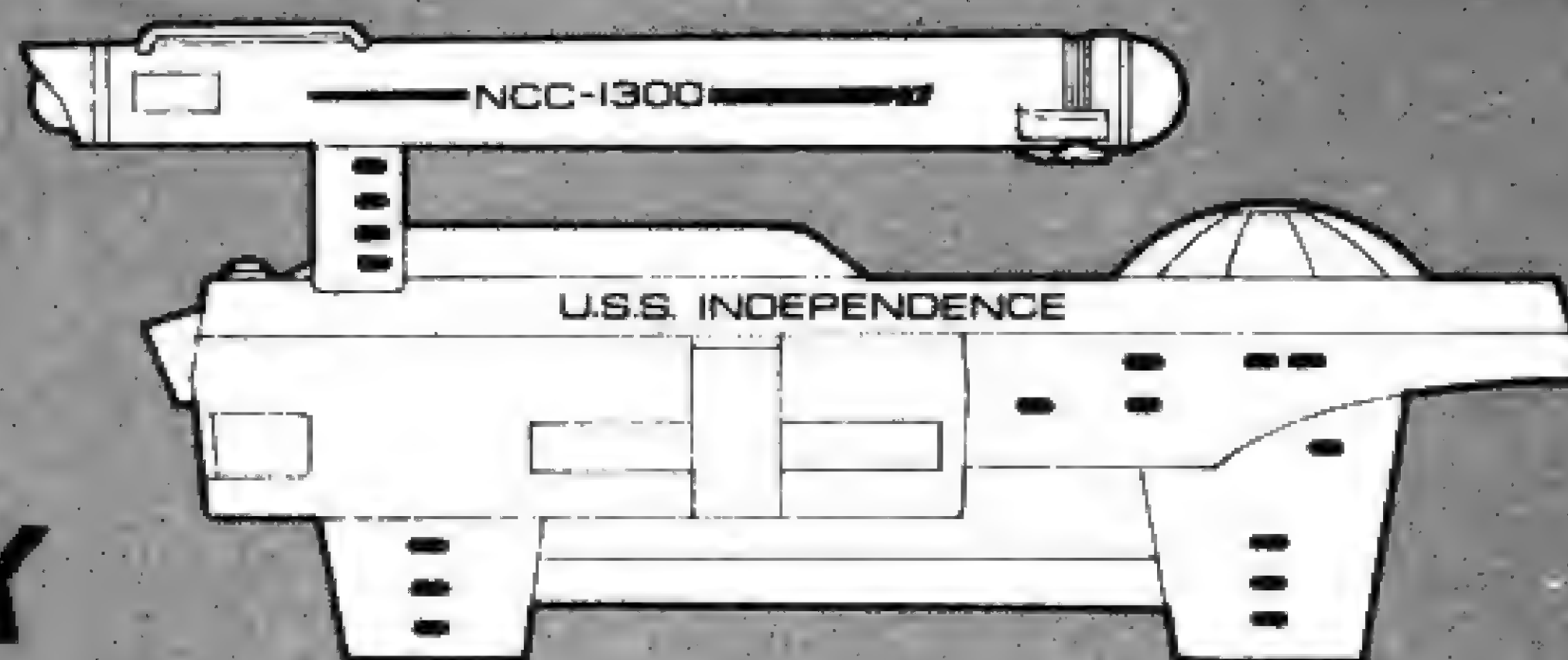
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INTERPLANETARY EXCURSIONS, INC.

PORT OF CALL: OBJECT KOWAL—"THE TENTH PLANET"

By Terran Travel Agent JONATHAN EBERHART

The footprints of Neil Armstrong had barely appeared on the floor of Mare Tranquilitatis when the letters began to arrive at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. A small minority, to be sure, but a disturbing one. Apollo II, the writers maintained, had spoiled the Moon forever, dimming its oft-watched lovelight and replacing it with an unromantic, scientific ball of numbers. It was as though, on the very first time out, "outer space" had somehow failed, shortchanging the fantasies of humankind and leaving a mere rockpile in their place. Other spacecraft, meanwhile, were showing Venus far too hot for verdant jungles, with Mars disappointingly lacking in networks of elaborately engineered canals.

Yet look around you. The same Space Age tools that shot down the old dreams have discovered an Ozfull of wonders to take their place—and they're *real*! I know a moon where the sky glows golden like a royal aurora, another where crashing meteorites may cause poisonous fountains to erupt from beneath the orange snow, and yet another, which—if you look again in a million years or so—may have vanished to become the newest set of rings in the solar system. There is a planet with no north pole (it travels around the Sun on its side) and another with a volcano larger than the whole state of New Mexico. (If you already know about the huge Martian volcano known as Olympus Mons, guess again; this one's even bigger than that!)

So this is a travel column, a Space Age equivalent to those rambling affairs that are constantly being written and rewritten for jaded island-hoppers and armchair vacationers. If you want to get there by warp-drive, fine—it's your credit card. You may have to wait a few years, but meanwhile you can turn yourself on with the knowledge that *these* places are *really there*, unlike Orgonia, Tatooine and Dune. The whole point, in fact, is that it's a waste to play all your mindgames in strictly fictional locales when the real ones are so exciting. Today's space probes may be shooting down some old fantasies, but if you'll just take a look, you'll see that they're

also providing the stuff of new ones.

In coming columns, we'll look at the places mentioned above plus many others. It won't be a rehash of your old science books—these days such texts are often out of date before they're published—but information from a variety of sources, sometimes only weeks or months old. From time to time we may drift a bit, taking in such topics as how to get from here to your dreamworld or how to make over an inhospitable planet so that it's more to your liking. In general, however, the scenery will be the star of the show.

Sometimes, in fact, the view changes so rapidly that it's hard to keep up. In less than three years, for example, researchers have found a new moon of Jupiter (and possibly a second), several asteroids whose orbits actually cross that of Earth, the first sign of *water* on an asteroid, a possible extra-solar planetary system being born, rings around Uranus, a gigantic, pole-circling field of sand dunes on Mars and numerous other wonders.

One of the most recent discoveries in a sense shouldn't have been found at all. Astronomers are unsure what to call it, and they don't know if they'll ever find out. But it is the most newly discovered object in the solar system.

Charles Kowal, an astronomer with the Hale Observatories in California (where the famed 200-inch telescope lives), is a great finder of things in the sky. It was he who discovered Jupiter's 13th and (still unconfirmed) 14th moons. He has added to the lists of known supernovas, comets and the so-called "Apollo" asteroids whose paths cross the Earth's orbit. Last February he even *rediscovered* the lost asteroid Adonis, which orbits the Sun every two and a half years but hadn't been seen since Eugene Delporte found it in 1936. And a month before respotting Adonis, Kowal had turned up a piece of comet Taylor, which broke in two just after its 1915 discovery and proceeded to elude astronomers for nearly half a century. (His "pet object" to find is comet Swift-Tuttle, probably due around 1980 or '82 and believed to be the parent body of the annual Perseid meteor shower. As Swift-Tuttle takes about 120 years to circle the Sun, it hasn't been back since it was discovered during the

Civil War in 1862.)

Kowal's latest find is a strange one. It is smaller than the nine major planets, farther from the Sun than the known asteroids and unusually large for a comet. (In addition, says Brian Marsden of the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics in Cambridge, Mass., no previous comet was ever discovered while it was farther from the Sun than about 165 kilometers, and most were closer than 1 billion. Kowal's object was considerably more than 2.5 billion km. away.)

"Object Kowal"—for lack of a more committal name—first revealed itself to Kowal as a tiny streak on a photographic plate taken on October 18 with the 48-inch Schmidt telescope on Palomar Mountain, then on a plate taken the following day. Armed with the knowledge that *something* was there, another astronomer went back to some plates he had made on October 11 and 12 and found the object there as well. Then a graduate student photographed it deliberately (the previous plates were made for other purposes) on November 3 and 4.

This was not simply a case of everyone jumping on the bandwagon to check out the latest light in the sky. Such a distant object appears to move very slowly as seen from the Earth, so the only way to work out its orbit—to see where it is going and where it has been—is to observe it over a period of time. Kowal's newly found object was moving across the sky at only about 0.05° per day, and the available plates spanned only 25 days, so between the October 11 plate and the November 4 one, it had covered more than 1°, hardly enough to figure out its true course.

By the time a month more had passed, however, enough additional observations had been made to enable at least a good guess at the orbit by Brian Marsden, one of whose primary jobs is figuring out orbits from other people's observations. He passed his guess on to Kowal, and although it wasn't quite on the nose, it was close enough that Kowal was able to find the proper little streaks on a pair of plates taken back in 1969. Even a slow-trudging blip in the outer reaches of the solar system (it was almost as far away as Uranus) can move quite a way in eight years, and the resulting arc was all that Marsden and

Mr. Eberhart is Space Science Editor of Science News.

his colleagues needed to nudge their computer into giving a precise answer.

The object turns out to take 50.7 years for one trip around the Sun. Actually, it sometimes takes only about 47 years and sometimes as long as 51, since it's occasionally disturbed along its way by the gravitational attraction of Saturn (and a little bit by Jupiter and Uranus). It gets as close to the sun as about 1.27 billion kilometers, just inside the orbit of Saturn, a point it will next reach in February of 1996— when you can bet that a lot of astronomers will be looking at it. At its most distant, it is about 2.8 billion km. from the Sun, where it last was in November of 1970 and where it will not be again until well into the next century. Uranus actually comes closer to the Sun than that, but Uranus makes its *farthest* swing from the Sun in almost the same direction (well, within 32°) as does Kowal, so the two paths at present do not cross.

But all those numbers don't tell what it is. Most of the asteroids are concentrated in a belt between Mars and Jupiter, with a few getting much closer to the Sun. Marsden and some others favor the appropriately vague term
(Continued on page 70)

Art: Ron Miller



Photo Courtesy Hale Observatories

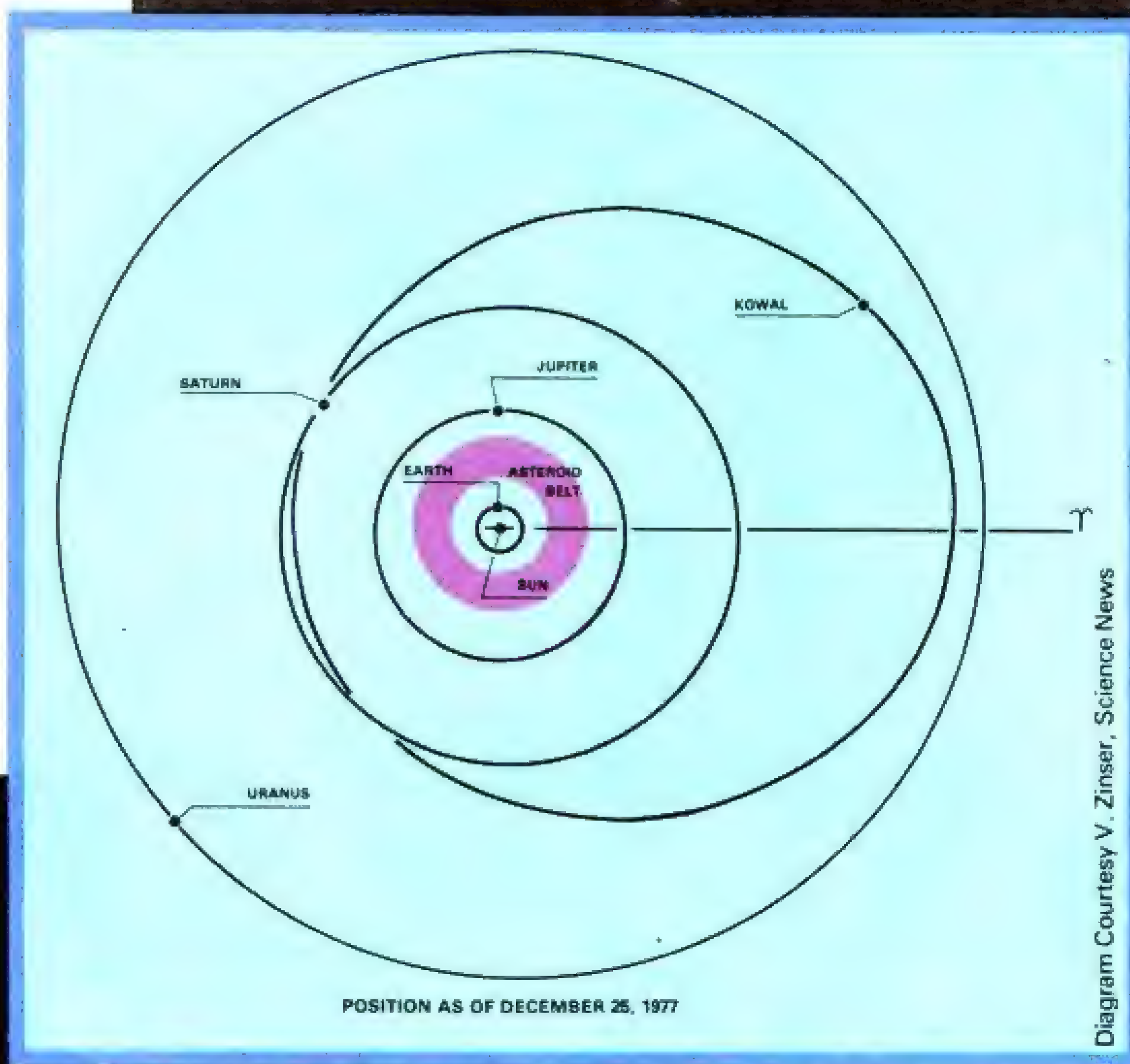
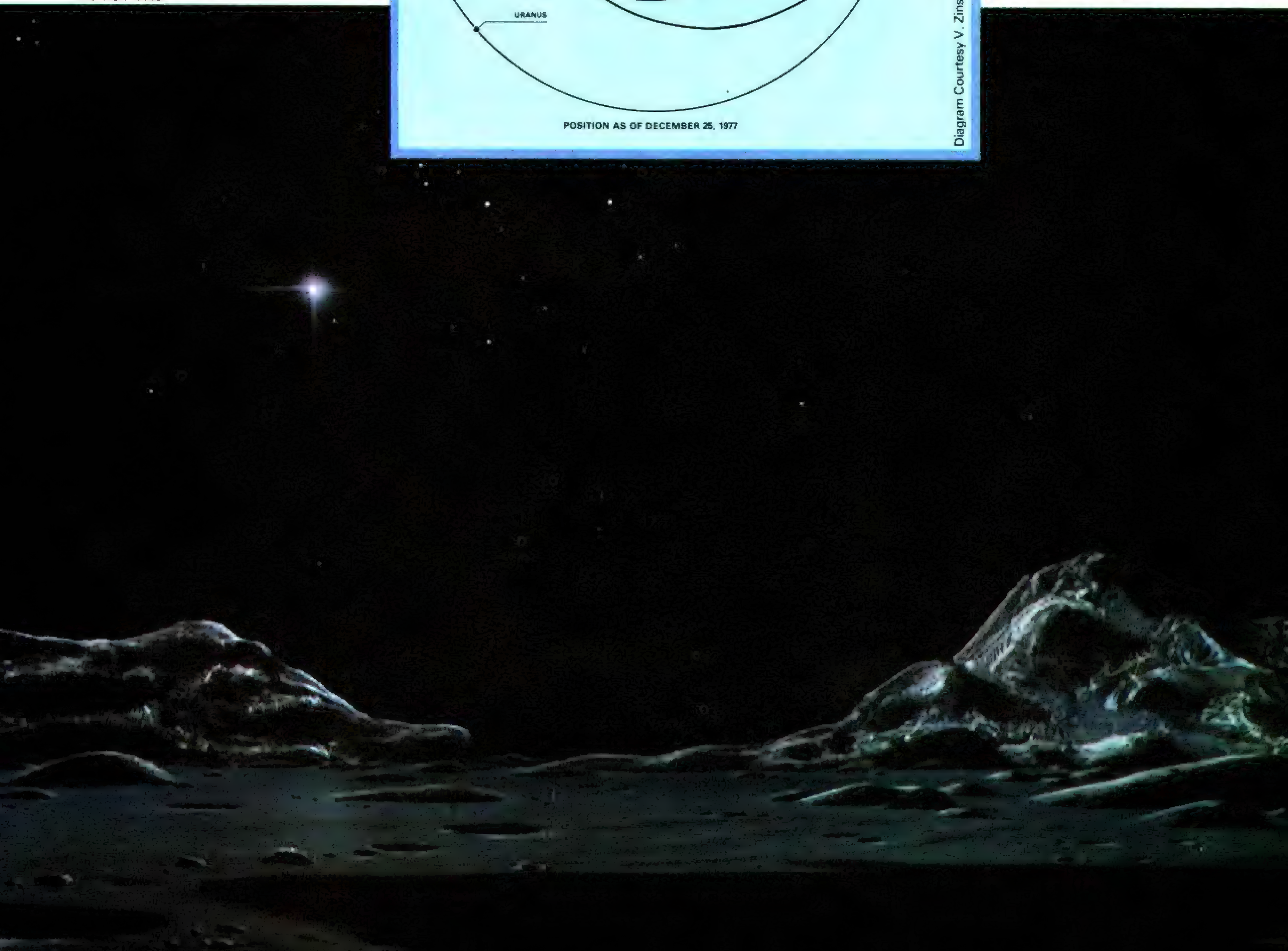


Diagram Courtesy V. Zinser, Science News

Above: Charles Kowal's original plate showing the object now named Chiron. At left is a diagram approximating the orbit of Chiron. Below: But what does it look like? That depends on what it is—comet, wandering asteroid, escaped moon, or what-have-you. Certainly it is cold, airless and lonely.

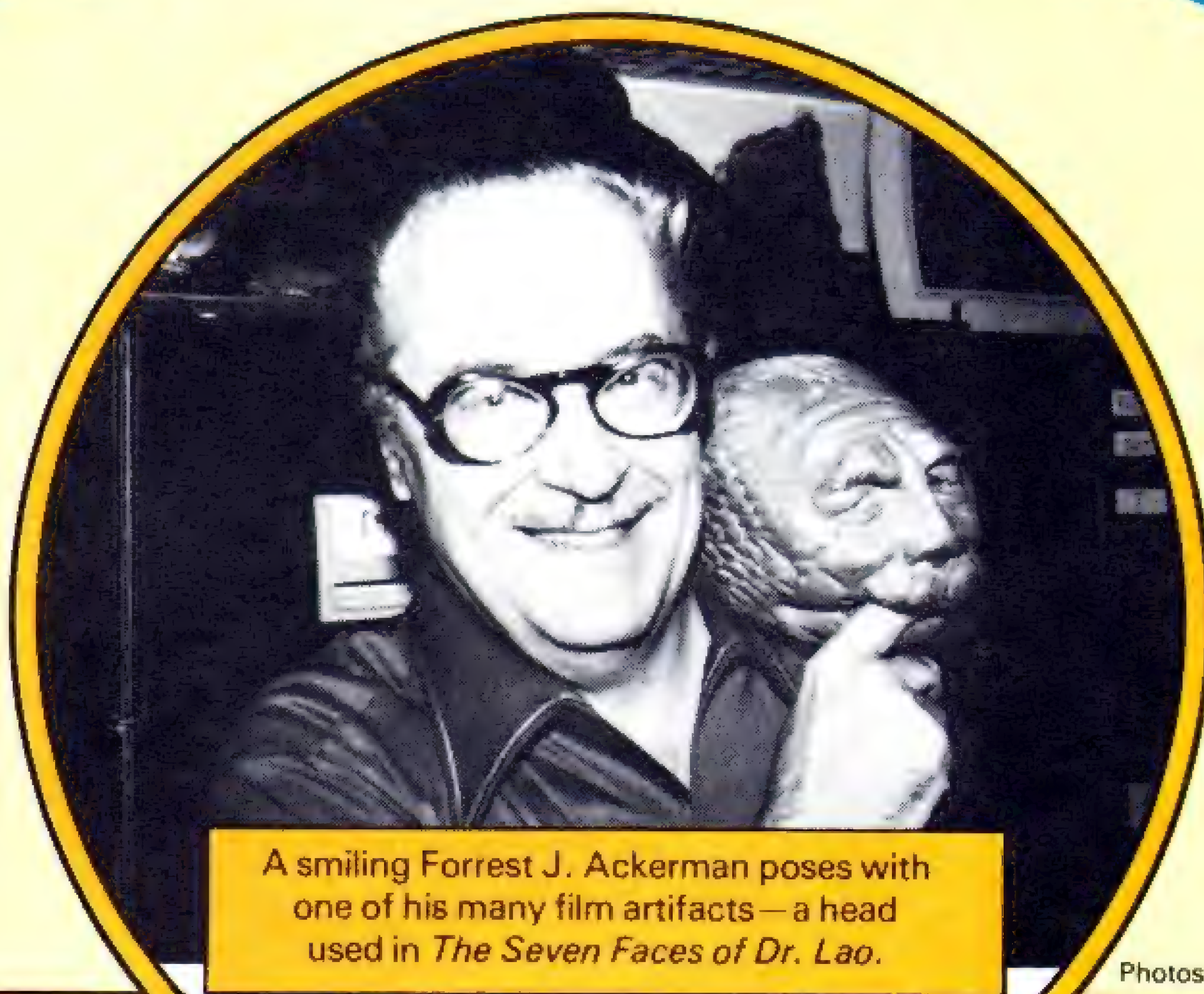


He was presented with the first-ever Hugo Award in 1953 by Isaac Asimov. He was christened "Mr. Science Fiction" by the late Willy Ley in 1949. In the early 30s he started the first, true SF fan club. He edited the first SF fanzine and published the first listing of SF "Fantastifilms."

No wonder he's known as . . .

FORREST J. ACKERMAN

The World's Greatest Science Fiction Fan



A smiling Forrest J. Ackerman poses with one of his many film artifacts—a head used in *The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao*.

Photos: David Hutchison

By HOWARD ZIMMERMAN

The amazing Forrest J. Ackerman is also known by his fans as the editor of *Famous Monsters of Filmland*—now in its twentieth year, it is the most popular and successful magazine of its kind—and the live-in curator of what is fondly referred to as the "Ackermuseum." That much is simple. You see, Forry Ackerman has devoted 50 of his 61 years to the collection and preservation of SF memorabilia. In his 13-room Californian "Ackermansion," he has over 100,000 SF movie stills and posters, plus over 100,000 SF books and magazines.

But that isn't all. Forry has an autograph collection that reads like a "Who's Who in Science Fiction," and an invaluable collection of original artwork by the top SF illustrators—from Frank R. Paul to Frank Frazetta. And what's more, he has a staggering assortment of movie props that includes Ray Harryhausen's first model dinosaur, Bela Lugosi's ring and cape from *Dracula*, and the last remaining model of the flying Martian death machines used in George Pal's *War of the Worlds*.

These accumulations are only part of a lifetime's accomplishments. Yet their

story is not nearly as interesting as that of Forry Ackerman's incredible half-century love affair with the genre known as science fiction. Of course, it wasn't always known as science fiction. It was originally dubbed "scientifiction" by the father of modern American SF publications, Hugo Gernsback. In 1926 Gernsback published the first issue of a new magazine featuring stories that interfaced technology with speculation about the future.

Tuned In From The Start

"In October of 1926," says a beaming Forry Ackerman, "I was nine years-old and that month's issue of *Amazing Stories* jumped right off the newsstand, grabbed ahold of me and said 'Take me home little boy, you will love me!'" And, indeed, from that moment on Forry was hooked.

But his new love soon became a cause of concern for his mother. "One day she counted my magazines and I had 27 of them. She did a little extrapolation herself and figured that at this rate, by the time I was a grown man I might have as many as a *hundred* magazines! Of course there weren't too many to collect at that time. There was originally only *Amazing Stories*." When Gernsback lost *AS* he soon ran a subscription ad in

another magazine. "For 12½¢ a copy you could subscribe to a magazine that didn't even exist yet," chuckles Forry. The mysterious new publication turned out to be Gernsback's *Science Wonder Stories*.

"In the first issue it announced a couple of companion magazines coming—the *Science Wonder Quarterly* and *Air Wonder Stories*," says Forry, sounding as if it had all happened yesterday. "So I subscribed to them and I had my first letter published in the first issue of *Science Wonder Quarterly* in 1929 and I was on my way to corresponding. In 1930 when *Astounding* started, I regularly had letters in it. For the next ten years you could hardly pick up a copy of *Amazing*, *Astounding*, *Startling*, *Wonder*—or anything that was published then—without a letter from me. I had as many as three letters in a single issue sometimes because I began creating pen names. I attracted so many correspondents that by the time I was 15 I was writing to 117 young people around the world." Communicating through the mails, Forry brought them all together and formed his *Boys' Scientifiction Club*.

Forry then moved to Hollywood with his family where, in addition to maintaining his letter writing and fan club ac-



tivities, he spent time hanging out at the studios, getting acquainted with many of the silent film stars of the day. Confronting his screen idols face-to-face led him to expand his correspondence to include the SF stars. He began writing to authors to ask for autographs. When a person responded, Forry would immediately write back. In this way he started relationships with many of the great SF writers of that period. "I have the signatures," he proudly says, "of Hugo Gernsback, S. Fowler Wright, Lovecraft and Doc Smith" to name a few. "I began to meet them and pump them for news."

By 1932 Forry had gotten together with fans from the East Coast and the Mid-West (Julie Schwartz and Mort Weisinger, now of DC Comics fame) and decided to publish the first SF fanzine. It appeared later that same year and was called *The Time Traveler*.

Those Golden Years

Although active in SF fandom from the age of 11, Forry's initial involvement with the genre occurred five years earlier. For it was *cinematic* fantasy that first attracted his attention.

"I picked the right pair of grandparents who took me at the age of 5½ to see as many as seven films a day,"

Forry says with a grin. One of those was a 1922 silent film called *One Glorious Day*, "about a little boy who dies and goes to heaven. But he was so full of mischief that he was thrown out before the end of the first reel." Forry remembers this film as having set his imagination on fire. In the next three to four years, he saw all of the major fantasy classics; *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *The Thief of Bagdad* and *Metropolis* are among his favorites from that period. In the course of fifty years of collecting, Forry has recaptured those memories, amassing one of the most complete film, still-picture and sound disk libraries of that time. He credits his grandmother with having inspired this too.

"In 1930, my grandmother asked me what I would like for a birthday present, and the film *Just Imagine* was brand new. It looked fifty years into the future to the world of 1980 and the first trip to Mars. So my grandmother bought me all the great shots of the city and the rocket (which later became famous as stock footage used in the *Flash Gordon* serials) and the inhabitants of Mars. I was on my way to collecting stills and posters and pressbooks and, in the case of Universal, the actual sound disks."

Why Universal? "By 1931," Forry

Forry owns one of the finest SF and fantasy pulp magazine collections in the world. Unfortunately, his 13-room "Ackermansion" doesn't provide enough space to properly display other parts of his collection.

says with a smile, "I was corresponding with the late Carl Lemley, Sr., who was President of Universal Studios. He seemed to see something in the opinions of an effervescent kid who went to every Universal movie and, on his personal stationery, he sent me a kind of carte blanche. It said 'Give this kid anything he wants.'"

As a youngster, Forry gathered his collectible gems from every available source. "In 1929, the first black and white *Buck Rogers* comic strip appeared. I cut that out and put it in a little photograph album and every day I dutifully cut out the next one and put that in it. And then I found out that they had it in the Sunday section. Well, I was corresponding with 117 fans at that time and I would get the Sunday strip every week from one of them.

"I got the *Buck Rogers* guns when they came out—for fifty cents you could get a *Buck Rogers* gun. Now it's a hundred and fifty dollars. Not only that, but that was postage paid; they mailed them to you. Today the postage would cost more than fifty cents."

From Professional Fan To Fanatic Professional

When Forry was discharged from the Army in 1945, he was determined not to go back to a job where he had to work for a "boss." He had gotten his fill of that in the service. Although he originally wanted to become an SF author, he constantly found himself wanting in his own eyes. (Forry would inevitably compare his stories to those of his literary idols and wind up feeling frustrated and inferior). He decided to try his hand at being a literary agent.

"I thought that, like a realtor, I would have to satisfy some requirements of the state of California but I found out that it's not so. They said just put out your shingle and 'Let The World Beware.' In the first year I made \$1075 in commissions and spent \$1025 in postage submitting the stories." This would have been a short-lived career, if not for the following incident. "Fortunately A.E. van Vogt was not signed up with anybody at the time. He was already a superstar on the basis of *Slan* and *Black Destroyer* and *The World of Null-A* and so on. He had his wares out with four agents to determine who could do the best job."

Forry was able to sell some of the stories that no one else could move. "I did rather well with *Enchanted Village*, which has gone on and on and on—turning out to be one of his most staple items. I sold that originally to Ray Palmer's *Other World* magazine."

A year after that sale, van Vogt made Forry his sole representative—as he has remained for the last thirty years. Forry also took on L. Ron Hubbard at that time. "In the earliest days of my agency I seem to recall that I made certain sales for Isaac Asimov, Raymond Jones, S. Fowler Wright, and worked up to having a clientele of about a hundred authors."

In 1957 Forry was the guest of honor at the first German SF convention. On his way home he stopped off in Paris where, "As a collector, I picked up a 1957 movie magazine which ordinarily devoted itself to all phases of films. But this one particular issue had *The Werewolf of London* on the cover and was totally devoted to science fiction and horror films." Forry packed it away and came back to New York, not really giving it a second thought. At that time, he had been selling stories to publisher James Warren "... who had a kind of poor man's *Playboy* magazine called *After Hours*. Warren and I struck up quite a correspondence. We found each other so amusing in correspondence that I wanted to meet up with him, and indeed I did."

After Hours had just ceased publication and Warren had enough cash and credit left for a one-shot. Forry happened to show him that magazine from France and Warren got excited. But the



Photo: David Hutchison

prose translated quite dry and stiff and Warren found out that he could not acquire the hundred or so photos scattered throughout the book. Forry was not about to let this opportunity pass.

"He didn't know me other than as an agent who was kind of wacked out on science fiction. So I spoke up and said, 'Well, quite by accident, back in Hollywood I have about 30,000 stills.' Also I said that 'From 1922 till 1957, I think I've seen more science fiction, horror and fantasy films than anyone else on Earth.' And I could surely write interesting information about them."

Warren went out to Los Angeles in November of '57 and found out that it

was all true—Forry did indeed have the stills and the knowledge. "We caught fire on the thing. He sat opposite me at a table and we started putting in twenty-hour days. He immediately set the pattern. He held an imaginary sign in the air that said: 'I'm 11½ years old and I am your reader . . . Forrest Ackerman make me laugh.' Now, I had no earthly intention of making anybody laugh. I'm pretty . . . not *deadly* serious, but pretty serious about fantasy films." Forry did not see it working as a successful magazine. "Actually monsters never entered my mind. I had called the magazine *Wonderama*." But monsters it had to be. Because of the success of the then-



Photos: David Hutchison



Left: Forry points to collection of miniatures as he stands astride the last remaining model of the Martian death machines used in Pal's *War of the Worlds*.

Above: This replica of the robotrix from *Metropolis* is obviously a favored possession. Top Right: Ackerman and friend pose before collection of first edition children's SF/fantasy books. Right: The three ages of Forrest J. Ackerman.

new *I Was A Teen-Age Frankenstein*, monsters were the only concept that Warren could sell to a distributor. That first issue was a success and "That was twenty years ago this past February."

It is a rare occurrence for a magazine to run continuously for twenty years, let alone with the same editor and publisher. Somehow, Forry and Jim Warren have remained personal friends, although there have been some professional frustrations. "Left to my own devices, I would never have repeated [stories and photos]. I would have had a photograph of Lon Chaney in every single issue; a special page. I would have liked to honor Karloff, Lugosi and Chaney in every issue. But through the years Jim Warren and I have had our altercations. Inevitably he says, 'You may be right, but I'm boss.' And it ends right there. But I guess I have to admit that there've been about thirty people who've come along with their own ideas of how to run a monster magazine and they're all gone with the wind."

Frustration and Hope

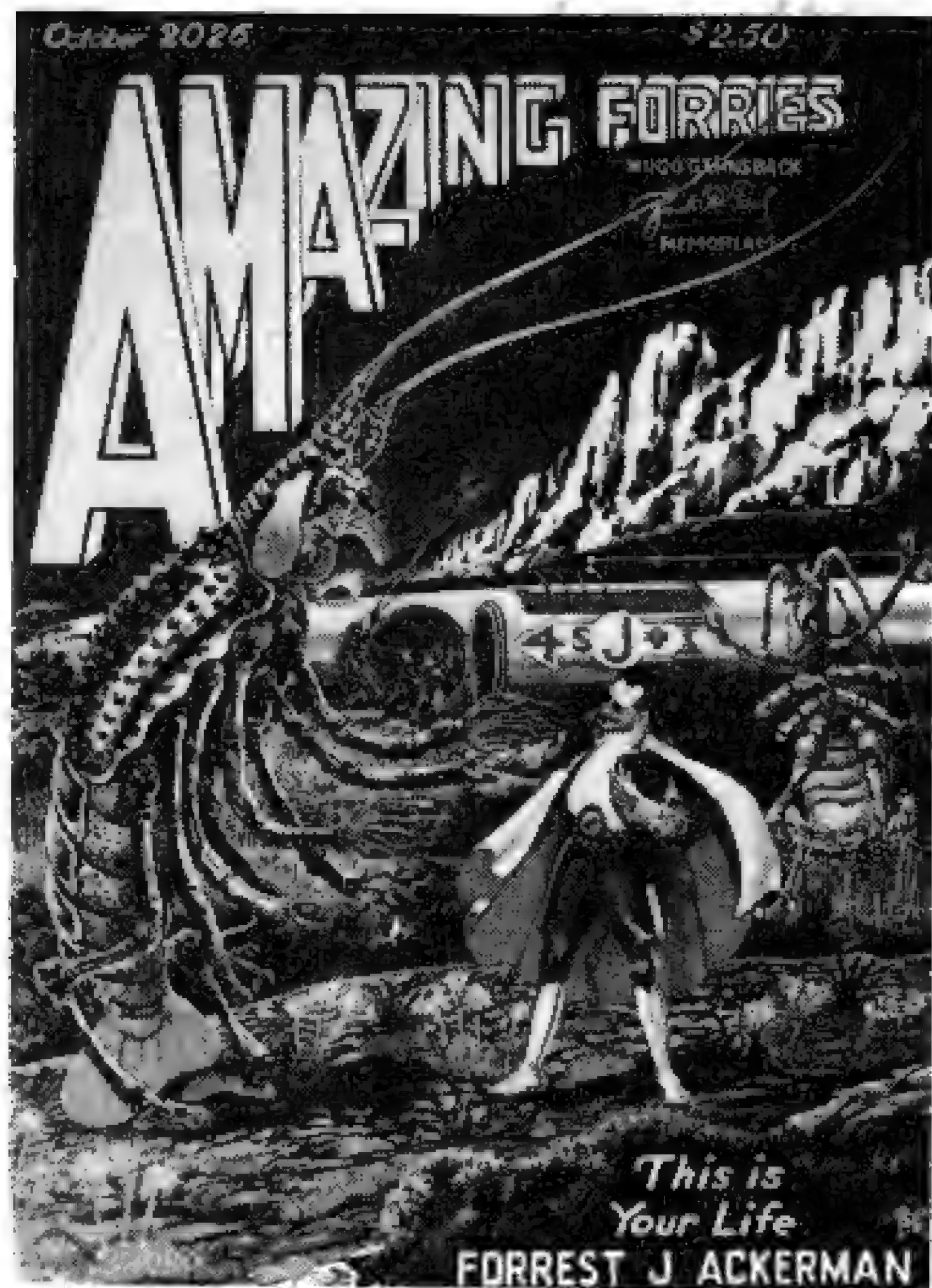
Not many people are fortunate enough to be able to spend their lives in

the successful pursuit of childhood dreams and fantasies. In this respect, Forry Ackerman considers himself to be a pretty lucky guy. But the real world has a way of frustrating even the best laid plans of mice and men.

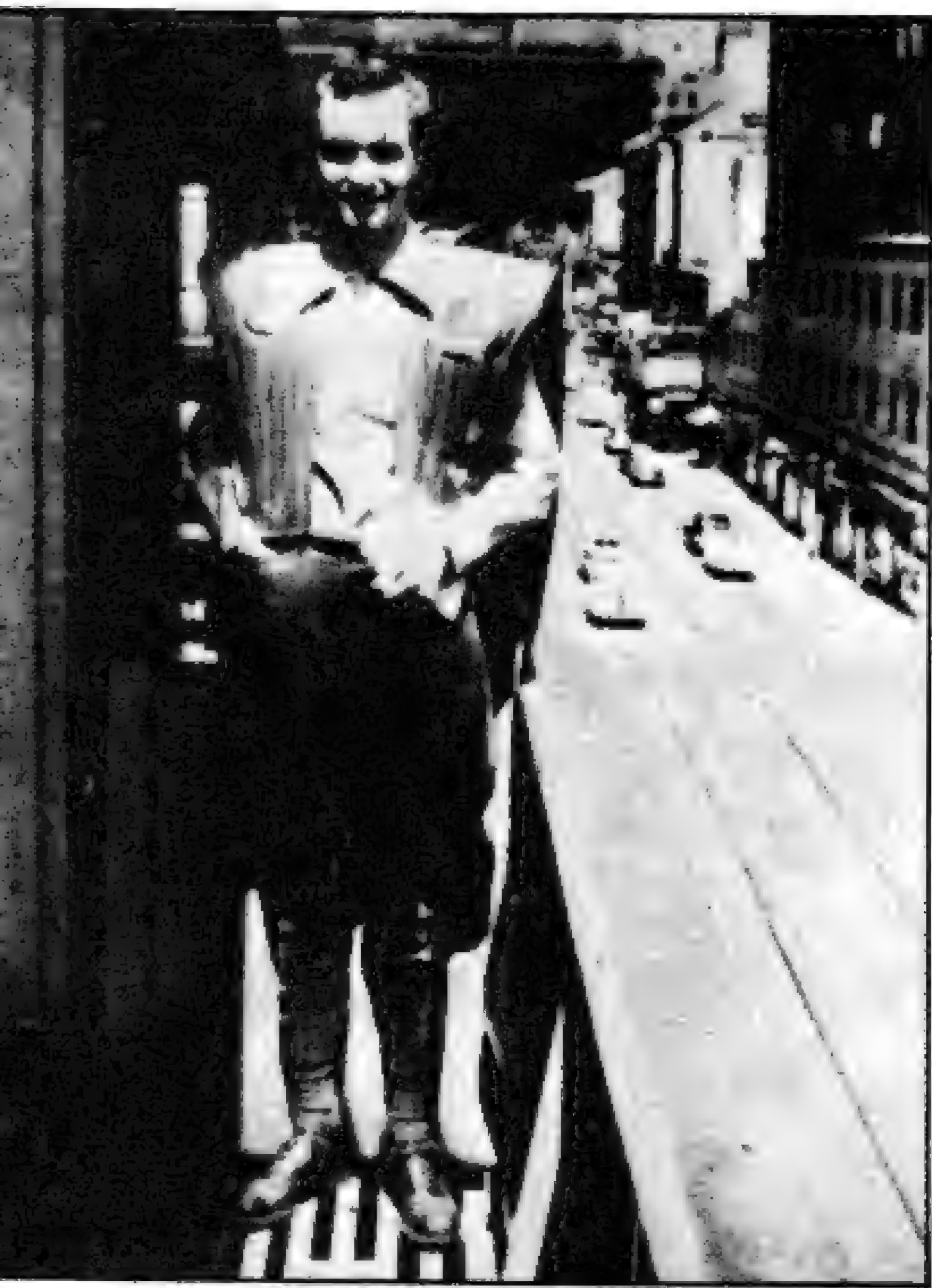
"I consider it a kind of tragedy," Forry sighs, "that I'm so interested in science fiction but I'm so doggone busy producing it in one fashion or another that I just don't have the time to sit down and enjoy it. There's always one more professional manuscript to be considered." Forry did get the chance to do some heavy reading a few years ago but found it a depressing experience.

"In 1974 I was quietly weeping the

blues for myself, thinking that I was passing by a lot of great science fiction these days. I was asked in November by *Ace* magazine if I would pick what I considered to be the best science-fiction stories of the year. Suddenly I had to read my eyeballs bloodshot . . . and I was perfectly appalled when I read so many stories and couldn't find anything that really interested me. The last great novel that really gripped my imagination was *Rendezvous With Rama*. In the fifty or so years that I've been reading science fiction, the two greatest novels — that are side-by-side on my shelf — are *Childhood's End* by Arthur C. Clarke and a far lesser-known work,



Above: Famed SF artist Frank R. Paul put Forry's face on the human when he recreated this 1926 *Amazing Stories* cover. Forry used it as the cover for his autobiographical volume. Below: Forry in 1939 wearing first-ever costume at an SF convention.



The World Below by S. Fowler Wright."

Those two novels were written several decades apart. Does Forry prefer one period to the other? "To me there really was a Golden Age," he says. "Not when I was twelve years old, but the period in the days of John Campbell's *Astounding*—when A.E. van Vogt, Heinlein, L. Ron Hubbard and L. Sprague deCamp were writing for him . . . and elsewhere Bradbury was planning his *Martian Chronicles*. It just happened to be a period of time when all these great golden gems that are almost never out of print were making their mark in the science-fiction field."

But Forry has not given up all hope for future gold. "I look for gold now more in the field of science-fiction film. After twenty years of *Famous Monsters*, the kids who were 8 or 10 or 13 are beginning to get the range. After all, George Lucas started out as a science-fiction fan and Mark Hamill introduced himself to me as a graduate of *Famous Monsters* magazine."

Speaking about Lucas and Hamill, just what was Forry's response to *Star Wars*? "I liked it," he admits, "although I wasn't as overwhelmed as everyone else seemed to be." Will it be good for the field? "I can see *Star Wars* going in two directions," Forry says, "being both good and bad for the field. For me, as an agent, it can be helpful. I recently sold A.E. van Vogt's first original screenplay, *Computerworld*, and it was to have been made on the usual low budget of Roger Corman's

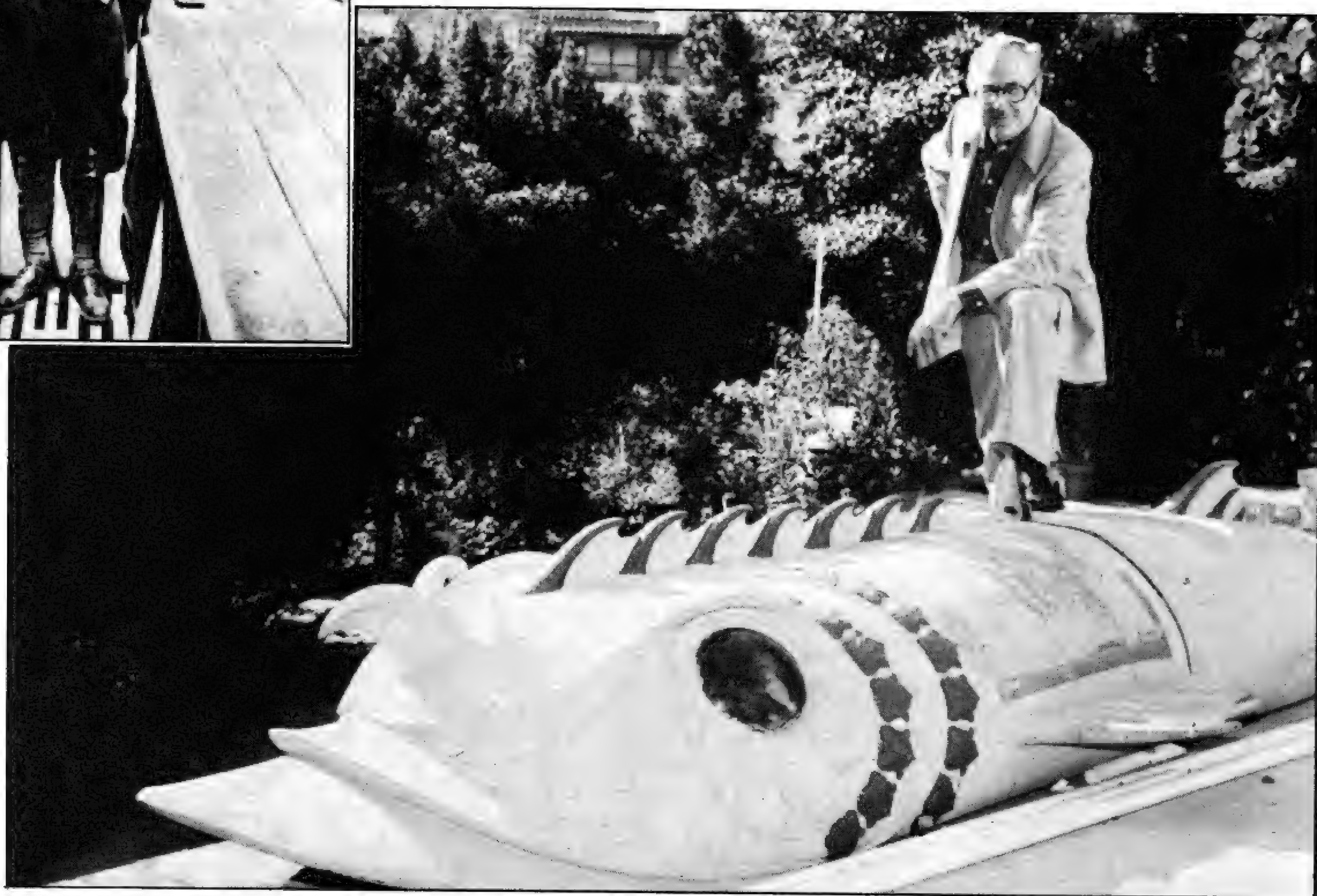
New World Pictures. But Corman has now taken it over to Alan Ladd, Jr., who's getting all the plaudits of being the fair-haired producer who saw the value of *Star Wars* before anyone else. And it could be that this, what would have been a minor film, will be bumped up into a major production. As an agent I've been getting constant calls. . . ."

Forry also feels that *Star Wars* may hurt the genre. "For a while, everything will be compared with *Star Wars*. It will either be 'Greater than. . . ' or 'In the tradition of. . . ' and so on. And the non-SF people who have been turned on by *Star Wars* will go out trying to repeat the experience and they may wind up being turned off to science fiction forever afterwards. It's going to take quite some time to get any sequel onto the screen and unless you have the staff of technicians . . . the devotion . . . the one man's vision of a George Lucas. . . ." Forry realizes that the success of the film might be enough to generate the true breakthrough for the genre that we've all been waiting for, but he adds: "I've gone through this cycle so many times already that I'm afraid I've become cynical."

Fondest Possessions

The Ackerman collection is far too vast to be listed here in detail, but Forry does treasure some things more than others. He is very proud, for instance,

Below: Guarding the back patio entrance to the "Ackermansion" is an ever-vigilant Forry Ackerman and the miniature sub from *Atlantis, the Lost Continent*.



of his complete set of *Weird Tales*—the original SF/fantasy pulp. And there are two other possessions in particular that make Forry's chest swell with pride. One has to do with his all-time favorite film, *Metropolis*. Throughout his fifty years of collecting, Forry was never able to acquire any artifacts from that German-made classic. But he now owns a perfect replica of the star of the film, the gleaming, silver robotrix. Here's how it happened.

"There's this talented fellow named Bill Malone at the Don Post Studios. First of all he fell in love with Robby the Robot and spent six months or so recreating him to absolute perfection. He then went on to Gort and Godzilla." Forry contacted Bill and explained his desire to own, as he calls her, "Ultima Futura Automaton—the ultimate robot of the future." (In his own, inimitable fashion, Forry has nicknamed her after the initials of the German studio that produced the movie, U.F.A.) "I've been in love with her for half a century and I guess she was blown to smithereens in WWII. I decided to have my own built and I warned Bill that I was an absolute perfectionist." Bill Malone's reproduction was fine enough to satisfy both of them. "And so," Forry beams, "that's my pride and joy."

But after thinking about it for a minute or so, Forry decides that another possession means even more to him. "People ask me, 'If the ultimate earthquake happened, what would you grab first?' Actually, I consider Frank R. Paul to be the reason that I'm sitting here talking to you today—everything in my life began with Paul. It was his painting on the cover of the October, 1926 *Amazing Stories* that grabbed me and caused me to look inside and started the whole thing. So, toward the end of his life, I had him redraw the cover for me—and he drew me into the picture." This is, indeed, a prized possession.

"On my 60th birthday I decided that at my own expense I would sit down and [put out a magazine to] say everything I had on my mind. It has the cover that Paul redrew." That little, 36-page volume with the Paul cover is entitled *Amazing Forries* and is a fascinating autobiography/biography of this incredible man. It contains several lists of those things that Forry considers to be the highlights of his life. Here is a small smattering of "the good times" gleaned from those pages:

- The time he presented a posthumous Hugo Award to Hugo Gernsback.
- The first World Science Fiction Convention in 1939 where he single-handedly started the now traditional Masquerade Ball by showing up in his famous "Futuristicostume."
- The time he published Ray Bradbury's first story in Forry's 1939 fanzine, *Voice of the Imagi-Nation*.
- Meeting H.G. Wells in 1940.

- The night the Robert Blochs arranged a dinner in their home for his benefit, making sure that his idol Boris Karloff was present.
- Editing his one hundredth volume of the *Perry Rhodan* series.
- Creating *Vampirella*.
- Seeing Bela Lugosi in a live performance of *Dracula*.
- The time that Hugo Gernsback, "the Father of Science Fiction," called Forry "the Son of Science Fiction."
- Writing the shortest SF story ever published. The title is "Cosmic Report Card—Earth." The story consists of but one letter, "F."

But perhaps more revealing of the man than his accomplishments is the way he is viewed by his friends. From *Amazing Forries*, here is some of what three well-known SF authors feel about Forrest J. Ackerman:

"In recognizing the importance of Forrest J. Ackerman we are doing more than honoring a man—we are paying a tribute to the history of science-fiction fandom. Because for the past 45-odd years, Forry Ackerman and fandom have carried on a symbiotic relationship unequalled since that momentous occasion when Dow met Jones and decided to invent industrials together.

"This is not to say that Ackerman *invented* fandom—or letter-hacking—or fantasy film reviewing—or collecting of artifacts—or fan clubs—or conventions—or long distance visits and communications with fellow colleagues. But he has been so active, so incessantly inventive, and so inveterately associated with all of these varied phenomena that it would be very difficult to conceive of any of them as they might have developed *without* the Ackerman influence. It's like trying to imagine an Isaac Asimov with lockjaw. An appealing concept, perhaps, but an unlikely one."

—Robert Bloch

"Forrest Ackerman is the most important fan/collector/human being in the history of science-fantasy fiction. His love for the field has remained constant since his childhood and he has proved his love out by helping not dozens, not hundreds, but thousands of young people along the way. Among those thousands must be counted people like Charles Beaumont and myself who came to him poor but filled with enthusiasm. He took us under his wing, gave us books, cheered us up, lent us money . . . His house, his collection, his love for our field will live long after him. For now, the best thing we can wish is that Forrest Ackerman outlives us all."

—Ray Bradbury

"If Forry Ackerman had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent him."

—Anthony Boucher

The only thing one can add to that is Amen . . . and God Bless You, Forry Ackerman. ★

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THE MAGICAL TECHNIQUES OF MOVIE AND TV SPECIAL EFFECTS

Part VIII The Matte Artist: An Interview with Matthew Yuricich

Series Edited by DAVID HUTCHISON

For twenty-seven years, exactly half of his life, Matthew Yuricich has worked in the art departments of two major motion picture studios, Twentieth Century-Fox and MGM. He is now in great demand as an independent matte artist. STARLOG readers have seen his work in such films as: *Ben Hur*, *Ice Station Zebra*, *Soylent Green*, *Death Race: 2000*, *Logan's Run*, and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

By GREGORY P. BARR

The rare ability to combine fine artistic sensibilities with strict technical understanding had made Mathew Yuricich an invaluable part of the film industry. With twenty seven years of experience he has very definite ideas about the relationship of painting as fine art to matte painting for the screen.

"A matte shot is designed to be on quickly, to be part of the picture. You are not doing a pretty painting. You are making a part of an integral piece of film. It should serve the purpose of carrying the transition between the scene before and the scene after, in other words part of it. It is not put there to be run for ten minutes, so that you can study it to see if it's a painting. It just serves a purpose, so that the whole picture can be a successful entity in itself."

Matthew started out wanting to paint "pretty paintings." His California home is decorated with numerous oils of majestic mountain landscapes and seascapes and his paintings sell privately through local galleries. His principal occupation, however, is his celluloid creations. "Ever since I can remember, I have been doing artwork—drawing or painting. I followed it all through high school, then I went into the service. When I got out, I wanted to go to college. I had started work in a steel plant, but the only thing I knew was art, I

wanted to pursue a fine arts career. I attended Miami University of Ohio, then I did post graduate work at the University of California, Los Angeles."

His excursion to Los Angeles was prompted by the need to develop a career in an art-related field: advertising, technical or magazine illustration. "At that time, only *one-half of one percent* of all graduating art students, no matter what type of school, ever ended up in the field of art." While enrolled at the university, Matt actively pursued a professional career by seeking employ-

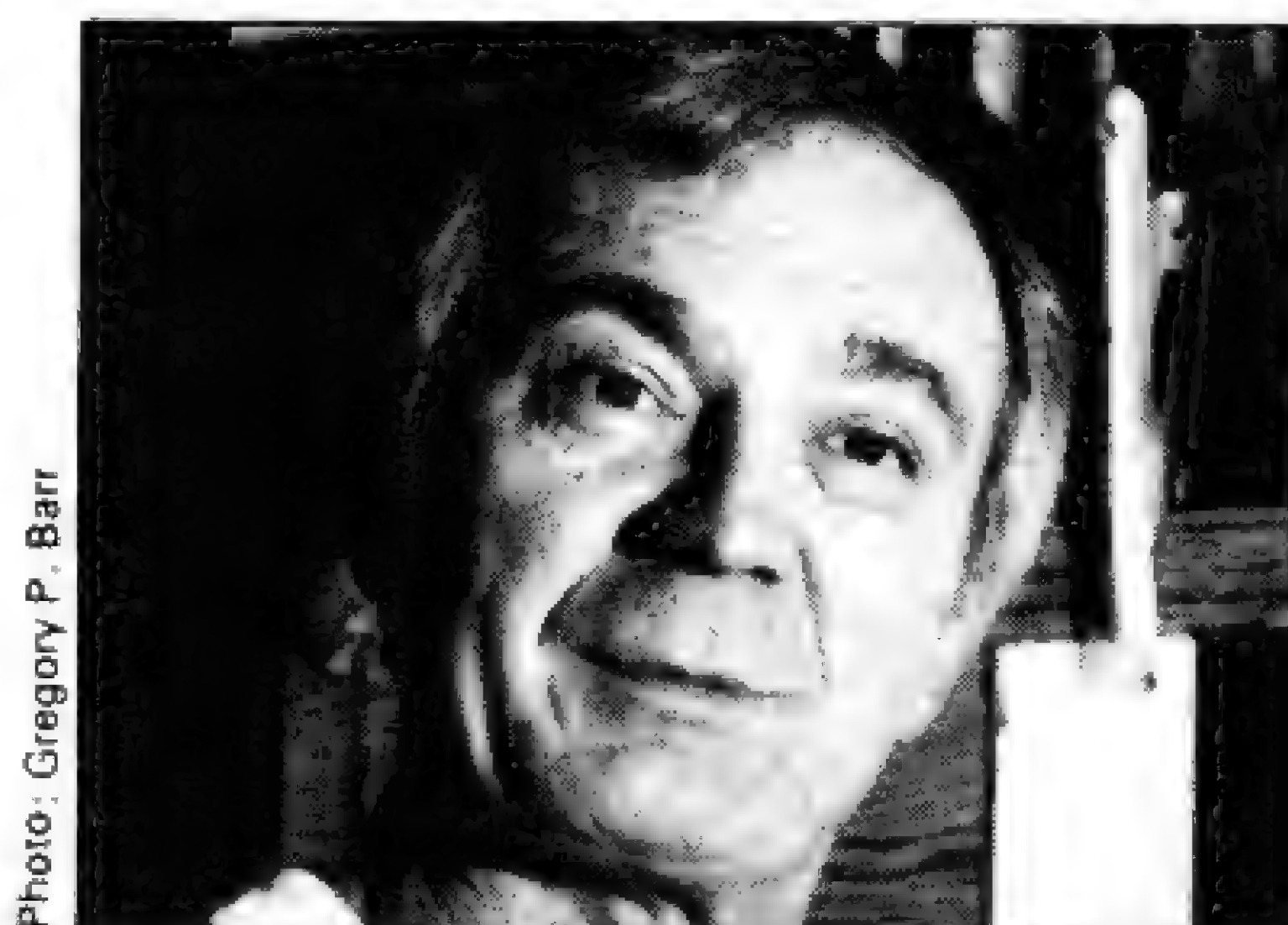


Photo: Gregory P. Barr

This is the eighth part in STARLOG's feature series on Special Effects. **Part I—The Use of Miniatures** appeared in issue No. 6. **Part II—Robby the Robot** appeared in No. 7. **Part III—Model Animation** appeared in No. 8. **Part IV—Magicam** appeared in No. 9. **Part V—How To Roll Your Own** appeared in No. 10. **Part VI—The Makeup Men: John Chambers, Rick Baker, and Stuart Freeborn** appeared in No. 11. **Part VII—The Makeup Men: Dan Striepeke and Dick Smith** appeared in No. 12.

ment with every outfit which might provide an outlet for his creative energies.

"Getting into Twentieth Century-Fox was a complete accident. It's just someplace I applied for work." In 1950, he began an apprenticeship with the art department of this healthy film studio. It developed into a lifetime commitment. As an assistant, there isn't much time for glorious artistic achievement. "We did the frame-by-frame animation, on glass, of people walking through people, through walls. They were ghost figures. The matte department was there, so we naturally evolved into washing the brushes for the other artists, making mattes, and doing the things that you would do in an art agency if you were starting in. You would do the paste-ups, the sign painting, and the lettering. James Fetherolf and I used to paint all the theater marquees used in motion pictures; we even animated the lights. We would do the simpler mechanical functions. Being younger and steadier, we did the animation and travelling mattes because we had a little more patience to stick to the frame-by-frame process."

Art departments were called upon to handle many special effects, so, when a film called *The Day The Earth Stood*

Above left: Academy award winner Matthew Yuricich. Right: Test footage from *Logan's Run* showing the "hold back" outline and full composite. These frame blow ups are from the anamorphic ("squeezed") print.



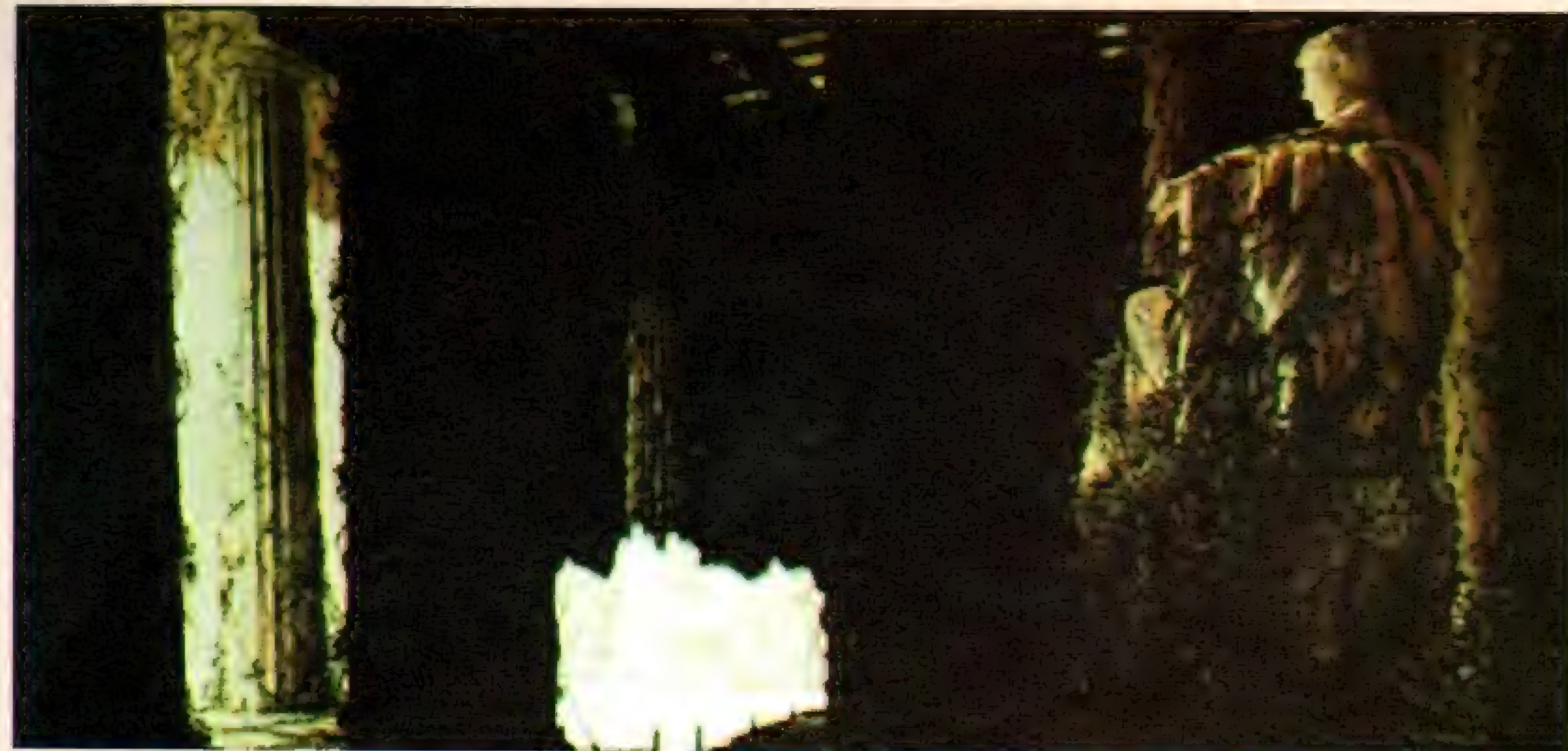


Photo: © 1975 M.G.M.

At left from *Logan's Run* is one of the shots from the Lincoln Memorial sequence. At top is the painting showing the interior of the memorial from the side with a small opening into which the live action will be inserted. The middle shot shows the filming of the live action sequence that will be matted into the painting to arrive at the finished composite at bottom. It is important that the perspective of the painting match that of the live action photography in order to achieve a composite.

simplest matte process is that preferred by Albert Whitlock. "When you go to shoot your shot, you actually make your matte right there.

Before a scene is shot, it is necessary to decide what part of the frame will incorporate the live action and what part will be painted. "You take a pane of glass or a piece of cardboard and cut a matte right there." The opaque cardboard is cut to the precise shape necessary to block out that part of the frame which will later be filled in with the painting. If a pane of glass is used, glossy black paint blocks out the area. The cardboard cutout is mounted on the matte box right in front of the lens. (A matte box is a combination filter, sunshade, and matte holder that is mounted in front of a camera lens.)

"When you photograph this particular piece of action, what you have on each frame is a black space where the painting goes. Before you shoot your action, you run at least 200 feet of test footage which you have to freeze or put on ice, because you have a latent image on that film which you don't want to change, including your master scene. Then you go ahead and shoot your action.

"Now, when you are painting you will take five or six feet of your test footage and keep testing your painting to the original." When you finally get the painting done to match the live action precisely you use the original negative (which has been freezer-stored) with the live action and blank area already on the undeveloped film to photograph the painting.

The area of the frame that was live action on the original negative is painted black (a reverse matte) so that only the painting is recorded on the film matching the live action footage. The entire composition has been done on the *original stock*, so you can paint using truer colors. On the other hand you can't "goof up" since you are using the original negative. That's why it is necessary to make plenty of test live-action footage so you have something with which to experiment.

In an MGM studio memo, Lee LaBlanc divided the composite matte shot into three types: simple or stationary, pan, and tilt. In all cases the artistic and technical aspects of handling the process were equally critical. The filming of a simple or stationary com-

Still started production, Matthew Yuricich found himself involved. "We did a lot of animation and a lot of 'saucer work.' As a matter of fact, before the Screen Actor's Guild got into it, I was going to be the flying saucer. The flying saucer was a little white saucer held in your hand, everything black against a black background. It had to fly around the Washington Monument. Photographing against black, you could always double it in to the real scene."

After four years of learning the ropes, Matt was offered the opportunity of moving up to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as first assistant in their art department. His work has appeared in such diverse fare as *Ben Hur* and *Forbidden Planet*. Ultimately, it led to an Oscar in 1976 for *Logan's Run*.

What Is A Matte Shot?

In motion pictures, the purpose of the matte is to hold back the unwanted portion of a stage set from the film stock in order to replace it with a more desirable backdrop. The term 'matte work,' however, has come to encompass optical techniques as diverse and eclectic as the artistic minds who, in the last thirty years, have created and developed it. Men like Peter Ellenshaw at Disney Studios, Irving Block, who wrote and painted *Forbidden Planet*, Lee LaBlanc and Clarence Slifer, who heads the only other full time matte department besides Disney, and, of course, Matthew Yuricich.

The matte shot exists to enhance the suspension of disbelief, completing an illusion that the all-too-faithful objectivity of a lens would soon dispel. The



Photo: © 1965 United Artists

posite could often be handled by the cameraman or art director since no difficulty will occur on the optical printer if the camera was properly tied down. The production of a composite pan or tilt, however, requires the presence of the matte artist on location. The physical movement from location shot to stage set is accomplished by the optical printer in the matte painting department. This composite process allows the action of a film to take place on a set which would simply be too costly to build, or, in the case of science-fiction and fantasy, in settings that are totally alien. "In *Forbidden Planet*, only the ladder and bottom part (of the ship) were built. We painted the saucer around it, except when you saw it flying."

The work of the matte artist is not just to complete the missing parts of a picture. An idea of the total effect desired must be held in mind at all points in the process. Techniques must be developed to overcome particular problems which might hold back or contradict the continuity. "If you remember the great power plant built by the Krell, in *Forbidden Planet*, most of that was painting. It was all animated lights,

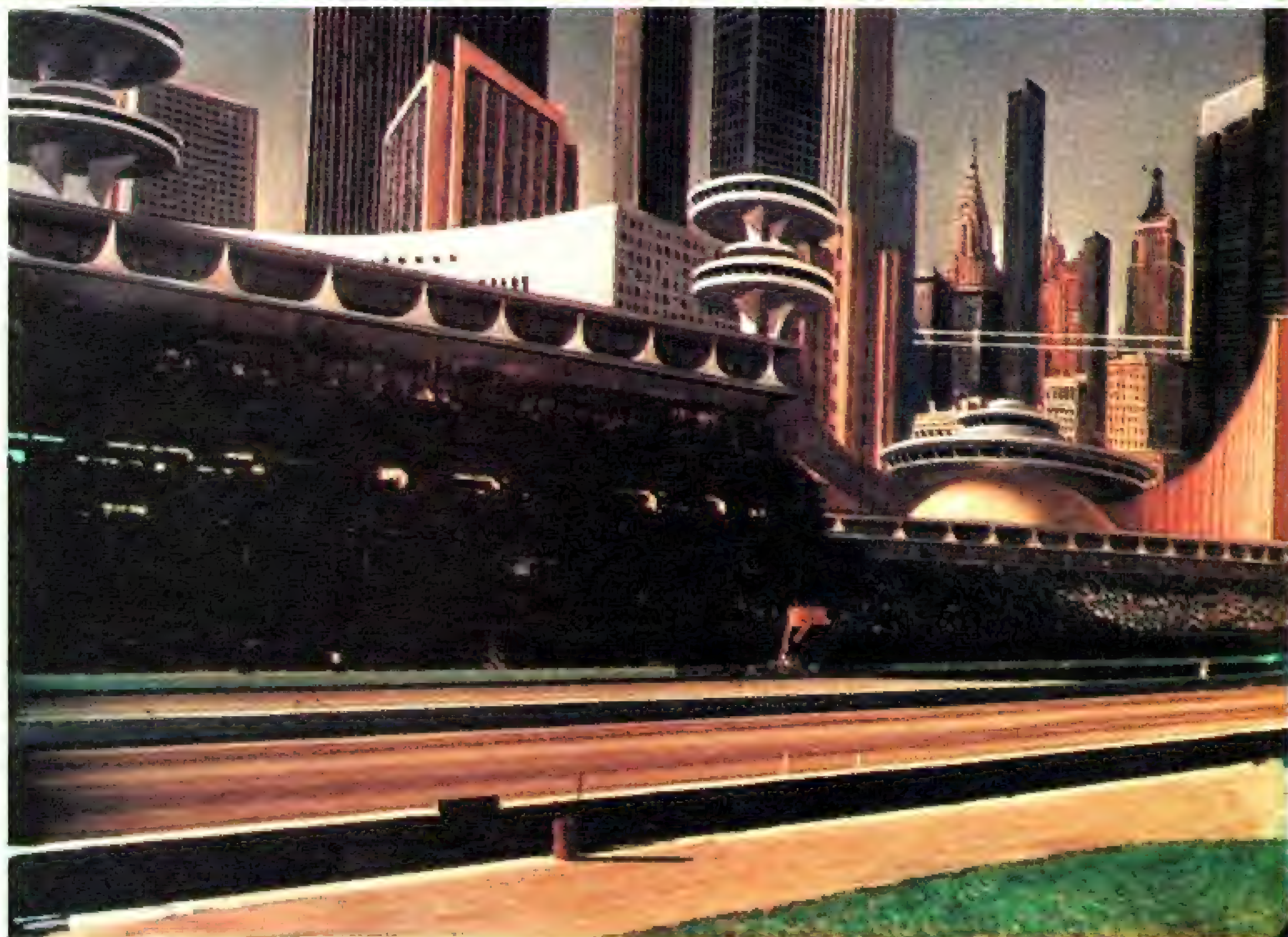


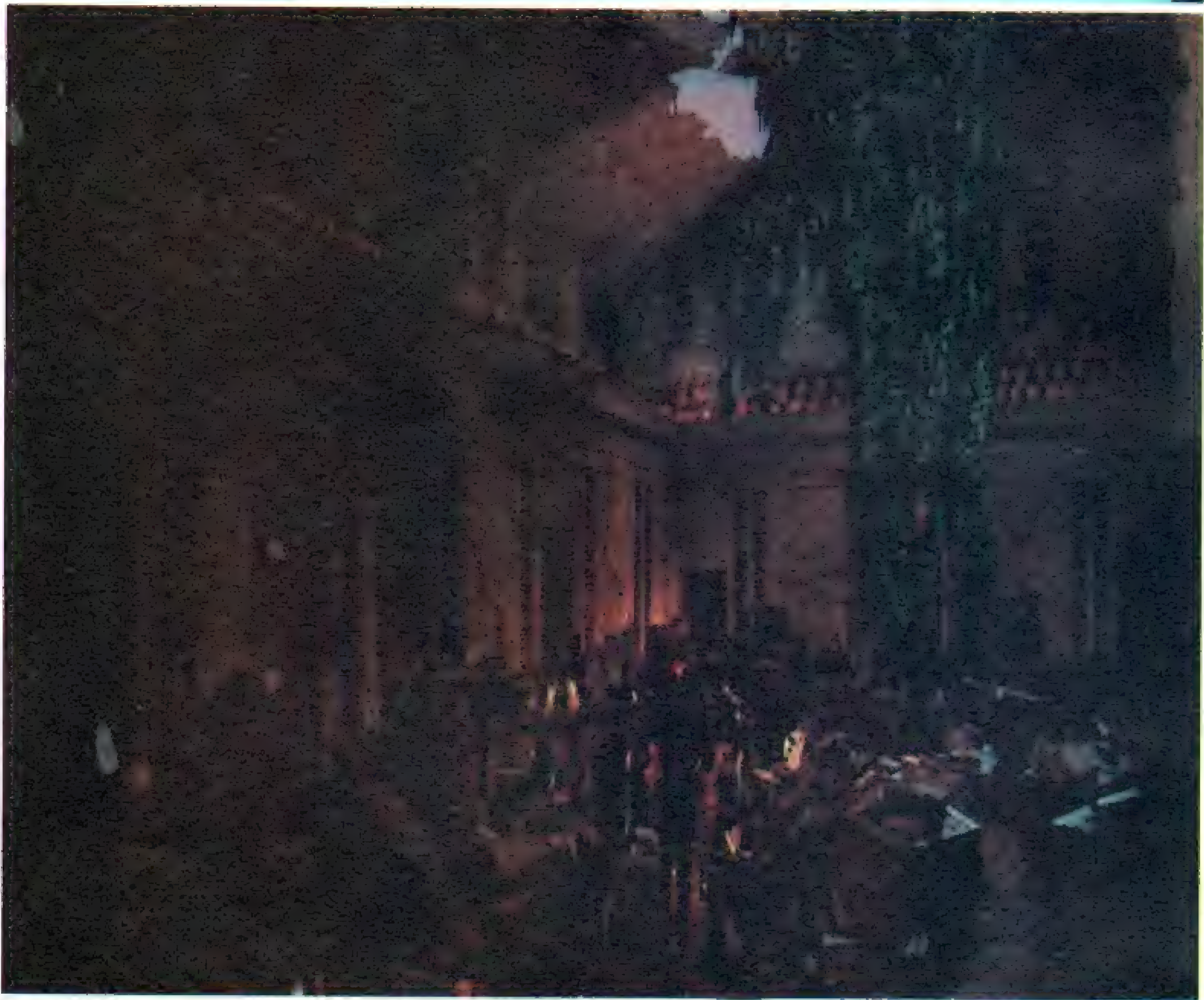
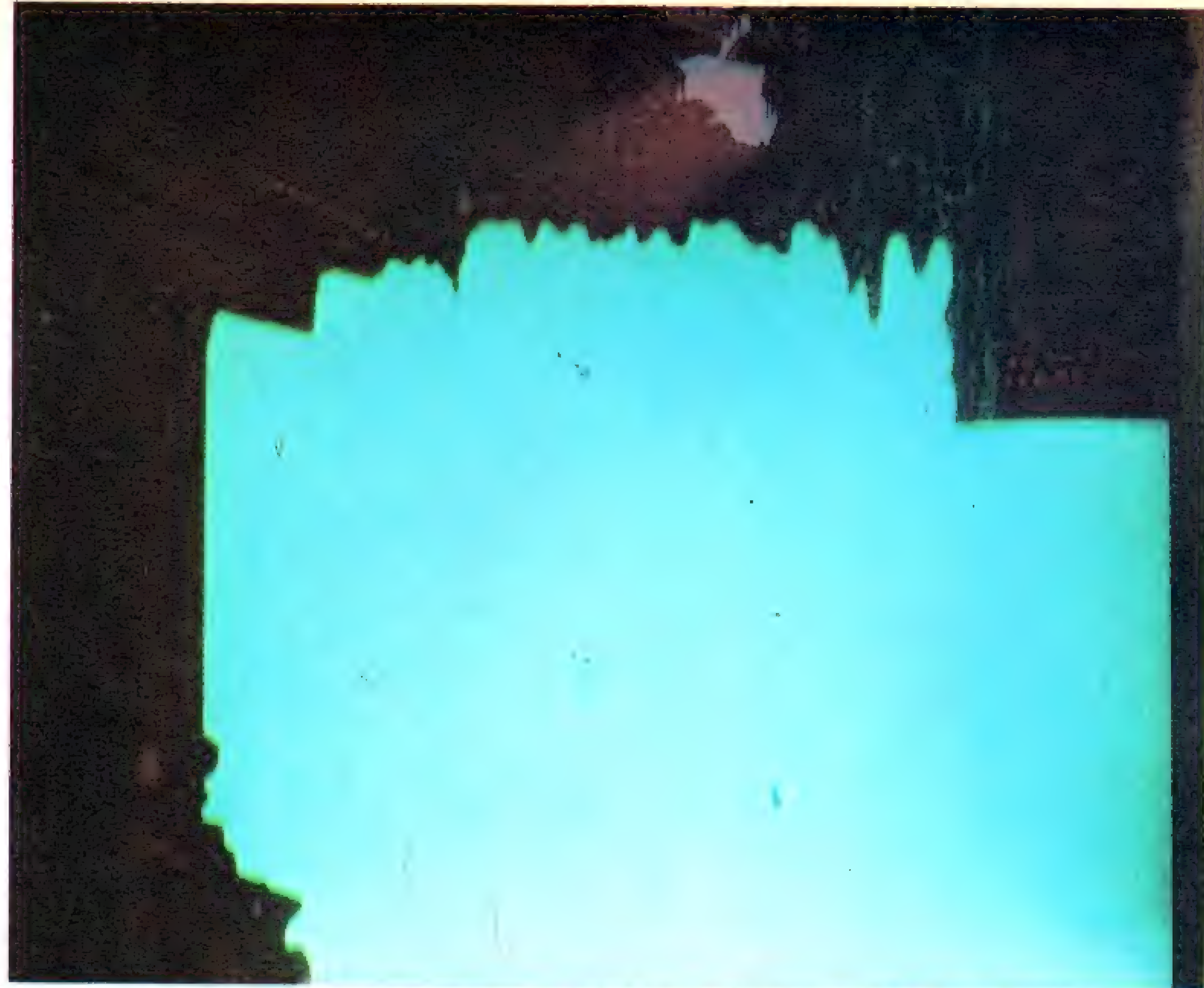
Photo: © 1974 New World Pictures

Top: Composite scene from *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. Mathew Yurichich supplied the skyline and finished the top of the set. Above: This full painting from *Death Race: 2000* by Matthew is an example of how the matte artist is often called upon to enhance the production values of a film.

Below: Created for *Soylent Green* by Matthew, this painting begins with a view of the Manhattan skyline from mid-harbor. Modern towers and rapid transit systems have been added to suggest a future look. Notice how even "existing" buildings have been moved into a more scenic composition.



Photo: © 1973 MGM



the flames and everything else were all doubled in. The problem we had with it was that the figures coming out of the door into this big atomic furnace were so small you never saw them. They were just shot on a street outside of the MGM back lot. So I designed, into the doorway that they came through, a light above them. It was concentric circles, instead of just a beam, which were pulsating on and off as they walked through the door. Now, when you first saw the image on the screen, your eye would be attracted to this motion. You followed these people because you knew they were there and you could see them walking around throughout the whole plant. Otherwise, you might never have noticed them, you can't hang a sign which says, 'look here come some people.' "

A less artistic, but no less important service the matte artist has offered the film industry over the years is the ability to touch up scenes. Whether for censorship, or because something which would contradict the plot or give away the soundstage eluded the photographer's eyes, the matte painter has, no doubt, salvaged thousands of feet of stock from the cutting room floor. "In the beginning of *Logan's Run*, they used a modern building in Dallas. The windows were of mirrored glass which reflected everything. If you'll remember, *Logan's Run* takes place inside a domed city, under artificial atmosphere and light. Now, the day they shot the opening sequence, there were some clouds in the sky. These clouds were reflected in the windows of this building and then travelled across them. Well, no one noticed it until they got the film back. I had to repaint the whole building down to the first floor level, keeping the street level action."

Top: Matte painting for the interior of Congress from *Logan's Run* with the completed composite at left. Below: From *Ice Station Zebra*, a model rocket is combined with Matthew Yuricich's painting of the earth from an orbital perspective.

Photos © 1975 M.G.M.

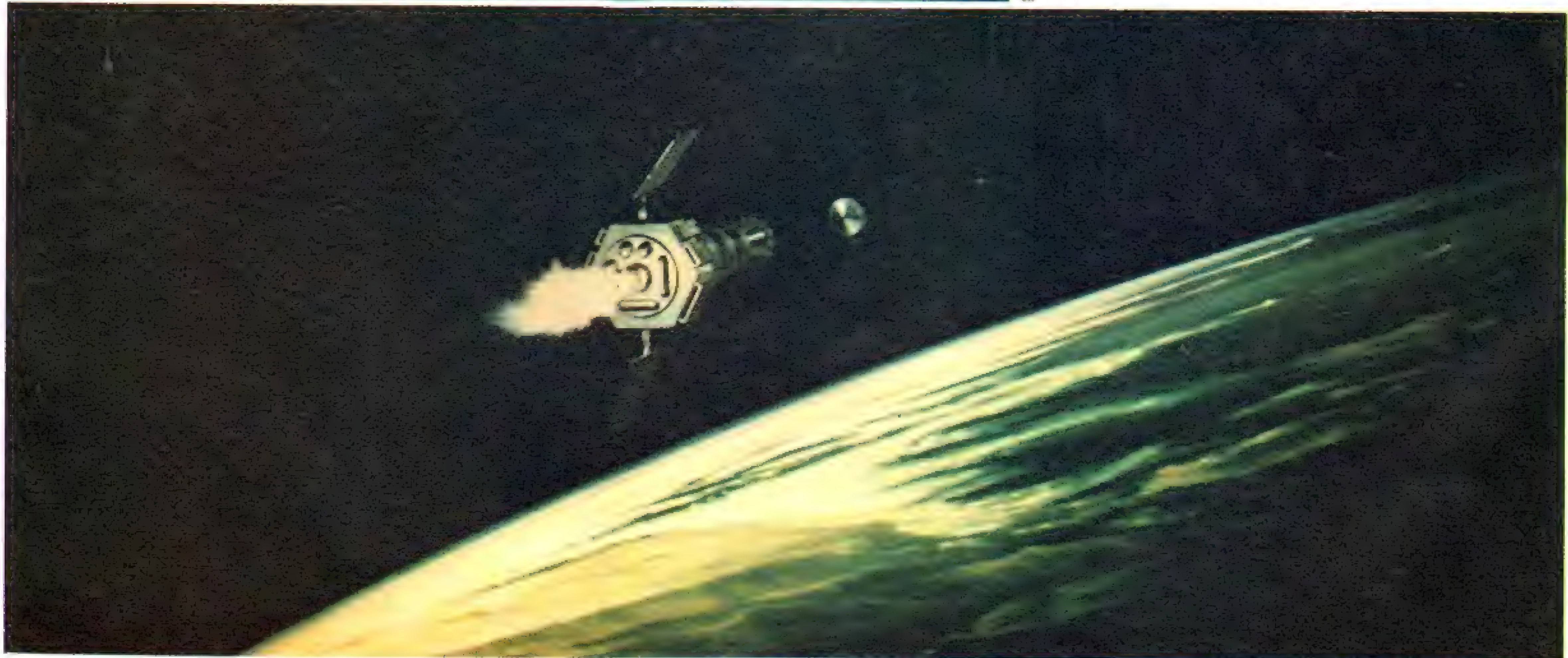


Photo: © 1968 M.G.M.



A good special photographic effects man needs complex technical knowledge combined with artistic intuition. A strong background in fine arts is only a prerequisite. Patience and precision are paramount. A familiarity with the idiosyncracies and limitations of cameras must become second nature. Then, perhaps, you might be ready to devote a lifetime of experience to developing a "feel" for the creation of paintings which can survive the distortion of an anamorphic lens, or the singular color transformations that take place on "duping" stock.

In fine arts, a painting will seem to have greater 'life' if the artist has managed to capture the particular optics of his subject. This is especially critical in matte paintings, where, even though the subject is moving about in a foreground plane, the viewer will sense something disturbing if the artwork lacks credibility. "You can make a perfect egg, but you can't hatch it. You can have everything that makes the appearance of an egg, but it's that *life* that is missing, that spark.

"There is movement, there is life to everything. When you get a painting like the one for *Forbidden Planet*, even though people know it's someplace they

Above left and right: These frame blow ups are from a test clip of a Mastercharge commercial. Many tests are made to match the color and density of the painting with the live action to achieve a uniform composite.

Below: The dark and stormy castle from *Young Frankenstein* was a full painting. Bottom: MGM's use of "Camera 65" for *Ben Hur* required Matthew Yuricich to paint "squeezed" or use a nine-foot long easel.



Photo: © 1975 20th Century Fox

Photo: © 1959 M.G.M.



haven't seen, there is still something about it that is not real. It looks like a fake because it is difficult to put the life back into it. That's why, at MGM, Lee LaBlanc and Clarence Slifer had developed this system for panning, so that you are always moving and you couldn't see the static quality of a painting."

The painstaking technique and discipline the matte artist must subject himself to can be totally negated by ignorance of the camera's operation. During a matte shot of any kind, the camera must remain absolutely still for as many scenes as will be placed upon the composite image. "The biggest problem today is the fact that you have to have your camera checked out so that the movement inside the camera is steady. Most cameras are unsteady, they jiggle on the screen. You aren't aware of it because it's all done together, but if you take half of it and put a still photograph or a painting there, it doesn't move and you notice the matte line. I have seen and worked on many mattes that have gotten me sick because they moved. They usually blame it on the artist, although I want to know how they figure that he painted it moving."

"To check your cameras, you make what is called a 'cross-line' test to see that the movement inside the camera is machined so that there isn't any slop to the film as it goes through. When you are ready to photograph, you tie the camera down with chains, and put jacks under the camera so that it doesn't vibrate on its tripod."

Sometimes it is possible to correct an unsteady camera motion after expensive location footage has been shot. "We had that problem in *Ben Hur*. We shot mattes, only they didn't send anybody to supervise it. They were shooting from the top of fifty or sixty foot parallels and when we got the film back they moved vertically and horizontally. We had to take that movement out frame-by-frame and plot it. Then, when we photographed the painting, we had to move it to those corresponding numbers, vertically and horizontally, for each frame. They save a thousand dollars not having anybody on location, and spend a *hundred* thousand dollars trying to fix it on the other end."

What the lens of the camera sees is also an important factor. The perspective of the matte painting must match the angle of the camera's view. "I worked on a film in which they shot the set from the ground looking up at a pagoda-like temple. Now, they reduce this view, where we are looking up under the eaves, and place it in a long shot to show the overall area. This time it is set down below a mountain peak, you are looking at the temple, but its perspective has been photographed from the ground below it. They just reduced the actual footage of the set and I painted around it, but I had to paint

around something that we were looking up at as though we were looking down on it. They couldn't change the original set because there was action happening in it, but anybody looking at the film doesn't realize that's what it is, but they know something is wrong."

The composition of the shot must also take into consideration the addition of the matte painting. Cameramen who are unaware that a matte shot is being planned will often frame the picture so that the horizon is so far up that a building that was planned to be matted-in will have to be optically squeezed into perspective. Changing aspect ratios are another problem the matte artist must take into account when preparing the painting. "Many pictures I paint are for

1931), was bought for the company in 1952 by Spyros Skouras and commercially developed as CinemaScope. The matte artists were suddenly required to make an adjustment in their paintings to compensate for the fact that the film was being exposed through a curved lens. "What you are getting is a wider picture on the same size film. When we started *Ben Hur*, MGM's first sixty-five millimeter film, the matte stands were not set up to do a full painting. Our boards were six feet. We would need about 8-9 feet. As we did our work, we projected our image *squeezed*. When we did our painting, from the projected tracings, we had to make a grid in which the anamorphic distortion is tighter on the ends and thicker in the middle. Your

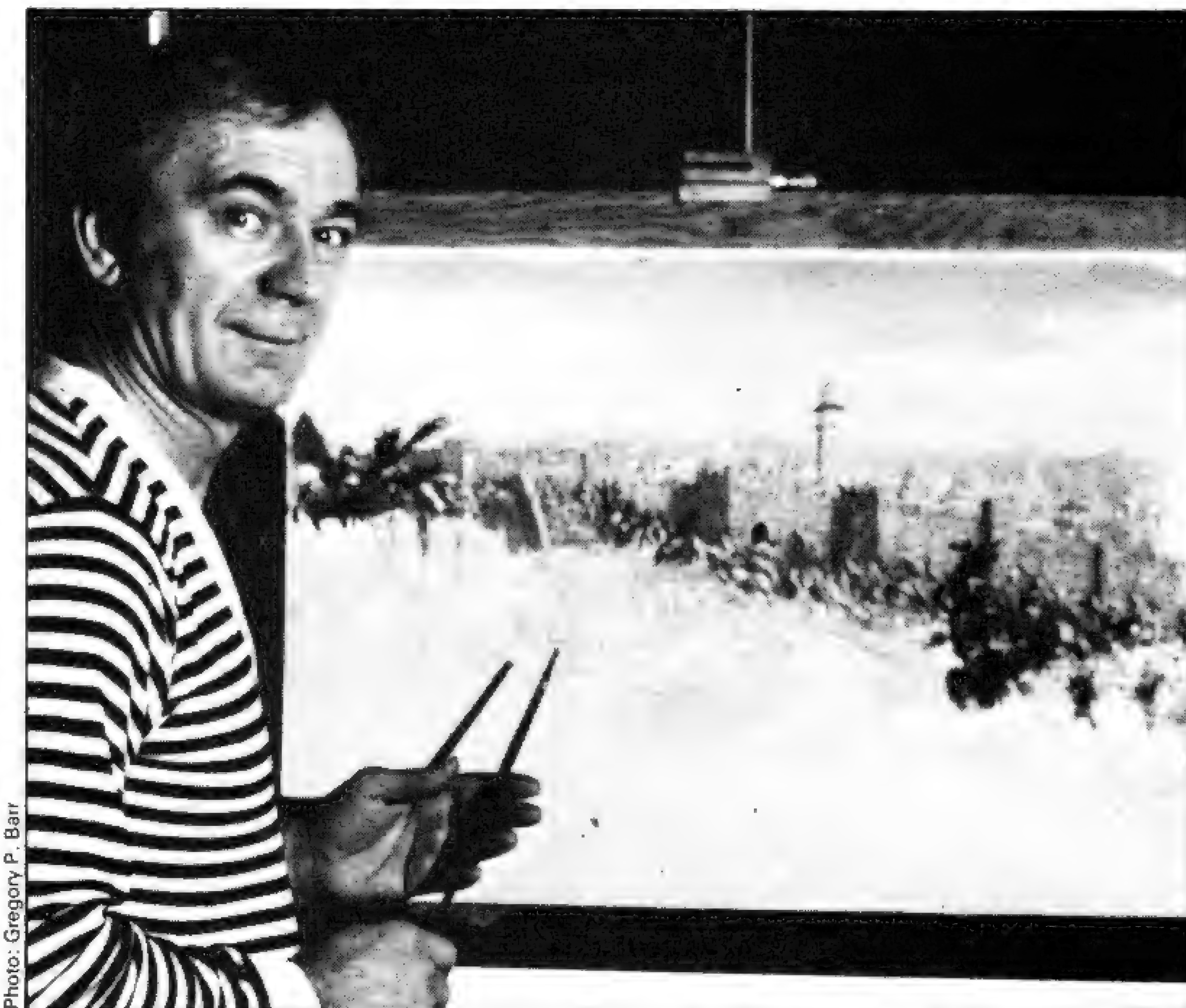


Photo: Gregory P. Barr

the wide screen ratio, but I also have to design it for the full screen when it is shown on television. You draw your aperture ratio for wide screen, which is usually long and narrow, and you do your main design for that. Now, if you have a sky and clouds above, you carry these up past what is not on the movie house screen, but becomes visible on television screens."

We've covered a lot of ground so far and you might be tempted to think: "I have enough of an idea now to go ahead and create my matte shot!" It's probably a good idea to get some real experience, to get a feeling for the basics of this magical operation. If you are also considering a career in the field, be aware that the professional matte artist must also come to grips with new developments in motion picture technology.

Matthew Yuricich was at Fox when the anamorphic lens, developed by French physicist Henri Chretien (ca.

In his California home, Yuricich displays a painting used for TV's *Logan's Run*.

horizon and perspective lines go off at a severe oblique angle, they do not go out straight. If you have architecture, you do a small preliminary sketch using the actual scene. You then project that drawing onto your painting board so you know where the horizon is, where the buildings are, where the vanishing points are, and where the perspective is."

In order to introduce many optical effects, it becomes necessary to make a duplicate of the original negative. The most common dupe negative was 5253. "Since *Ben Hur*, in 1959, I have worked for nearly twenty years on this stock. Some technical people even claim that this can't be done, because what you paint ain't what you get. You end up trying to find a color—green trees for instance, where you might end up painting a brown to get the green when it is

photographed. It wasn't designed for painting, but it is such a fine grain film that the 'dupe' is much better than using regular taking stock. But it builds up contrast and must be painted flat.

"It's a tough job for the artist because you always have to transpose. If you are painting green to green, if you are trying to match green leaves or trees to some existing green in the original film, you can't just paint the green that goes there. I start off with some shade of green and I have to keep it muted because this film also builds up contrast. When you get your painting done, it looks very flat, but, when it is photographed, it just jumps right out at you.

You have to control your colors; your lights and shades are very close to each other, whereas, in a regular painting, if it's an original, you put a lot of contrast in it. On 5253, the way I work for an awful lot of pictures, you have to put very little contrast in because the film builds up about thirty percent more contrast. Let's say you have found your green, now, what do you do for a red brick building? You have to keep painting, and actually experimenting, until, when you get done, you have a collage of colors which makes the painting look kind of sick. When it is photographed, it looks pretty good. There are different techniques for all the different films. Some you have to paint more realistically, and some you have to paint are actually impressionistic, but it looks realistic on film."

"Actually, I had to know the filter combinations and the technical end of photography to be able to paint. I would even paint color swatches that no one was aware of so that I could find a color that would give me the color I wanted when photographed on that particular film stock."

To make matters worse, even within the designation 5253, there are variations from batch to batch, with each lot-number of film. When you exhaust the first ten thousand feet you had ordered, the artist might have to retest all his color formulas. "I think this defeats the purpose. Painting is a lot 'feel,' and you just don't have that 'feeling' painting dirty brown grass, or dirty purple to get a nice gray. It becomes too much of a technical hassle."

Another special technical problem crops up when you try to photograph your matte painting on 5253. This fine grain dupe negative stock has an extremely low film speed, so that vast quantities of light are necessary, from four to six thousand foot-candles. "I've actually had paintings burn up from the heat on them—actually flame, burn, and scorch. In our MGM days, some of our shots were photographed with five second exposures for each frame. If I put too much varnish on my painting, it would bubble up everytime."

At Work On CE3K

"I was still working on *Logan's Run* when I was approached by Doug Trumbull to work on *CE3K*. The first thing I said was 'as long as it's not on 5253!' They said absolutely not, we'll do it the way you want to do it. We ended up doing much of the picture on dupe negative.

"Actually, they hired me as an insurance policy. They had nothing planned because they didn't know what the picture was about yet. Doug is very thorough, he would have had it planned, if he had known exactly what Steve wanted. No one knew what Steve wanted. His mind works beautifully, one thing leads to another, he keeps coming up with better ideas, and pretty soon the original concept is out the window."

One might naturally wonder if the finished product looked anything like the original script he had been given. "Yes, in a way. There was an awful lot of footage of these E-T's that was never used. It was difficult to visualize the special effects concepts because Steve would just talk to Doug. Doug would find a way to do it and come back with pretty much what Steve had in mind. There was an awful lot of front projection planned, they built a big movable screen at the Alabama hangar. I don't think any front projection screen had been built that big, on wheels. A lot of it worked and some of it didn't, which they had to change later, and that's where I came in. In some places they were going to use miniatures and they didn't fit. I had to paint in-between the real sets from Alabama and tie that in to another set shot in Wyoming."

Much of Matt's matte work is visible in what was called the "notch" sequence, where Roy and Jillian are scaling Devil's Tower and have almost reached the top of the pass into the box canyon. "Every scene was practically a painting around there. Anytime you saw the set, there was painting to the left, to the right, to the bottom, around, and the skies." A lot of time was spent painting skies and trees to match actual footage shot in Wyoming. "They just didn't have a long shot of the 'Tower' at night the way Steve wanted it, so I had to paint skies that matched the skies that they had photographed originally."

For a film that had no planned matte paintings, *Close Encounters* certainly cashed in on its "insurance policy." "I think there were probably fifty to seventy-five paintings designed to be used with a matte shot and maybe thirty full paintings. A lot of this was repair work. I painted tree silhouettes and things to enhance lightning effects. Little things, like the white fence and trees only went so far and I painted the rest of it." A great deal of time is spent in supervising the technical work. He

would be present when the test footage returned and pick out the colors that would be most practical in painting the matte. "With 5253, everything goes blue. I have even had orange and red colored rocks that turned blue."

In motion picture production, the matte artist is a translator—he needs the ability to intuit the elements of light optics necessary to create a substantial illusion. He then combines that intuitive ability with the knowledge and experience of the technical limitations of his medium to produce that illusion on film. Consider this example from *Close Encounters* which illustrates Matthew's competence in reproducing delicate nuances, the hallmark of an excellent translator.

"As the mothership made its descent onto the set, it was in the middle of a matte shot, a painting, the real stage, and various special effects. As it lowered itself, it had to illuminate all parts of the painting and the set with its tremendous light. We had no time to build a miniature, so we animated it in one painting. I took the first painting, and traced the hillside and the structures that were on the matte shot and original set onto a blackboard. I then redid the painting, but only in the center section where the saucer would come down, about center of the frame, but background, not foreground. Now, directly under where the saucer would go, I painted it very bright and faded the painting out into the distance. The light fell off all the way around, including flickering lights on the trees. I had Don Jarel photograph it so that he would raise the light as he exposed the film. With the initial exposure, all you would see of the painting on the blackboard would be the hottest area in the center, where you would normally get some light on the ground, even though the saucer was high up in the air. As the mothership was lowering itself, it would naturally be lighting up the surrounding terrain more and more. When they continued photographing the painting, the photographic exposure was increased to match the speed of the mothership's descent."

The art of the matte painter is a lot like present day advertising—subliminal. The effect is carefully hidden within the foreground action, yet the matte shot is, in a very real sense, at the core of film production. Matthew Yuricich told me of his early efforts to find textbooks and material about his craft. He couldn't find one; he and others of his generation were busy creating it. ★

Next issue, the SFX series continues to delve into the life and art of the matte painter with an exclusive interview of P.S. Ellenshaw, Star Wars matte artist.

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L. Hayworth

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S-F, HORROR & FANTASY CON (SF)

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Douglas Wright

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Los Angeles, CA 90069

AGGIECON (SF)

College Station, TX March 30-April 2, 1978

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Texas A&M University

Box 5718

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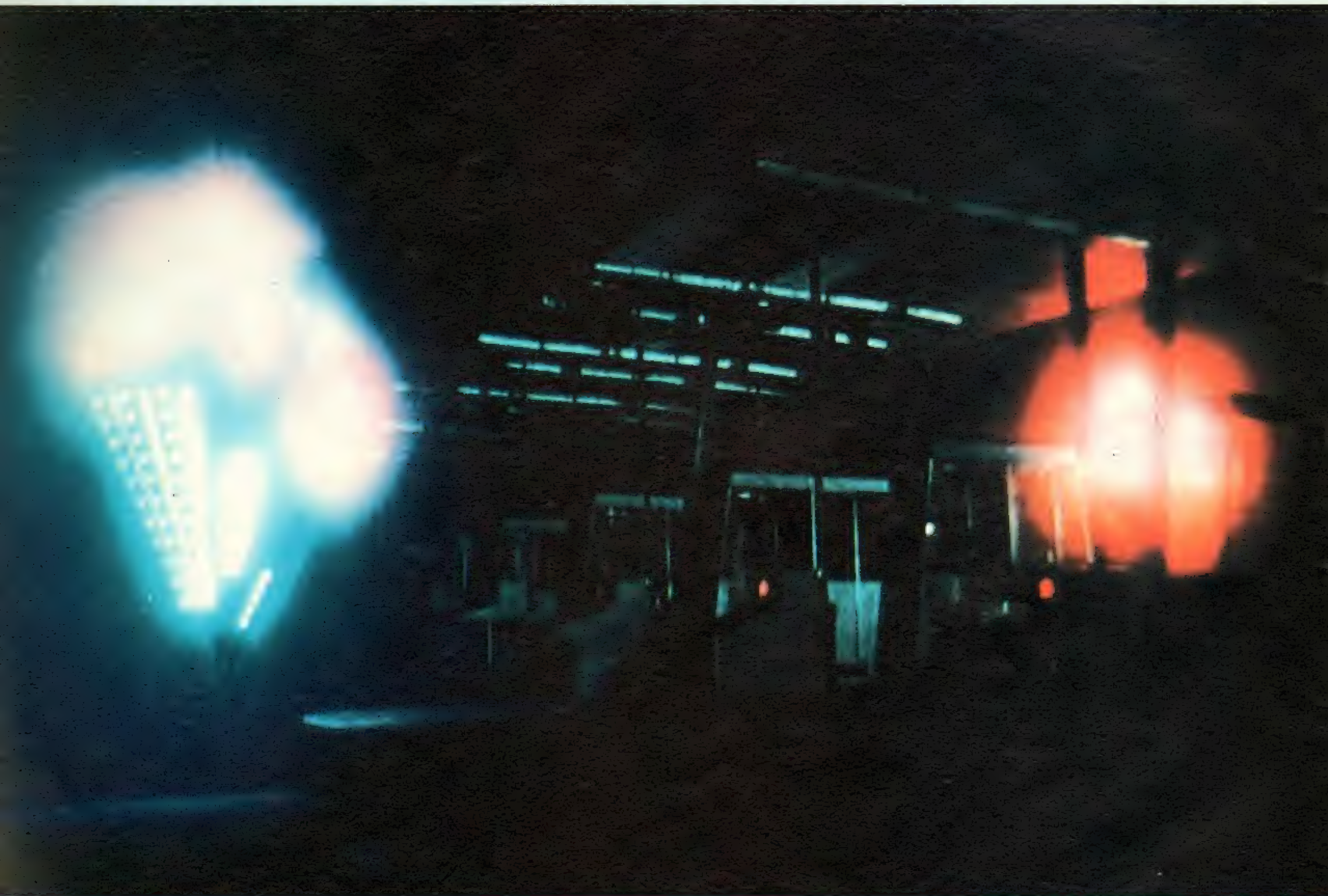
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A close-up portfolio from CE3K

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Below: Two of the UFOs that lead Roy Neary and two patrol cars on a merry chase from the Crescendo Summit lookout onto an Indiana toll road. The UFOs are seen to pass through the tollgate with the ambient light and shadow cast by the UFOs moving with them.

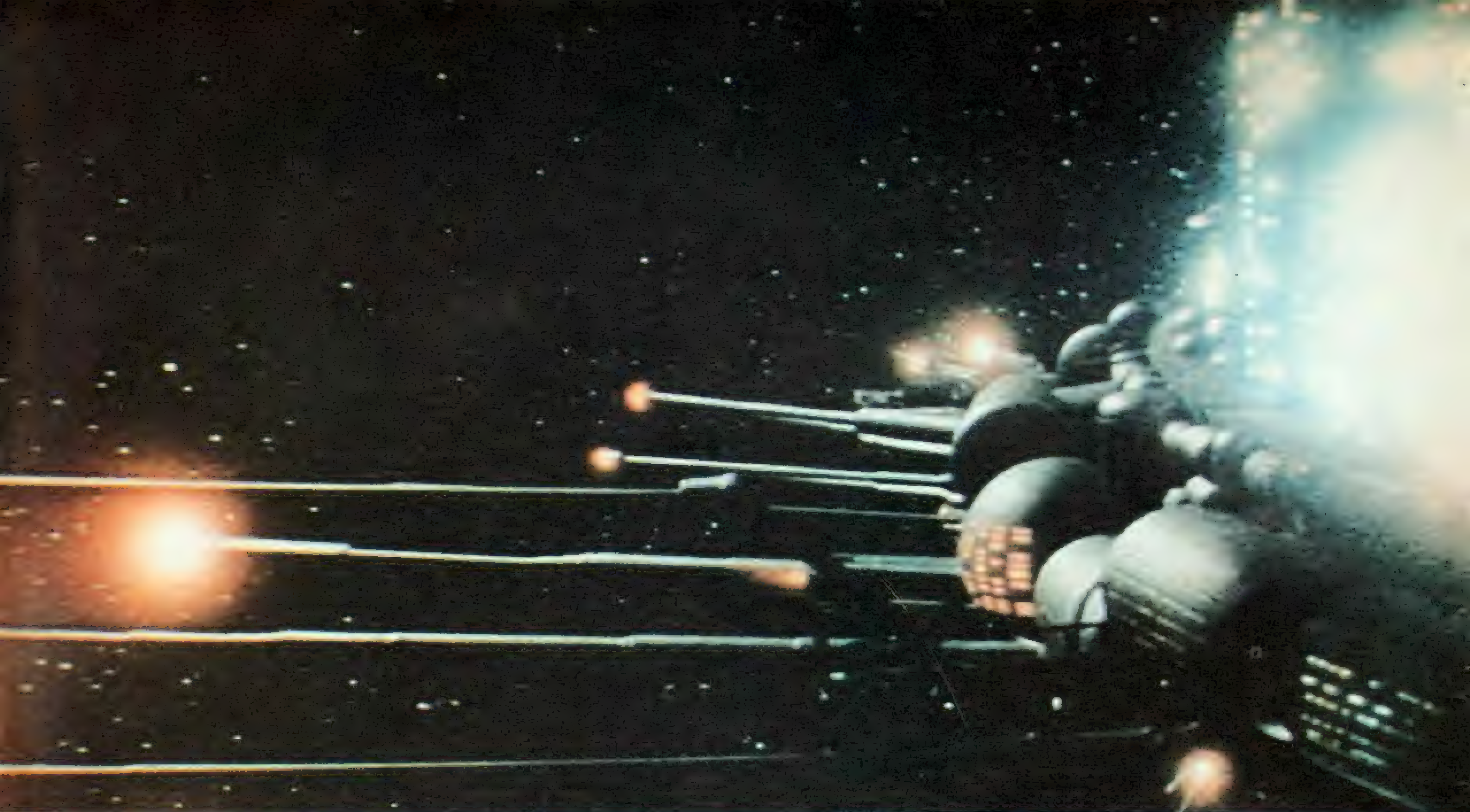
Right: The remarkable aliens crafted from exacting Steven Spielberg specifications were constructed under the supervision of Tom Burman at Burman Studio. Forty-five little girls and five little boys wearing radio-controlled mechanical heads played the ETs.



Photos: © Columbia 1977

Right: No still frame blow-up can do justice to the majesty of the Mother Ship's appearance as it rises from behind the Devil's Tower and performs a 180° forward roll. Dennis Muren supervised the Mother Ship photography with skill and patience.





Above: The rim of the Mother Ship in close-up. Construction was supervised by Greg Jein, head of the miniature dept. The design was based on Steve's conception of an oil refinery at night with ideas from Doug Trumbull, Greg and illustrator, Ralph McQuarrie.

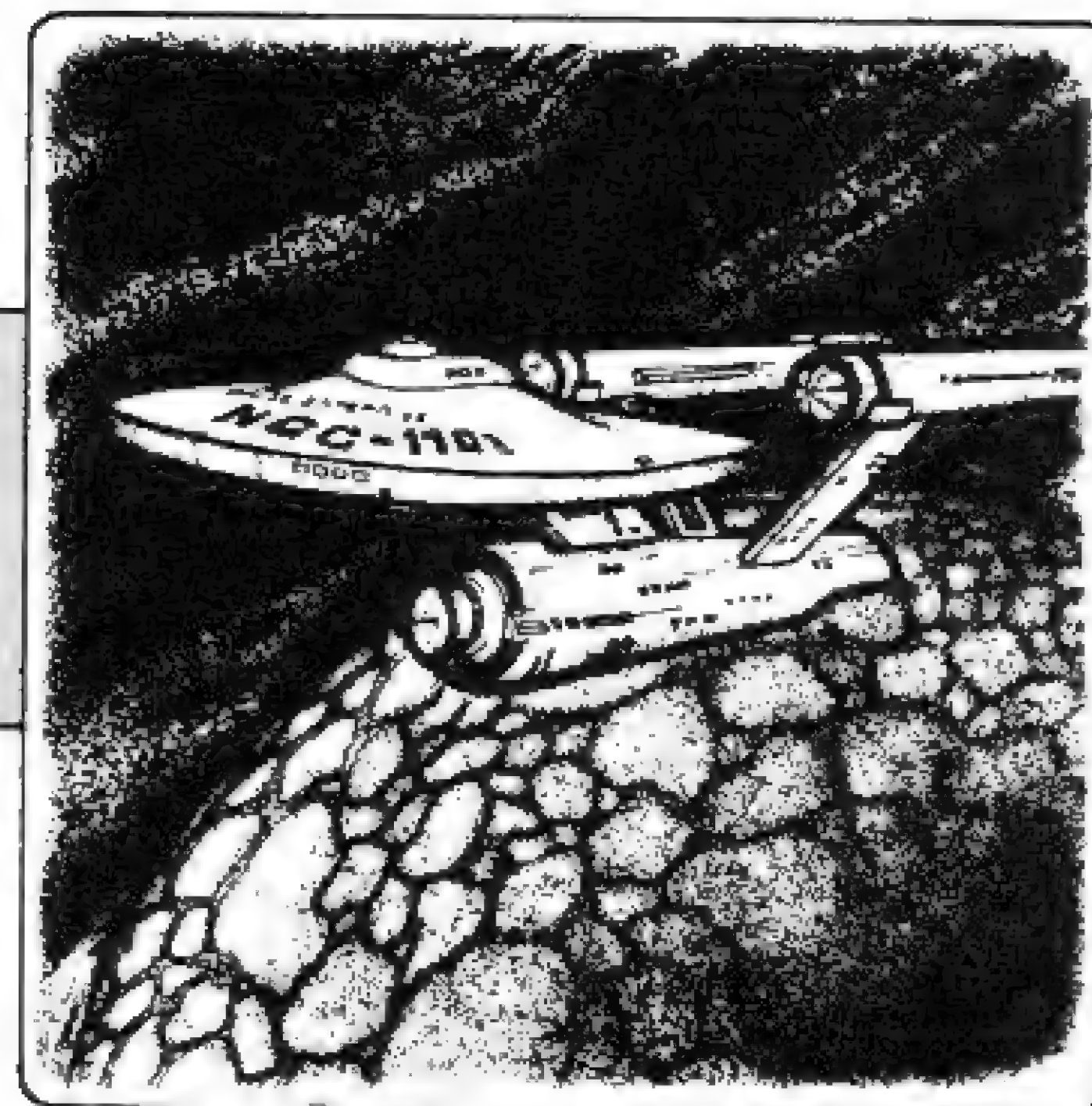
Photos: © 1977 Columbia Pictures

Below: Jillian (Melinda Dillon) scrambles after her son, Barry (Cary Guffy) who wants to play with "the pretty lights in the sky." This Crescendo Summit set is actually a foreground piece to Doug Trumbull's 100 by 38 ft. portable front projection screen.



STAR TREK REPORT

A Fan News Column by Susan Sackett



trek — n: a trip or movement esp. when involving difficulties or complex organizations
marathon — n: something characterized by great length

In a note to me dated July, 1976, Dr. Isaac Asimov wrote (of the *Star Trek* office): "You are on 5451 Marathon Street—the imagination boggles!" I secretly suspect that all science-fiction writers are disguised prophets, since there would seem to be some connection between *Star Trek* and "Marathon Street" beyond mere location.

Just eight days short of our start date in November, we received word that the production had been postponed until March. In a way, it is like being pregnant for three years—the baby's long overdue and the labor pains are continuing unabated. However, this time the delay was actually a welcome relief.

Paramount Pictures has now committed several million dollars to a *Star Trek* motion picture which we hope will surpass both *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* in both quality and impact. This delay in our start date is actually being viewed more as a reprieve. With the additional preparation time, we are beginning to work with a team of special-effects experts in this pre-production stage. These extra months allow for more planning of effects, modifications of sets and miniatures to accommodate filming in 65mm (5mm are taken up by soundtrack to equal 70mm), complete story-boards, better electrical wiring on the bridge set, script revisions and polishing.

Over at Magicam, the orbiting drydock is being built in miniature. Eight gifted technicians and engineers are combining their talents and utilizing the additional time to build an elaborate drydock for the *Enterprise*, which promises to be visually spectacular.

On Paramount's Stage 9 work efforts are being concentrated on the bridge set. Intricate wiring is being installed on the consoles making up the science and

communications stations so that the lights on the panels will actually work when activated by the people at those stations. There are "touch plates" which are similar to those on elevators, and each actor will be given an instruction book detailing which plates to touch to produce appropriate light patterns, so that authenticity will be maintained.

Construction of other sets has been halted until we have the final script, since there may be some changes for this major motion picture. We expect construction to resume some time in January, 1978.

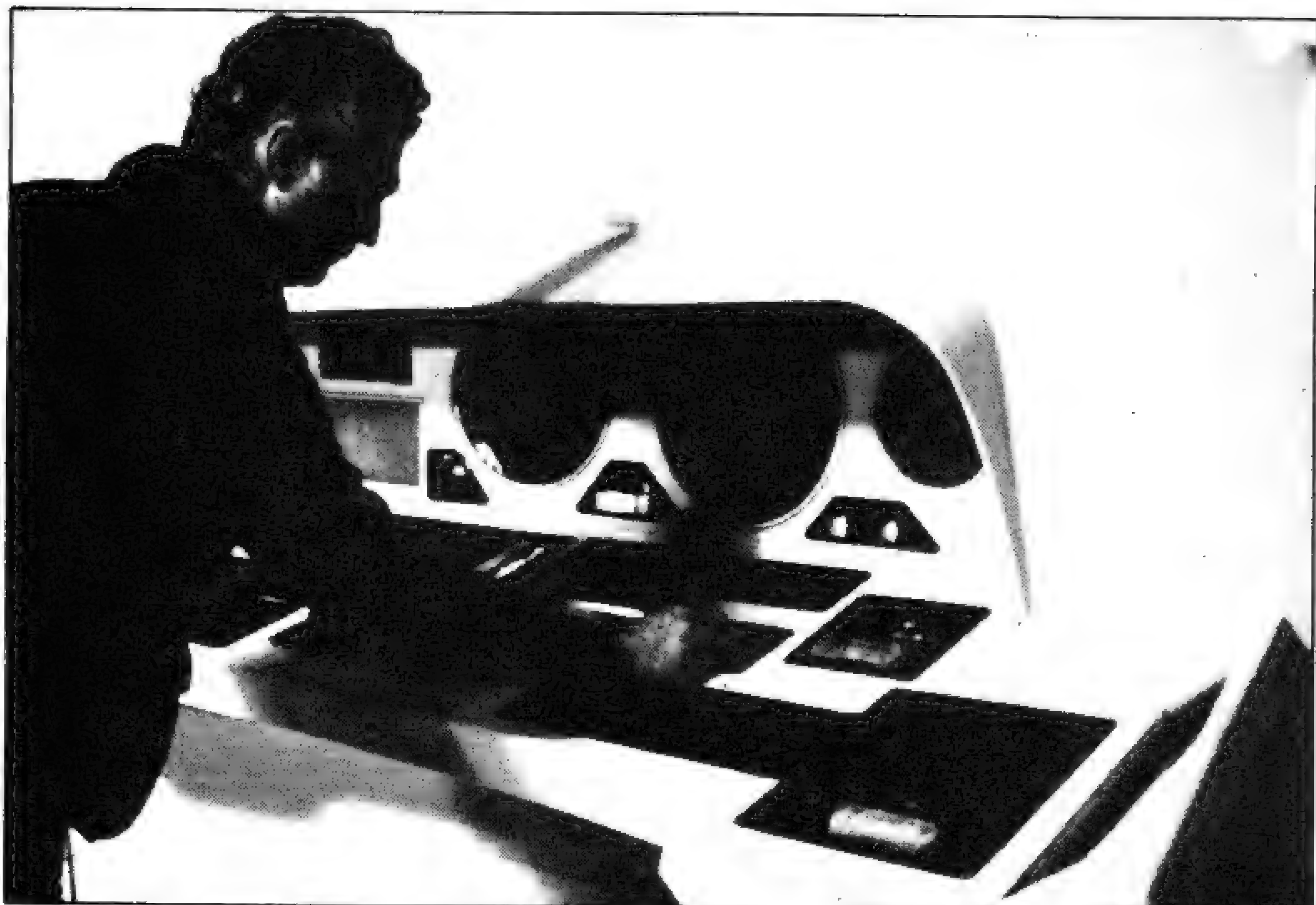
The fate of the television series is still uncertain, although things look good for the series after release of the movie (hopefully Christmas of 1978). Jon Povill has been promoted to Story Editor; we have all of our stories and five of these have gone to script, with the others expected shortly. There is also the possibility of a series of movies following the expected success of the first one.

In a recent letter to over 450 fans and fan organizations, Gene Roddenberry

praised them for their continued support and explained the delay:

"In October, the Studio became concerned that a made-for-television *Star Trek* was bound to suffer in any comparison with the big-budget *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters*. Paramount decided to commit the Studio's resources to making *Star Trek* a wide-screen motion picture to be shown in theaters all over the world. Unfortunately, rumors circulated that *Star Trek* was merely being shelved again. But this time the rumors were wrong. Production was merely being delayed for the months necessary to let us make *Star Trek* a top-quality film event.

"And so this is the situation as of the writing of this letter. A major motion picture is in pre-production—it looks like it will finally happen this time. On stage, first class *Star Trek* sets, costumes and paraphernalia are ready for the motion picture, and will be standing there—beautiful and ready—for still further *Star Trek* production. Will we make all the delays and postage stamps and aggravation worthwhile? We can only promise that we will try."★



A technician on the *Star Trek II* set checks the installation of a new piece of bridge equipment. The new console will actually be operated by the *ST* actors.

photo: courtesy Susan Sackett

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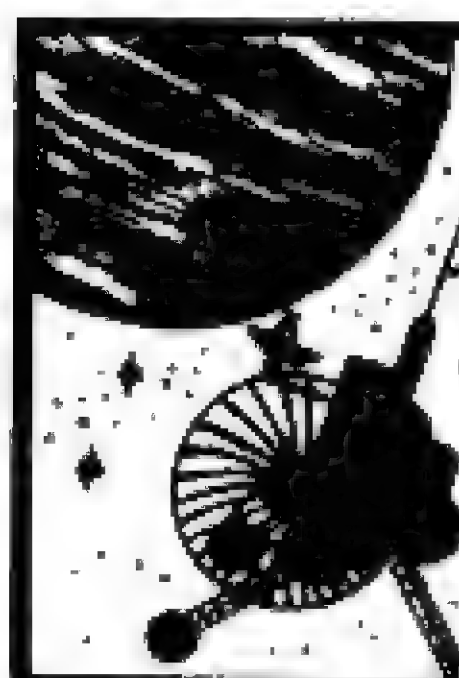
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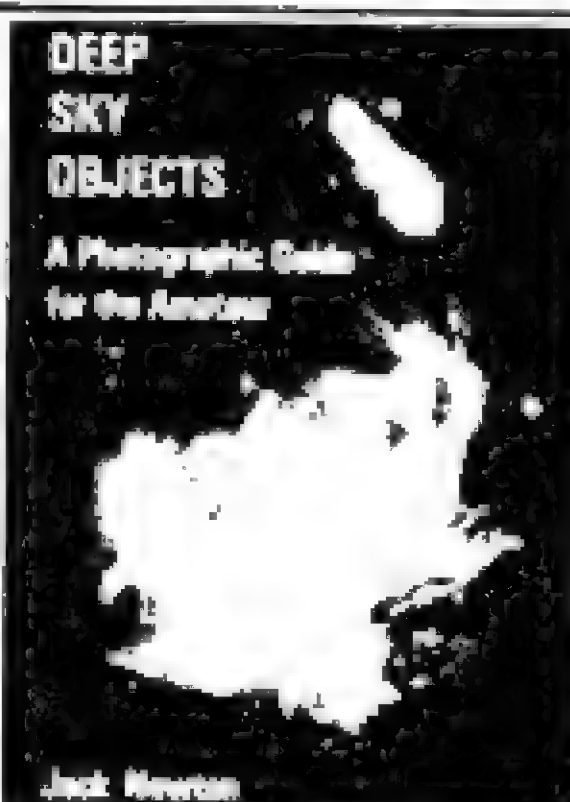
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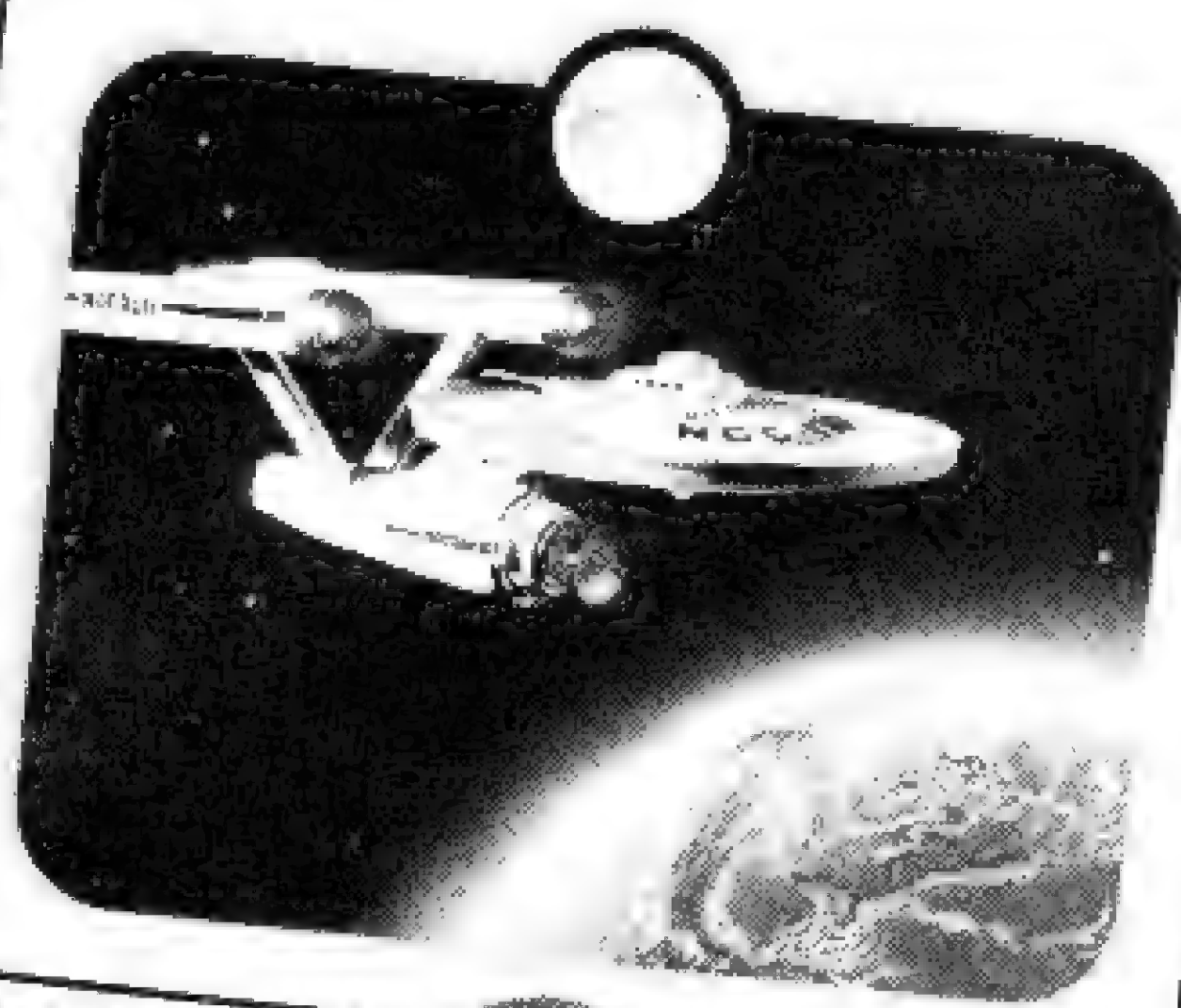
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Manitou

(Continued from page 19)

The most chilling element in the film, the actual birth of the manitou, proved to be the most hazardous and nerve-racking for all concerned. "The entire character of Misquamacus is totally makeup," Girdler says proudly. "When you see him on the screen, there is not one inch of the actor's real flesh revealed. The actor had on more appliances than any other actor has ever had on in one film, including *Planet Of The Apes*. It took 5 hours to put it on, 2 to take it off." The makeup was so difficult, two different midget actors were used for the scene—one for the birth sequence and a slightly larger, more muscular man to crawl across the room.

"It was really grueling," Girdler recalls. "It took two-and-a-half days to film. Once you start filming it, you have to go all the way through it. There's no turning back. So, for the actors to watch the entire birth for the first time . . . Well, everyone was a little queazy. The one with the hardest time coping with it all was poor Susan. It's a topic that a woman can relate to, the birth of a deformed body. It got pretty heavy for her, but she got through it marvelously.

"We were all worried. The set was tense. It was one of those things that had never been attempted before, especially with all those appliances. It took almost 12 hours to set up. So, if we blew it, it was 12 hours to re-do." Happily, the scene was filmed with a minimal amount of disasters. "The effects were handled with a lot of taste. Nothing is really gory."

You'll soon be able to decide that for yourself as *The Manitou* goes into national distribution, leaving people in Hollywood still buzzing about the production. Its sets were closed for the entire nine weeks of filming. The movie employed 64 explosions, untold gallons of cinematic blood, a truckload of plastic snow, an intricate mechanical head of the manitou which "appears" from a table during a seance, electrically created lightning bolts which smash furniture inside buildings, specially created "earthquake" rooms controlled by hydraulic gimbals for maximum shimmy, a half dozen wind machines (all used inside) and a pair of disembodied legs.

A bizarre combination of standard horror elements and science fiction spirit, *The Manitou* is practically a catalog of special effects. With a budget hovering in a somewhat less than extravagant area, Girdler and his technicians have attempted to get every possible effect imaginable for their money. Why? "Well," explained Girdler, now in the process of planning another science-fiction film, "*The Manitou* was something that had never been done before . . . I did it." ★

Kowal

(Continued from page 47)

"minor planet," an astronomers' jargon which includes asteroids and similar lumps. It does not, however, include comets. And one possibility is that Object Kowal is a comet that is simply too far from the Sun's warmth to give off any of the frozen gases and trapped dust associated with a typical comet's fuzzy head and sometimes long tail.

In fact—and here's the frustration of the whole adventure—it may *never* get enough warmth. Knowing the object's orbit has allowed researchers to find it on photos dating as far back as 1895, some of them taken when it was about as close to the Sun as it ever gets. Unfortunately, those photos were made while the telescope was tracking something else, so that, as on the discovery plates, the object appears as a streak—making it nearly impossible to tell whether it is giving off any gases and such. It may be possible to find out in the 1990s, when it comes around again, but (always another "but") what if it is a "dead" comet that has already given off all of its "volatiles?" Earthbound observers would never be able to tell if it was (1) truly dead, (2) simply not warm enough, or (3) not a comet at all.

Meanwhile, since it's not presently *acting* like a comet, the researchers seem to be in favor of calling it a minor planet, presumably unless they somehow find out otherwise. As such, it travels in a part of space where other minor planets are so far unknown. If it is one, however, Kowal and Marsden agree, there may well be more.

As for a name, Kowal gets the privilege (subject to approval by The International Astronomical Union), and he has suggested Chiron, one of the centaurs of Greek mythology. If that name is adopted and more such objects are found (and if they do not spoil the game by turning out to be comets), says Kowal, perhaps the family might be dubbed the "Centaurian planets."

That, of course, raises one more "if": What, asks Marsden, if someone finds planets orbiting the star Alpha Centauri? Somehow I think the discovery would pretty well outshine such a problem.

This, then has been an introduction to the world of the interplanetary traveler whose journeys are of light and mind . . . the Earthbound process of finding new wonders in the heavens. While local travel agencies may be advertising "new, exotic locales" for you to experience, astronomers and other scientists will serve that function for our purposes. From now on, the sky is not our limit, but our starting point.

Welcome to the *real* realm of outer space. ★

On The Set of **Invasion of The Body Snatchers**

By SONNI COOPER

A screaming mob ran through the streets of San Francisco's red light Tenderloin District. The street people, for which the district is famous, stood on the corners as the frenzied mob pursued their grey-haired prey. Covered with scratches and bruises, the middle-aged victim spotted an oncoming police car and attempted to flag it down. The squad car, its windshield already shattered, continued on its way, oblivious to the man's plight. A voice shouted "Cut!" and all action ceased. The terrifying riot subsided and onlookers applauded another action-filled scene from the forthcoming *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers*, filmed for six weeks in San Francisco.

While director Phil Kaufman reset the scene, the object of the mob's attention, Kevin McCarthy, caught his breath and signed a few autographs. The star of the original *Body Snatchers*, McCarthy guests in this version with Donald Sutherland and Leonard Nimoy taking over the lead roles. All was not going well in Kevin's scene. "People!" the assistant director shouted at the extras, "You look like the Keystone Cops. Stop waving your arms around when you run. Shout, don't wave!" The extras, already exhausted from chasing McCarthy around the block seven previous times, trudged across the street to take their places and begin the chase again, and again and again. . . .

Leonard Nimoy, not working that day, appeared for a short time and signed a few autographs for his fans, who seemed to have an uncanny radar-like ability of discovering his every move in the city during *Body Snatcher* shooting. After holding a brief conference with Kaufman and Sutherland, he disappeared for the day . . . his fans in tow.

Even in the sophisticated city of San Francisco, the making of this motion picture caused snarls in traffic and curious pedestrian pile-ups. One scene, featuring a dead man lying in the middle of the street after having just been run down by a swerving car, really inspired a commotion. Traffic was blocked off during the filming of the bloody scene. In between retakes of the carnage, cars were allowed to proceed down the street. The "body" was told to stay in place so as not to smear its blood and ruin the shot. A tour bus filled with sightseers chose that moment to drive by. The passengers ran from their seats to the windows for a better view of the "accident," looks of horror appearing

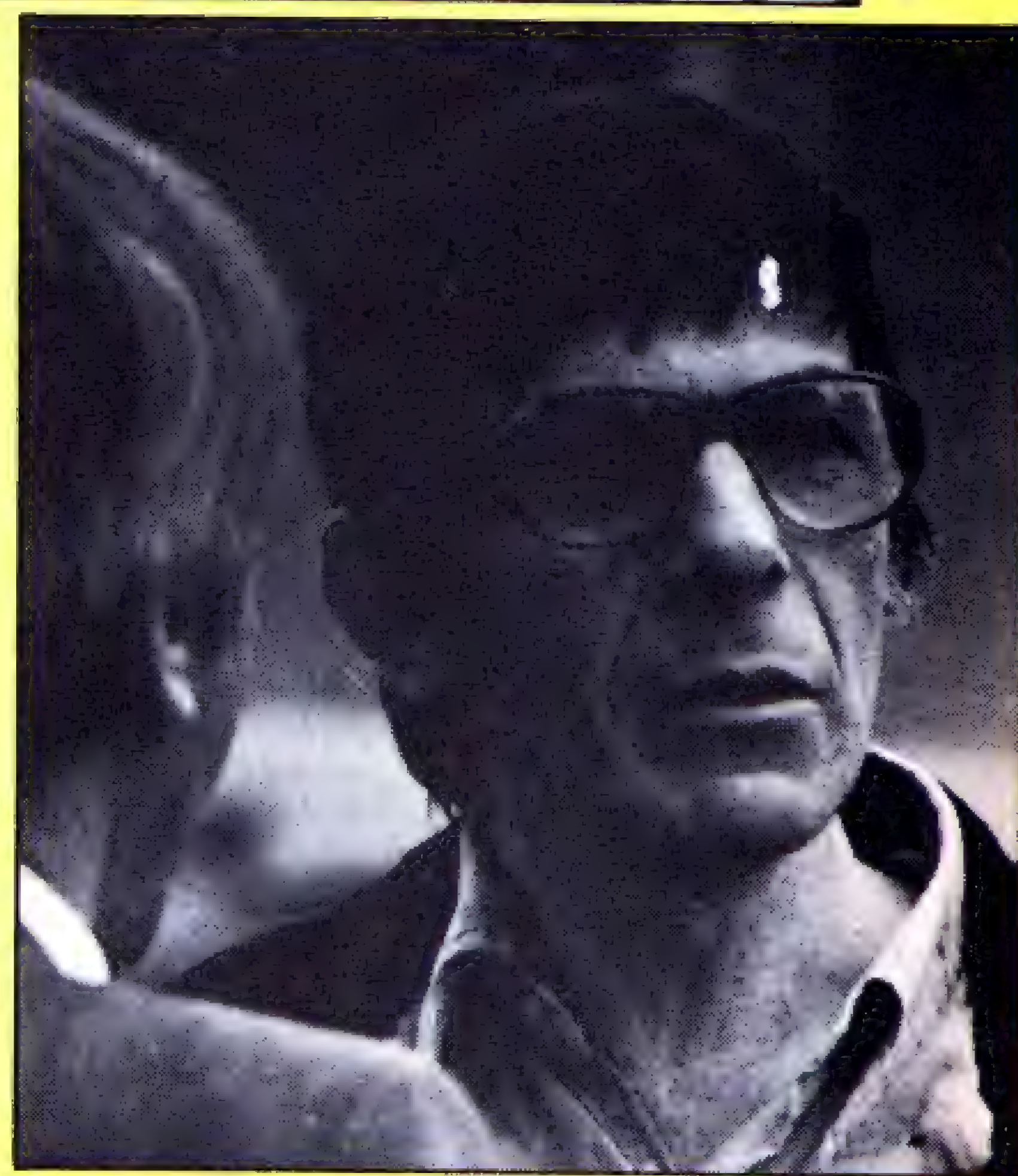
on their faces. Outside the bus, a crowd of extras gathered around the "body," looking up at the vehicle and laughing at the tourists' concern. The bus drove on, its passengers leaving with the impression that San Francisco is inhabited by a callous lot and allowing the extras, crew and local police to enjoy a macabre joke.

The police had their hands full throughout the day's shooting, attempting to keep traffic flowing when the cameras were not rolling. A brand new Cadillac Seville driver was so impressed by the mob scene of "pod people," he promptly rammed the back of a New York tourist's car. The tourist never saw it coming, of course, since he was also ogling at the space-age zombies. The accident occurred in full view of thirty extras, a cordon of police and assorted onlookers. *Body Snatcher* executives consider it the best-witnessed fender-bender in automotive history.

The final trauma of the day occurred when a young actress, portraying a street-walker, placed herself on a corner usually frequented by the Tenderloin District's real-life ladies of the evening. As the cameras rolled and the actress began her scene with a fellow thespian dressed as a pimp, an innocent policeman strolled by, stopping to chat with the sinful woman. "New on the street?" he asked. The actress virtually melted in embarrassment.

Despite the rigors of location shooting, the cast and crew of the new *Invasion of The Body Snatchers* took it all in stride. Slated for a spring release, the film (scripted by W.D. Richter) is touted not as a re-make of a classic, but an updating of a classic theme. ★

Photos: Ramirez/Cooper



On the *Body Snatcher* set. Top of page: Star Sutherland, a friend, director Kaufman and original star McCarthy pose. Above: McCarthy and Nimoy chat. Below: McCarthy, Kaufman, Nimoy.



“ . . . I drew a breath, set my teeth, gripped the starting lever with both hands, and went off with a thud. The laboratory got hazy and went dark . . . As I put on pace, night followed day like the flapping of a black wing . . . the smallest snail that ever crawled dashed by too fast for me.”

The time traveler in H.G. Wells' *The Time Machine*

THE

By ED NAHA

In 1895, H.G. Wells' adventuresome Victorian time traveler pulled the throttle of his time travelling chair and leaped into the future to witness the decay and eventual destruction of mankind. In 1960, producer-director George Pal brought the century-hopping tinkerer to the screen in Technicolor. *The Time Machine* won an Academy Award for special effects. The world applauded the film for both its style and its substance. But the story behind the film's origins is almost as fantastic as the tale that unfolded on the screen. Underbudgeted, underappreciated and virtually ignored for years by the movie industry, *The Time Machine* stands as a monument to the imagination and dedication of two men whose lives are separated by almost a century: H.G. Wells and George Pal.

Today, over fifteen years since the film's release, Pal still recalls how the seeds for the film were planted in his own mind. "When I was a child," he states, "*The Time Machine* was one of my favorite books. H.G. Wells had the ability to bring everyone's hidden desires to the surface with a truly beautiful sense of wonder. All of us, at one time or another, have looked up at the Moon and thought: 'Gee, I wonder what's up there?' Mr. Wells wrote *The First Men in the Moon*.

"And haven't we all thought about what we'd do if we were invisible? Mr. Wells then wrote *The Invisible Man*. And so, came *The Time Machine*. Hasn't everyone daydreamed how wonderful it would be to travel back and forth through time? I had to make this daydream a movie. I had to."

The Time Traveler's Dream

"There is no difference between Time and any of the three dimensions of Space," stresses George (Rod Taylor), "except that our consciousness moves along it." He stands before his friends and colleagues, outlining the possibili-

Above: The Morlocks whip the gentle Eloi into shape. In the foreground, the time traveler fights back. Left: The time machine is surrounded by molten waves of lava.

Photos: © 1960 M.G.M.



TIME MACHINE

ties of time travel. Kemp (Whit Bissell) and Dr. Hillyer (Sebastian Cabot) are somewhat less than convinced, although faithful friend Filby (Alan Young) is captivated with the idea. George hurriedly explains his theory concerning the fourth dimension, illustrating it with a working miniature model of his time machine. The men appreciate the demonstration, terming it an advanced sort of party trick and leave the frustrated inventor on his own.

Determined to prove his point, George continues his experiments. He induces Filby to agree not to sell his house should George mysteriously disappear for a lengthy period of time. Filby is loyal, albeit confused, and agrees. On New Year's Eve, in 1889, George pushes the throttle on his full-sized time chair forward. The large wheel on the back of the machine whirls slowly at first, gradually picking up speed. George watches the world around him accelerate in a comical fashion, like a revved up silent movie. People scurry about, candles melt within the wink of an eye, store windows change their displays every few seconds and the Sun comes and goes like a yo-yo.

Seeking the shape of the future with growing impatience, George pushes the lever further, pausing in a confused year of 1914 where, much to his horror, he encounters World War I. After leaving his house for a first-hand look, he returns to his machine and ventures forward again, encountering the blitzkrieg attacks on London during 1941. For Victorian George, this is the ultimate degradation of Man. He leaps into the future again and alights in 1966 where he steps from his machine during the ultimate cataclysmic event: nuclear war. The city of London is covered with debris. Large pools of molten lava cascade through the streets. Panic-stricken, George runs for his machine—a wave of lava in hot pursuit. He pushes the lever forward hastily, jamming the machine into high speed.

The centuries fly by as the time traveler wrestles, helplessly, with the controls. His house disappears. A wall of lava engulfs the machine, turns to rock. George is trapped

within a mountain. Thousands of years pass in milli-seconds, the machine's massive wheel at the back spinning pinwheel-like. The mountain erodes. Sunlight bathes the Victorian's face. He yanks the throttle backwards, sending the machine tumbling to a stop. The year: 802,701. The man from 1889 comes to rest in a fertile land.

Deceptive Perfection

Before long, George encounters a gentle, flaxen-haired race of elfin humans: the Eloi. The time traveler is pleased. Despite the carnage, the horror, the depravity of time gone by, humanity has survived. The Eloi are a childish race, simple in life-style and dress reminiscent of the ancient Greeks. They soon indoctrinate George into their casual, care-free ways. The nineteenth century scientist finds himself mesmerized by the charms of the fawn-like female, Weena (Yvette Mimieux). Truly, the future is paradise.

But the longer George stays, the more

A tribe of Morlocks prove a menacing sight in their underground lair. Created by William Tuttle, the Morlock makeup featured oversized fangs and night-glowing eyes.

he becomes suspicious of the Eloi's perfect existence. They are neither hunters nor farmers, yet food is bountiful. They are not at all mechanically minded, yet their city still stands. If their needs are constantly provided for, George wonders who exactly the providers are.

The answer presents itself one day when the Eloi's tranquil activities are shattered by the high pitched wail of air raid sirens. George watches in wonder as the child-like

THE TIME MACHINE

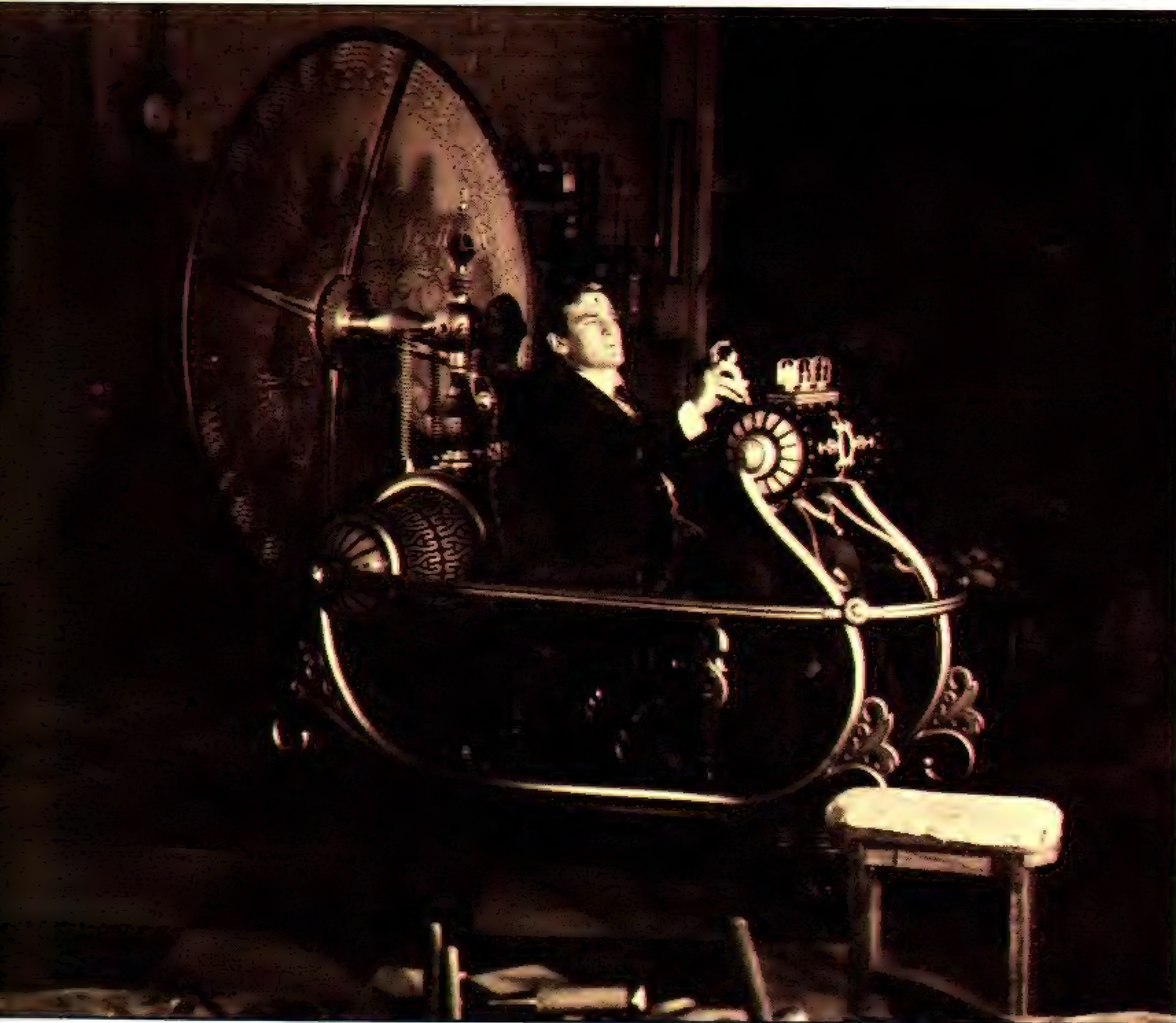
CAST & PRODUCTION CREDITS

THE TIME MACHINE: An MGM Release. 1960. Color. 103 minutes. Produced and directed by George Pal. Screenplay by David Duncan. Cinematography by Paul C. Vogel. Art Direction: George W. Davis and William Ferrari. Edited by George Tomasini. Music composed and arranged by Russell Garcia. Special Effects by Projects Unlimited (Gene Warren, Wah Chang, Tim Barr). Makeup by William Tuttle. Based upon the novel by H.G. Wells.

George Rod Taylor
Weena Yvette Mimieux
Filby Alan Young
Dr. Hillyer Sebastian Cabot
Walter Kemp Whit Bissell
Voice of History Machine .. Paul Frees



Photo: © 1960 M.G.M.



humans march, in a trance, to an open entranceway of a titanic sphinx-shaped structure. Dozens enter. The sirens stop. The door closes. The Eloi outside return to normalcy. Curious, George questions Weena about the mysterious edifice and the fate of those who enter. He learns the horrible truth about mankind's future.

During the course of history, mankind had drifted into two camps: the doers and the thinkers. This caste system gradually evolved into a monstrous aberration that continued into 802,701. The Eloi are tended to by a horde of underground providers, the Morlocks. Bestial in shape with shining eyes and fanged visages, the nocturnal monsters live in a series of caverns located beneath the surface of the Earth. They provide the Eloi with a good life. In return, the Eloi march blandly into the bowels of the sphinx . . . to be eaten by the cannibalistic Morlocks. In the future, mankind is nurtured like so many cattle, to be slaughtered and devoured by the underground mutants.

George is dumbfounded. He organizes the Eloi and teaches them to fight. Complications arise when both George's time machine and his sweetheart Weena are abducted by the Morlocks. George leads a revolt against the creatures, destroying most of the horde and saving Weena and her friends from an unjust dessert. While recovering his missing vehicle, however, George is attacked by a surviving Morlock and acci-

Time traveling George (Rod Taylor) pushes his Victorian machine far into the future.

dentally hurled forward into time. The Morlock putrifies before his eyes. Regaining his wits, George returns to his own time. He congratulates Filby on his staunch friendship (George's house was never sold) and, taking a handful of reference books from his shelf, he returns to Weena and the Eloi to teach mankind a better way of life. And thus, the film ends on a note of hope: the human race, transcending all barriers of time and space, will regenerate itself using both the powers of the mind and of the heart.

A Near-Aborted Time Trip

The Time Machine is now a part of motion picture history. It set box office records immediately upon release, won an Oscar and is still a popular draw on television. Since it's so universally acclaimed, *The Time Machine* must surely have been recognized as a superior work from its inception. "You've got to be joking," laughs George Pal. Seated in his office on the Paramount lot, the master of science-fiction screen fare smiles as he recounts the truly bizarre history of the H.G. Wells film . . . a film which almost died before it was born.

"It wasn't very difficult to adapt the book to the screen," Pal reveals. "But it was very hard to get the motion picture executives to accept the idea as being feasible. We had the script for eight

years. We went to every studio and every executive we knew. No one wanted to make it."

Eventually, *The Time Machine* found a hero, in the personage of a six-inch dancing movie star. "If it wasn't for *Tom Thumb*," Pal chuckles, "I never would have made *The Time Machine*. We made *Tom* in 1958 and it was very successful. Everyone was very happy. So, MGM turned around and said 'What else have you got?' We dusted off the eight-year-old Wells property and they took it. *Tom Thumb* made them believe in it. Before that, everyone thought it was an impossible film to make."

Although the movie received a go-ahead from the front office, it was a hesitant one and Pal found himself short of cash and, of all things, time. "We had a 29-day shooting schedule," he marvels, "and we all had to work like crazy. The picture itself was quite inexpensive. It cost us only a little over \$800,000 to make. That was the only way I was allowed to get it off the ground. We had to be very resourceful. We had to have everything planned down to the smallest detail because, on a budget like that, the trick is to get almost everything to work on the first take, primarily special effects."

Ingenious Solutions

The Award-winning effects by Projects Unlimited (Gene Warren, Wah Chang, Tim Barr and a very young apprentice named Jim Danforth) and the fantastic Morlock makeup by Bill Tuttle had to have all the kinks out weeks before the first few feet of film were shot. "We had to have everything designed before the cameras rolled," Pal explains. "As we wrote the script, we designed things and inspired each other. This saved us time and money. We even called in the composer on these little brainstorm sessions, to let him get a feel of the picture. He composed a lot of music before we even filmed the scenes. That's not done very often."

Despite the frantic attempts to keep the budget at a minimum, Pal still found some scenes too expensive to film. He was faced with the choice of abandoning many of the opulent Eloi interior sets or finding a way to film them that wasn't too costly. Pal found a solution. "It was much cheaper to shoot outdoors than indoors in those days," he explains. "For instance, we had a big hall where the Eloi gathered to eat. In order to film it on our budget, we designed the banquet area with an open roof. We placed the walls outside on the grass and let the Sun shine in through the open roof. We then shot all the indoor scenes outdoors using sunlight. This saved us a lot of money because, back then, using artificial lights was very expensive, and you had to use a lot of lights because the film wasn't as sen-

sitive as it is today."

Another stumbling block in Pal's path was casting. He had his own ideas about what the people of the future should look like and the studio had theirs. "I'd been looking for someone to play the little innocent girl, Weena, for quite some time—unsuccessfully. It was very difficult to find someone with that special look, that fawn-like quality. Finally, I remembered seeing Yvette Mimieux in a screen test taken by some actor fellow. She was in the background. I asked the casting director to show me the test again. He did, and when it was done he turned to me and said: 'Isn't HE great?' I started to laugh. 'I'm not looking for the man. I'm looking for the girl.' He was shocked. 'Oh, that girl? She's no good. We let her go.' I told him he had better find her because that's the Weena I wanted. He found her. We tested her and she got the part."

Yvette may have proved to be the perfect Weena, but she brought some ticklish and unexpected problems to the set. "She was very young," Pal remembers. "But she swore she was over eighteen. If she was under eighteen, because of the child labor law, she would have only been able to work a few hours a day before going to school. We couldn't have used her. We found out later that she lied to us. She was really under-age. . . . We were so fortunate she lied."

Mimieux's lack of acting experience (this film was her first) brought another surprising complication to Pal's already helter-skelter production. "Sometimes, you shoot the ending of the film first. We did that with *The Time Machine*, filming a touching scene between Yvette and Rod Taylor. Well, by the end of our 29 days of shooting, Yvette had learned so much about acting and was such a better actress, we had to hurriedly reconstruct the scene and re-shoot the whole thing. It was worth it. She was wonderful."

Morlock Troubles

In spite of Pal's frantic efforts to cut costs and please the front office, *The Time Machine* was nearly done in by the film's natural villains, the Morlocks themselves. "We were shooting the sequence where there is a tremendous fight between George and the Morlocks," Pal recalls. "The Morlocks were jumping all over their caves. Now, to get a good Morlock leap, we had to film the entire sequence from the time the actor began running to the time he landed. That's a long piece of film. In the middle of our shooting we got a call from the head of the studio. He said: 'George, we're in trouble. I think you're overshooting this scene. You're taking too much time and too much film. We have to



Above: The gentle Eloi, a race of child-adults, gaze into one of the smokestack structures which dot the planet. The stacks are evidence of the Morlocks below. Right: Rod Taylor as George makes a strong impression on a mauling Morlock.



have a meeting.' I asked him if he could wait until we had the sequence edited so we could show him what we were doing with all the time and film. Reluctantly, he agreed.

"So, we worked over the weekend with our editor George Tomasini, one of the great editors who worked for years with Alfred Hitchcock. We cut the sequence into shape. Monday, at noon, we met with the head of the studio and his hangers-on, his 'yes men.' All those people were just waiting for the blood to flow. That's the nature of a motion picture studio. They were all primed for a good head chopping. We showed the Morlock scene and it looked pretty good. But no one in the room would say a word. Everyone was looking at the boss, waiting for him to say something. He walked over to me and said: 'Congratulations, George. You were right.' I pointed to George Tomasini sitting next to me and said 'You're congratulating the wrong George. HE put it together.' As if by magic, everyone in the room suddenly began nodding their heads and saying 'Yes, it is very wonderful, isn't it.' "

One More Time

Pal laughs out loud recalling the incident now, reassured by the knowledge that the adventures of George among the Morlocks and Eloi are considered to

be one of science-fiction films' finest moments. As he sits and reminisces about the film, Pal stresses the fact that all the actors and technicians were "invaluable" in bringing the eye-boggling low-budget classic to life. Eventually, the conversation gets around to the long-awaited sequel to *The Time Machine*, currently called *The Time Machine No. 2*. With a book version of the script near completion, the legendary producer is anxious to bring the second production to the screen. Thus far, what is Hollywood's verdict concerning the son-of-George spin-off of the Academy Award-winning film? "Nobody is interested right now," Pal sighs. "They all say it's impossible to bring to the screen."

He laughs at the irony of his own words, shrugging his shoulders. "That's Hollywood for you." And so, Time Traveler George continues to drift, ghost-like, through the decades. Surfacing in 1895 and again in 1960, he has thus far managed to set the imaginations of millions afire with his magical encounters in time past, present and future. His fictional hand still grasping the wondrous machine's throttle firmly, George hovers steadfastly in limbo, awaiting but another chance to reappear; to dazzle the hearts and minds of science-fiction fans with new adventures and wonders. When will he reappear? Why, it's only a matter of time.★

TWO BRANCHES OF SCIENCE FICTION'S CONCEPTUAL FAMILY TREE



Robert Lansing is the scientist in the *4D Man* who can walk through walls by some quirk of laboratory experiment gone awry.

Photo: © 1959 Universal International

Part II: Wishful Thinking versus Extrapolation

(Part I, in STARLOG No.12, divided the concepts of science fiction into the H.G. Wells and Jules Verne lines of development and discussed three varieties of Wells-like wishful thinking: invisibility, ESP and telekinesis.)

Wouldn't it be interesting, fantastic in fact, if a man or an object could accomplish travel across distances great and small *instantaneously*—without effort, without the consumption of time?

Teleportation, as used in modern science fiction, may well owe its popularity to a contemporary of Wells', Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, whose short story, "The Disintegration Machine," published in 1931, laid out the theory and even raised the principle objection:

"Even if I make so monstrous an admission as that our molecules could be dispersed by some disrupting power," Professor Challenger said to the mad Dr. Nemor, "why should they reassemble in exactly the same order as before?"

"The objection is an obvious one," replied Nemor, "and I can only answer that they do so reassemble themselves down to the last atom of the structure. There is an invisible framework and every brick flies into its true place."

Science, as yet, cannot even disintegrate an object wholly, much less put it back together; nor has anyone yet created *any* sort of matter from energy.¹ Further, any known transmittable form of energy has no solid *molecular* identity at all. All those intriguing appearances and disappearances—*Star Trek's* transporter, the frequent displacements of matter used in the TV *Logan's Run*, the

horror of the accidental interchange of matter in *The Fly*—are from imagination unsupported by science. They are elements of fantasy.

Two conceptual relatives of matter transportation are travel in the fourth (or a higher number) dimension, and warp-drive/faster-than-light travel. When Robert Lansing's hand slides through that solid block in *The 4-D Man*, however, he is committing an act that multidimensional geometry supports: on paper, one can generate the mathematical formulae for an indefinite number of dimensions. But the empirical sciences not only dispute the possibility of spatial dimensions greater than three, they remind us that a physically substantial object cannot occupy two spaces at once nor can two objects blithely occupy the same space. When that happens, even theoretically, the object loses its identity, which means it ceases to exist. The same problems apply to the space warp, which is predicated on the hope that space is in some way a hyperdimensional solid, with the properties of a handkerchief which can be folded—allowing for a short-cut across touching folds, rather than requiring one to traverse the surface of the fabric. This is a lovely idea, and it allows the *Enterprise* to visit nine planets a year, but it has no better scientific support than does a fourth spatial dimension. It's a sophisticated idea—but just wishful thinking.

In relativity theory, light travels at the ultimate speed; but luckily the people who brought us *Star Wars*, *Forbidden Planet*, *This Island Earth* and other intragalactic films and books, ignored the limitation. They *wished* us into a fantasy world of faster-than-light travel.² Also in relativity theory, "the fourth dimension" is used as a convenient term to refer to the interaction of time with the

1. Except on the sub-atomic level.

2. See Isaac Asimov's thorough discussion of faster-than-light possibilities in STARLOG No.10.



Above: Maya on *Space:1999* with her talent for molecular trans-mogrification is an example of the "wishful thinking" concept.

spatial dimensions—which brings us to "Time Travel."

In Frederic Brown's comic story "Paradox Lost," his inventor, who has just scooped up an unwilling passenger and is taking him back in time, explained that "a time machine is impossible. It is a paradox. Your professors will explain that a time machine cannot be because it would mean that two things could occupy the same space at the same time. And a man could go back and kill himself when he was younger, and—oh, all sorts of stuff like that. It's completely impossible. Only a crazy man could—"

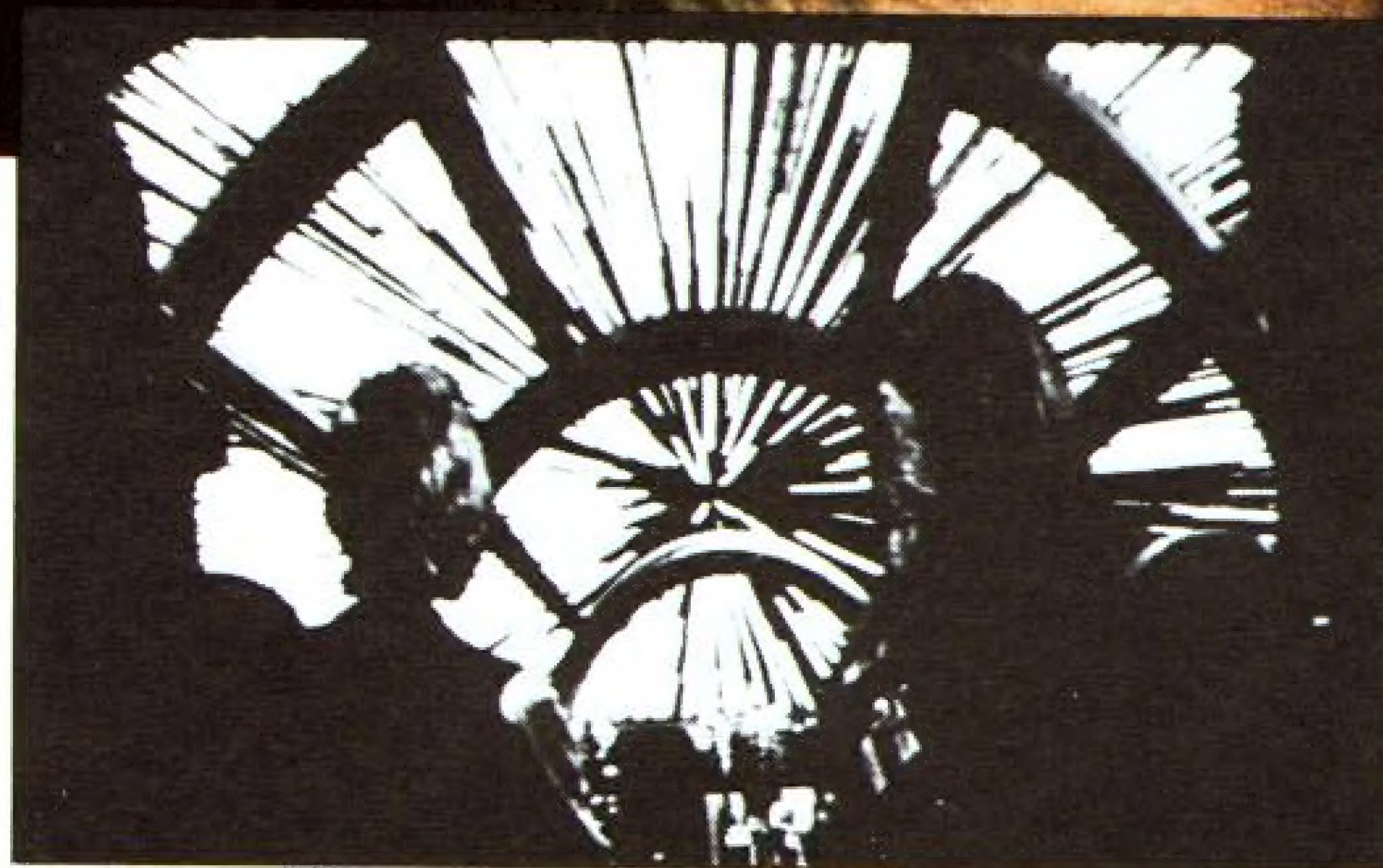
Very recently, David Gerrold has taken up the time-travel idea and probably wrung it dry. In his *The Man Who Folded Himself*, each time the traveler makes a jump in time, he leaves a copy of himself behind—a copy who also possesses a time machine. In Gerrold's episode for *Logan's Run*, "Man Out of Time," the traveler is the unwitting cause of the holocaust because his time machine turns out to be the ultimate weapon.³

Regarding those who zip back and forth through an other-dimensional time, science offers no support at all. To go back in time, we are told, is in itself a contradiction in terms because the very concept of *time* implies only a forward progression.

But present knowledge does support a possibility or two for traveling forward into the future. Science-fiction writers who send their heroes on ahead either via Einstein's time-contraction equation or through suspended animation (*both* were used in *Planet of the Apes*) are at work in the other world of visions: *extrapolation*.

The word comes from the field of statistics. It means, according to Webster, "to estimate or infer (a value, quantity, etc. beyond the known range) on the basis of

3. Although Gerrold was so disgruntled at the mishmash made of his script that he had his name removed from its credits, many still consider it the best of the 1977 fall episodes.



The famous jump to hyperspace in *Star Wars* helps elude the pursuing Imperial troopers—"you can't track in hyperspace."

certain variables within the known range, from which the estimated value is assumed to follow; as, sales figures for the next year may be *extrapolated* from the known sales figures for the preceding years." It's easy to see how the term has come to be applied to science fiction's most noble attribute: the carefully reasoned prediction of things to come.

Although we are using H.G. Wells to represent the start of the modern wishful-thinking branch of the SF family tree, he also used extrapolation extensively; his predictions, though, most often involved the evolution of cultural, social and political trends while allowing much of his science to fall into the realm of fantasy. Our other great SF ancestor built his stories tightly around the known science of his day and typically extrapolated to show us the near future in overwhelmingly accurate detail. He was Jules Verne.⁴

4. See "Visions" in STARLOG No.7 and No.10 for information about Verne's literary method and contribution.

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To be concluded in STARLOG No. 14.

THINK ABOUT THE FUTURE!

Think about the space program, new technology, your favorite science-fiction TV shows, the classic SF films, episode guides, interviews, Visions, David Gerrold's column, the "Star Trek" Report, and all the latest news from the exciting frontiers of science fiction and fact.

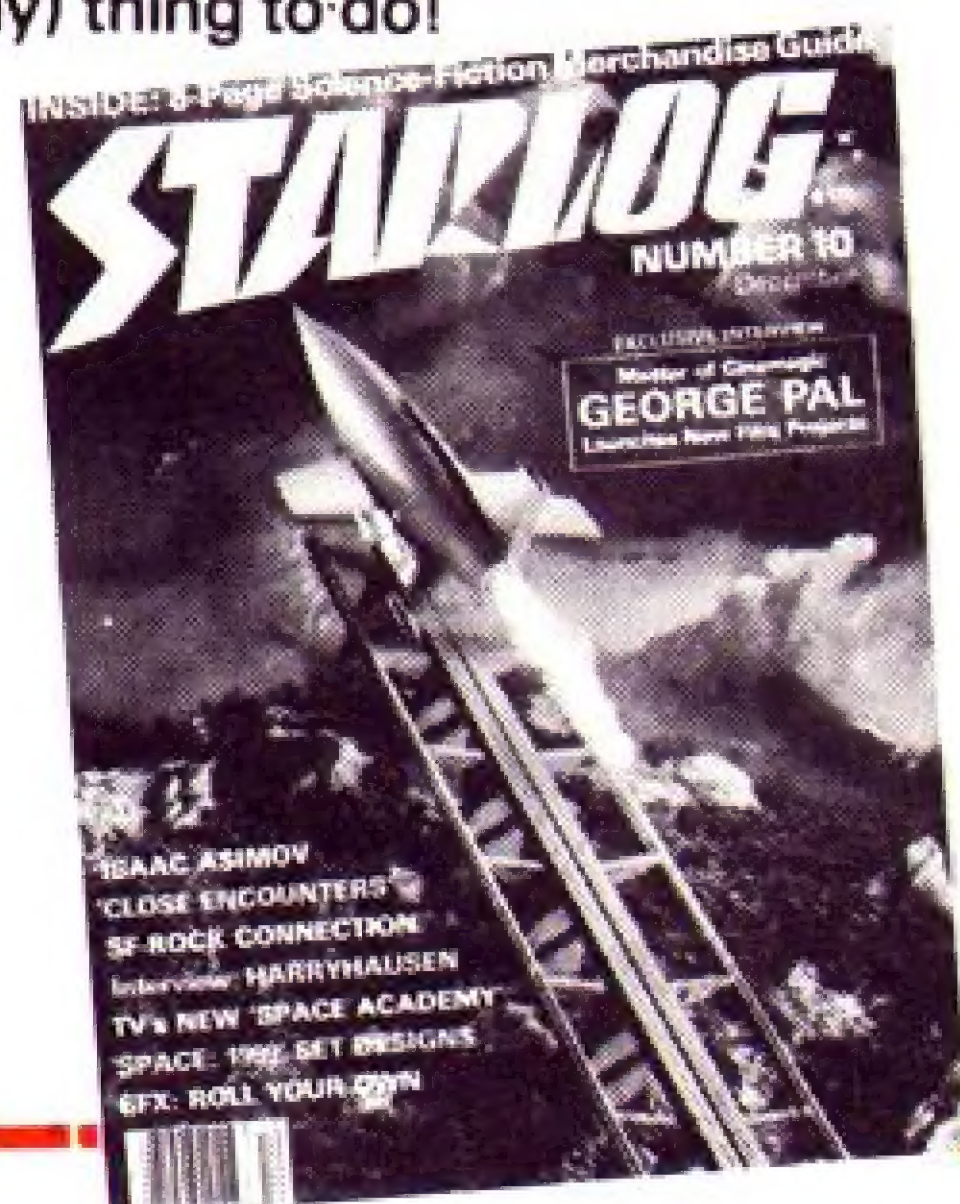
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LASTWORD

Science fiction is *in* this year. It has been established that there is a massive audience for the variety of entertainment provided by this multi-faceted genre. The mass media has reflected SF's new-found popularity in everything from TV programming and newspaper features to rock album covers and song lyrics.

Science fiction has never been considered 'respectable' entertainment in literary and cinematic circles, the occasional exceptions—like the novels of Wells, Orwell and Huxley and films such as *Metropolis*, *2001* and *Star Wars*—proving the rule. In fact, society in general has always regarded SF as 'kid stuff.' And now abruptly, ironically, science fiction is in vogue, with everyone from President Carter to *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione getting into the act.

Of course there is a logical explanation for this seemingly irrational change in social attitudes and behavior. To put it simply, our society *needs* science fiction now. It is the antidote as well as the prevention for a serious twentieth-century malady: "future shock." Alvin Toffler is quite right about the dangers of having those things which are always taken for granted, the *status quo*, suddenly and continually changing.

It all revolves around a social phenomenon called culture lag. This is the amount of time that it traditionally takes for the fruits of technological advancements to trickle down from the scientific community to the society-at-large. These advancements become integrated into the social order through gradual accommodation and change. The problem is that technological progress has made quantum leaps in the past few decades and we are now being bombarded by products, concepts and developments that are changing our lives almost daily. There is no time for slow

adjustments, for easing into another way of acting and thinking. You must either be able to adapt quickly to the pace and scope of the change or suffer being left behind—forever outside the mainstream of society.

This is where science fiction comes in. Because of the nature of the genre, SF prepares us to expect the unexpected, to perceive new thoughts and ideas without restricting bias and to concentrate on the future. Ray Bradbury has called science fiction the greatest consciousness-raising drug that Man has at his disposal. Those who use it are prepared for the future. More than that, they enjoy the future, can often anticipate it and, as has frequently happened, help to shape it.

It is quite logical that millions of people have gone to see *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* and that millions of dollars are being spent on other SF projects. There is a need that must be filled. We are living in an era of constant change and must be prepared. Exposure to science fiction predictions and projections helps to ease and eliminate the shock of change. We live in a science-fiction world now, so we may as well understand it and, as much as possible, enjoy it.

Of course, for all true SF fans there has been no traumatizing "future shock." Even at the new rate of technological growth, it will take science a century or so to approach the concepts we've all been reading about (and anticipating) for the past fifty years. In the meantime we should continue to learn, interact and stay ahead. And let's try to hold those "I told you so" looks and smiles down to a minimum when friends and relatives ask to be enlightened about science fiction—even though it has been a long time coming.

Howard Zimmerman/Editor

NEXT ISSUE:

STARLOG No. 14 will showcase the pen-and-ink art of the late Virgil Finlay—one of the giants in the field of fantasy illustration. We will also feature an interview with SFX animator Jim Danforth, reports on new SF films and TV shows, a behind-the-scenes look at *Space:1999* and a *Star Trek* satire. And there will be loads of fantastic color photos, science news, plus a few special surprises.

STARLOG No. 14

on sale

THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1978

SCIENCE FICTION GAMES

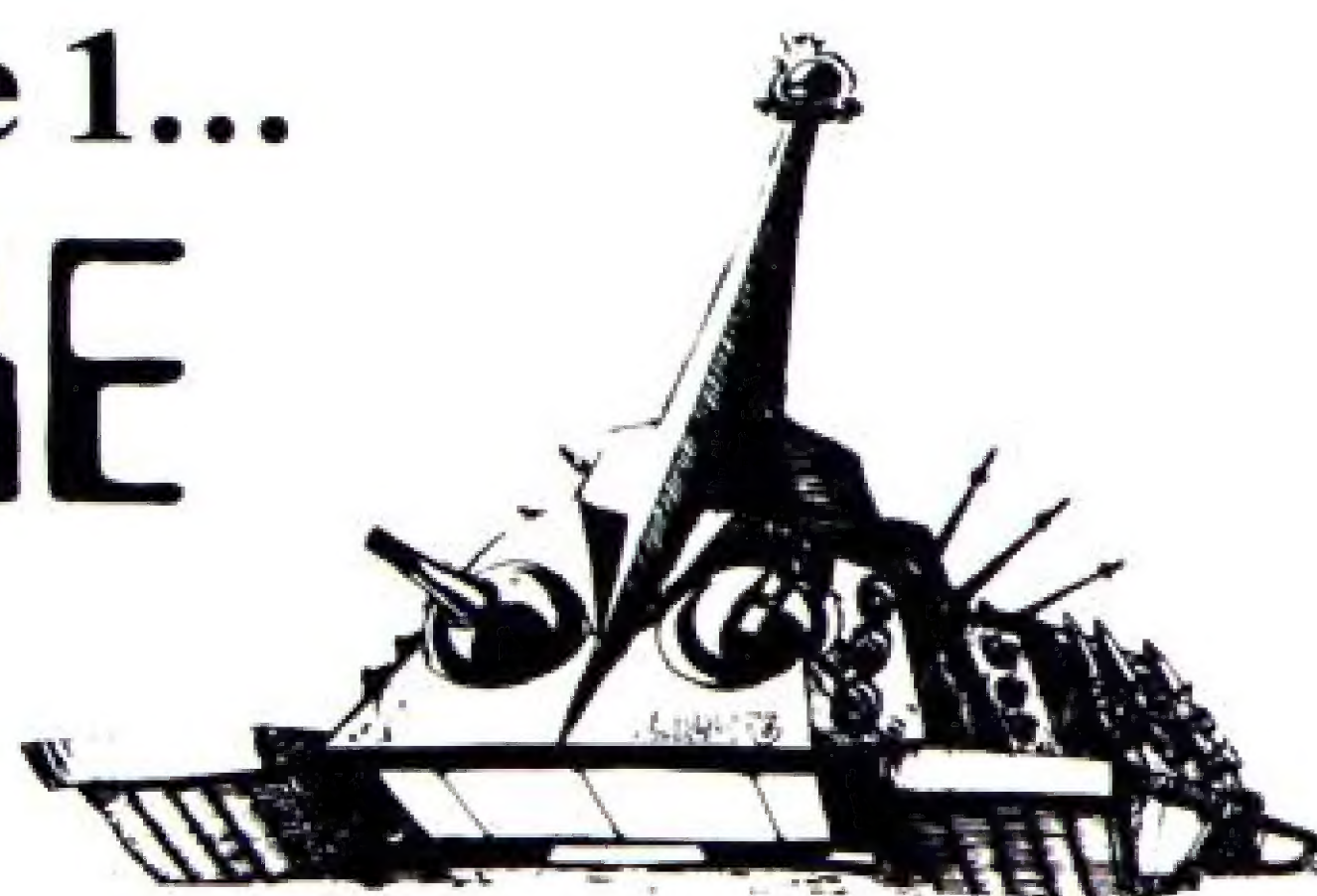
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